

# Miranda

Phil Ochs

Pre>e d

Do you have a problem,

E d

Would you like someone to solve them,

E d b7

Would you like someone to share in your misery?

E a g a g

Now, I don't know the answer, but I know a flamenco dancer

A g b7

Who will dance for you if you will dance for me

Chorus:

E a e

Her name's miranda

F#m b7

She's a rudolph valentino fan

F#m b7

And she doesn't claim to understand

A d e

She bakes brownies for the boys in the band.Early sunday morning

When the sermon lines are forming

And saturday night is the memories that it gave.

She's busy in the pantry, far away from elmer gantry

Who is busy baking souls that he may save.

Everybody's soul but miranda (chorus)The dice of death are calling

While the truck of time is falling

By the thumb stuck out on the highway of the years.

The tollgate at the turnpike is ignored by those who hitch-hike

And the howard johnson food is made of fear

But not miranda (chorus)The sun burnt skin is peeling

On the doctors who are healing

And the license plates are laughing on the car.

The pain is so exciting

And everyone's inviting

You to look upon their operation scars.

But not miranda (chorus)The condiments are clashing

While commercial planes are crashing

And the music of the evening is so sweet

Now fully in agreement

Oh, their feet have found the cement

And they all believe the signs are on the street  
Her name's miranda (chorus)In the bar we're gin and scotching  
While the fbi is watching  
They are tape recording every other word  
The bartender is bleeding  
Pardon me, I just was leaving  
As another clever voice repeats absurd  
But not miranda (chorus)(repeat first verse)/pre>

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