

Ode to Divorce

[Regina Spektor](#)

The food that I'm eating
Is suddenly tasteless
I know I'm alone now
I know what it tastes like So break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
There might be some good ones Like you might make a dollar
I'm inside your mouth now
Behind your tonsils
Peeking over your molars You're talking to her now
You've eaten something minty
And you're making that face that I like
And you're going in, in for the kill, kill
For the killer kiss, kiss for the kiss, kiss I need your money, it'll help me
I need your car and I need your love
I need your money, it'll help me
I need your car and I need your love So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out? Just break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
You might make a dollar
Dollar, might make a dollar So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out? Just break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
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You might make a dollar There might be some good ones
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