

# The Party

## Childish Gañ•'ã•Eo

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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