

# Dustin Hoffman Does Not Resist Temptation To Eat The Bathtub of Montreal

Let out a final gasp of hope  
Into a darling gay world  
There it goes  
Doubt it if they'll even know  
I'm gone

The recipe of words on how to be welcome  
Into a heart  
Dodge the bombs each time  
And you blink

You don't notice  
Tiny stars falling on your land  
Well, I'm so beclouded  
In your room  
This can't be real

I could count a hundred times  
That I've followed your ghost into bed  
Or shook the receiver so  
A hint of your voice might fall out  
After 21 years of waiting for this  
I come to find that  
A day is enough for you  
To ask me to leave

You don't notice tiny stars  
Falling on your land  
Well, I'm so beclouded  
In your room  
Whispering, "This can't be real"

Unless you lied  
Unless you lied

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You don't notice tiny stars  
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Well, I'm so beclouded  
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Whispering, "This can't be real"