A Candymakerâ€™s Knife In My Handbag

The Fiery Furnaces

A Candymaker's Knife in my HandbagA night out in the tropics
Turned out I couldn't cope
After the School of Fancy Cookery
With Antoinette PopeI learned brazing and saucing, meringue and sift
Knead, flute and flour
Each Thursday for an hourCobblers and plum cakes, tarts savory and sweet
A candymaker's knife in my handbag
A candymaker's knife in my handbagWell I learned brazing and saucing, meringue and sift
Knead, flute and flour
Each Thursday for an hourCobblers and plum cakes, tarts savory and sweet
A candymaker's knife in my handbag
A candymaker's knife in my handbagThat night I was to meet my husband's father, for the very first timeI wore the scarf he sent to me
French silk, scarlet blue and cream
He sits, he waits, a coffee on his knee
I wonder if it's as bad as it might seemZapped by the Zombie
Zapped, zapped by the Zombie
Zapped by the Zombie in the two-door Dodge
Twice-baked brioche and pastry pockets
And lock its two-door DodgeZapped by the Zombie
Zapped, zapped by the Zombie
Zapped by the Zombie in the two-door DodgeAnd I did not fail
To bust off a nail as the Dodge door handle dodges my hand
Delicate, delicate hold my hand
Delicate nectarine upside-down chiffon cake
Dodge down the downtown loop the loop lightly
Hazelnut baby loaves
Hazelnut baby loaves
Hold my hand inside-out upside-down marzipan Milanese
My brain is a blur
Hodge-podge - cardinal slice - two-door, brand new
What am I gonna do
'Cause on the street the amber lights were hellish hot
And the wind in the windows was not giving air
And tropical Napeolons
But it was too late and I didn't care
And I didn't careBecause first I went to meet Dr. Christopolous and his wife Claudette
Who at the time was my close girlfriend
They picked my up in their brand-new Dodge

And we went to Trader Vic's, or Mr. Rick's
And I ordered, like the others, a Zombie
And it bombed me, it just bombed me
And when we got to the stoop my father-in-law said "Were you attacked?"
My aunt, being helpful, said something that made my heart just go sunk
And with a look on her face like something had stunk
"She's just drunk!" she hissedI reached for the arm of the armchair and missedA night out in the tropics
Turned out I couldn't cope
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With Antoinette PopeI wore the scarf he sent to me
French silk, scarlet blue and cream
He sits, he waits, a coffee on his knee
I wonder if it's as bad as it might seem

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