

Chemo Limo (Remastered Version)

Regina Spektor

I had a dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over
Baby-sat all four of my kids Then in my dream
I told the doctor off
He said if you don't want to do it
Then you don't have to do it
He said the truth is
You'll be okay, anyway Then in my dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor
Went and had a talk with my boss Something about insurance policies
They kept the door closed at all times
I couldn't hear or see When they came out they said
You'll be okay, anyway
And I smiled cause I'd known it all along. No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I don't have to pay for this shit
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I ain't about to to die like this
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
And besides this shit is making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
You know I plan to retire some day,
And I'm gonna go out in style
Go out in style
This shit it's making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style When I woke up
My kids were being quiet
I knew it was a dream right away
I called the limousine company Then I got dressed
I dressed the kids as well
The limousine pulled in
And we piled in The doctor he asked which way we were headed
I said, Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently,
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me
All about the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl
 With her cup of tea looking out of the window
 And Barbara
 She looks just like my mom
 Oh my god, Barbara
 She looks so much like my mom No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
 I don't have to pay for this shit
 I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
 And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
 I ain't about to die like this
 I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo
 And besides this shit is making me tired
 It's making me tired
 It's making me die
 You know I plan to retire some day,
 And I'm-a gonna go out in style
 Go out in style
 This shit it's making me tired
 It's making me tired
 It's making me tired
 I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style Style
 Style
 Style?
 Style.
 Style..?
 Style
 Style..??
 Style. I had a dream
 Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and
 Baby-sat all four of my kids I had a dream
 Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and
 Baby-sat all four of my kids Sophie only want to tune us into radio BBC
 Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me
 All about the meanie
 Jacqueline was being such a big girl
 With her cup of tea looking out of the window
 And Barbara
 She looks just like my mom
 Oh my god, Barbara
 She looks so much like my mom Oh my god, Barbara
 She looks so much just like my mom...

Songwriters

Spektor, Regina Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>