## 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

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