

Casanova

Major Parkinson

Iâ€™m on the front page of a dirty magazine,
mr. January pumping kerosene.
Canâ€™t you see my face, itâ€™s a lie?
Close the curtains, flip the switch, make my happy, baby youâ€™re a bitch.
Turn me on, turn me on, tonight.

Casanova, do you love her?
Now do you really think that you would find that bitter self-esteem to push between her legs and make her
happy like you used to do?
In the time when everything was simple, she was seventeen and you were twenty-two,
and it was summer.
It was the summer when you ran away, for the traffic noise of screaming rubber ducks and grieving wives on
channel 45,
where no one talks about the weather anymore.

Casanova, youâ€™re getting older. Now the world is not for you to blame.
Itâ€™s just a movie rolling backwards randomly objecting choices that we call in vain,
and the violence that you try to justify is not a language that I still contain.
But in the summer, I will wrap you up in cellophane and bury you under the pouring rain,
because no one talks about the weather anymore.

Lyrics submitted by Pavel.

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