The Party

Childish Gaã•”ã•Œo

She bought a bottle of cider
From the shop on the corner
They didn't stop her
Thought she was older
She took a bus ride
To a name and a number
A house full of music
And a hatful of wonder
And some of the people
That she thought that she knew
Were never like this
When she saw them at school
She's never been anywhere like this before
Everybody's so out of control
She was in a back room
Full of strange aromas
And noises and candles
That was where he found her
He took her to a garden
Full of rain and silence
And she could smell
The soil and the trees
And see the succulent light
From the little fires in his eyes
Pulling shapes out of the night
She was enchanted
Then it's twelve o'clock
And the last bus is gone
They're gonna go crazy
When they hear what she's done
And higher is lower
And less is like more
She's never felt anything
Like this before
And then it was yesterday
He said, "Oh, by the way
Welcome to your first party"

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