Meg Ryan

sElf

I'm beginning to believe
That I can never form my own opinions
Secretly, I've decided to believe
That I'm Polynesian originally
I want the air set to 70 degrees
I want pineapples and sugar as the major industries
I wi be there blending racial amity
While pineapples and sugar build me massive equityBut if I were married to a movie star
That'd be my arm around here waist
As she flips off the camera
And If Meg Ryan were my personal taste
I'd be atop the Empire State every ChristmasI'm afraid that you'd agree
When you say you don't hold my attention great
Ukelele's play love songs in portugese
That you've made no attempt to every translate
I want love waiting for me after school
I'd like a stream of conciousness
Everytime I take a breath
I want love on the front porch after school
I'd like a stream of conciousness
Everytime I take a breathAnd if I were married to a movie star
That'd be a smile upon my face
As she sips her daquiris
And if Meg Ryan were my personal taste
I'd be atop the Empire State every ChristmasMy town is zoning this land
So we can build an ark and sail away
From Tennessee
Palm trees and sand and hawaiian instruments
Say "Aloha" as they're haunting me
I want time, kicking, screaming, put to death
Float like islands in the pool
While Mr. T pitties the fool-repeat 1st chorus-

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