

Xiu Xiu, Boy Soprano

look at me nothing bad is ever
going to happen to you again
although you are a solid pile of hate
you're still pretty like a cake
pulling out a bat at the Kill Me Court
slaps me that I can't handle you
but yes no yes no yes
tell me how to live

boy soprano
take me away from here
boy soprano
where will we go tonight?
boy soprano
do what you can to shock me
boy soprano
boy boy boy
(I hope you make it I hope you have)

when you get to be my age
the police don't assume that you
still like to light things on fire
bearing that in mind
I wouldn't trust me either
but it was the two of us watching
two bunnies hop across
the peach street gang
yes no yes no yes
confide in me you don't want to die

look back from the stains on my gloves
to the stains on yours
thank you for telling me vodka
is a poncy drink but little man
the hand ball is in your court

boy soprano
take me away from here
boy soprano
where will we go tonight?
boy soprano
do what you can to shock me
boy soprano
I hope you make it I hope you have