

# My, What A Strange Day With A Swede

## Of Montreal

When I rode in a trolley across your face  
With a Swedish man  
I bet that wasn't in your plans for the day  
My, what a strange day for poor little Nietzsche

Why so forlorn?  
You know we love you, Nietzsche  
And all of your friends have come to see you, Nietzsche  
So let us see you, Nietzsche  
Everyone's waiting, Nietzsche  
Don't be so sneaky

When he smeared a candy bar across your face  
With a gloveless hand  
I thought you'd never stop lashing the Swede  
My, what a strange day for poor little Nietzsche

What more could be done on a day like today  
Then to lock up your heart and quickly swallow the key?  
Now I'm going to tell you something we can do  
If you cut off my head, I'll cut yours off for you  
I'll cut it off for you

Poor little Nietzsche  
Don't be so sneaky  
What more could be done on a day like today  
Then to lock up your heart and quickly swallow the key?

I like the image of us tossing our heads at a Swedish man  
I bet he'd never telephone us again  
Not even to say  
My, what a strange day for poor little Nietzsche

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