

La Vie Boheme B

Jonathan Larson

Who died?
Our Akita
Evita You make fun, yet I'm the one
Attempting to do some good
Or do you really want a neighborhood
Where people piss on your stoop every night? Bohemia, Bohemia's
A fallacy in your head
This is Calcutta
Bohemia is dead Dearly beloved
We gather here to say our goodbyes
(Dies irae, dies illa)
Here she lies
(Kyrie eleison)
(Yitgadal v'yitkadash)
No one knew her worth
The late great daughter of Mother Earth
On these nights when we celebrate the birth In that little town of Bethlehem
We raise our glass, you bet your ass to
La vie boheme La vie boheme
La vie boheme
La vie boheme
La vie boheme To days of inspiration, playing hooky, making something out of nothing
The need to express, to communicate
To going against the grain, going insane, going mad To loving tension, no pension, to more than one dimension
To starving for attention hating convention, hating pretension
Not to mention of course hating dear old mom and dad To riding your bike midday past the three piece suits
To fruits, to no absolutes
To Absolut, to choice, to the Village Voice
To any passing fad To being an us' for once
Instead of a them'
La vie boheme
La vie boheme Hey mister, she's my sister So that's five miso soup
Four seaweed salad
Three soy burger dinner
Two tofu dog platter
And one pasta with meatless balls? Ew
It tastes the same
If you close your eyes An' thirteen orders of fries
Is that in here?

Wine and beer! To hand crafted beers made in local breweries
To yoga, to yogurt, to rice and beans and cheese
To leather, to dildos to curry vindaloo
To huevos rancheros and Maya Angelou Emotion, devotion, to causing a commotion
Creation, vacation, mucho masturbation Compassion, to fashion, to passion when it's new
To Sontag, to Sondheim, to anything taboo Ginsberg, Dylan, Cunningham and Cage
Lenny Bruce, Langston Hughes, to the stage
To Uta, to Buddha, Pablo Neruda, too Why Dorothy and Toto went over the rainbow
To blow off auntie Em
La vie boheme Sisters?
We're close Brothers! Bisexuals, trisexuals, homo sapiens
Carcinogens, hallucinogens, men, Pee Wee Herman
German wine, turpentine, Gertrude Stein
Antonioni, Bertolucci, Kurosawa, Carmina Burana To apathy, to entropy, to empathy, ecstasy
Vaclav Havel, The Sex Pistols, 8BC
To no shame never playing the fame game
To marijuana To sodomy, it's between god and me
To S&M
Waiter, waiter, waiter
La vie boheme
Waiter In honor of the death of Bohemia
An impromptu salon will commence immediately following dinner
Maureen Johnson, just back from her spectacular one-night engagement
At The Eleventh Street Lot
Will perform Native American tribal chants, backwards
Through her vocoder, while accompanying herself on the electric cello
Which she ain't never studied And Mark Cohen will preview his new documentary
About his inability to hold an erection on the high holy days And Mimi Marquez, clad only in bubble wrap
Will perform her famous lawn chair handcuff dance
To the sounds of iced tea being stirred And Roger will attempt to write a bittersweet, evocative song
That doesn't remind us of Musetta's Waltz Angel Dumott Schunard will model the latest fall fashions from Paris
While accompanying herself on the 10 gallon plastic pickle tub And Collins will recount his exploits as an
anarchist
Including the tale of his successful reprogramming
Of the M.I.T. virtual reality equipment
To self-destruct as it broadcast the words
Actual reality, act up, fight AIDS Excuse me, did I do something wrong?
I get invited, then ignored all night long I've been trying, I'm not lying
No one's perfect, I've got baggage Life's too short, babe time is flying
I'm looking for baggage that goes with mine I should tell you
I've got baggage too
I should tell you
Baggage, wine and beer AZT break
You?
Me, you?

Mimi

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