

# No Pressure Over Cappucino

Alanis Morissette

And you're like a nineties Jesus.  
And you revel in your psychosis.  
How dare you?  
And you sample concepts like hors d'oeuvres,  
and you eat their questions for dessert.  
And is it just me, or is it hot in here? And you're like an nineties Kennedy.  
And you're really a million years old.  
You can't fool me.  
They'll throw opinions like rocks in riots,  
and they'll stumble around like hypocrites.  
Is it just me, or is it dark in here? Well, you may never be or have a husband.  
You may never have or hold a child.  
You will learn to lose ev'rything.  
We are temporary arrangements. And you're like a nineties Noah.  
And they laughed at you as you packed all of your things.  
And they wonder why you're frustrated,  
and they wonder why you're so angry.  
And is it just me, or are you fed up?

Songwriters

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