

Parties For Prostitutes

Brody Dalle

Do what you must
Blow off the dust
All these shackles and chains
And growing pains So many lives, secrets and lies
In minutes and hours memories devoured
One look in your eyes, sound in your voice
Speaking to me, a sequel to me
Across the ocean, a thousand seas
Cannot disguise your unfaithful Key
Picked a lock and it wasn't me
Picked a lock and it wasn't me Look what you've done, the cowardly run
No holy water can wash away aura
Or the loose lips to sink our ship
Or the loose lips to sink our ship You blew out the candle on someone's cake
Happy birthday disgraceful mistake
I'll throw you a party, invite top dog
I'll pay top dollar so you can play whore

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