

All the Beautiful Girls

Keren Ann

All the beautiful girls
They wanna stay late
And finish the wine
In your luxury basement

They swing in velvet and pearls
And like to debate
Pollock and Kline
Ginsberg and Corso

With a slight foreign accent
You drip the paint from a can
And abundantly blush
An invisible sun
But instead of a brush
You wish you had a gun

If they leave you alone with your misery
Deep in the fire of your fame
You'll be begging them blind
Give me love, give me love of every kind

All the beautiful girls
They wanna stay late
They never complain
As they lean on my back

They walk-in with fancy hellos
To greet the unknown
And redecorate
My second-hand wardrobe

With a fashionable smack
I sip the rest of the wine
While I hear them repeat
What upsets me the most
That instead of a man
I married a ghost

If I leave you alone with your misery
Deep in the fire of your fame
You'll be begging me blind
Give me love, give me love of every kind

You'll be begging me blind
Give me love, give me love of every kind