

Whip-Smart

Liz Phair

I'm gonna tell my son to grow up pretty as the grass is green

And whip-smart as the English Channel's wide

And I'm gonna tell my son to keep his money in his mattress

And his watch on any hand between his thighs

And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower

Till I write my whole life story on the back of his big brown eyes
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing

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When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing I'm gonna tell my son to join a circus so that death is cheap

And games are just another way of life

And I'm gonna tell my son to be a prophet of mistakes

Because for every truth there are half a million lies

And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower

Till he learns to let his hair down far enough to climb outside
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