La Vie Boheme B

Rent

Who died?
Our Akita
EvitaYou 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 deadDearly 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 birthIn that little town of Bethlehem
We raise our glass, you bet your ass to
La vie bohemeLa vie boheme
La vie boheme
La vie boheme
La vie bohemeTo days of inspiration, playing hooky, making something out of nothing
The need to express, to communicate
To going against the grain, going insane, going madTo 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 dadTo 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 fadTo being an us' for once
Instead of a them'
La vie boheme
La vie bohemeHey mister, she's my sisterSo 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 eyesAn' 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 AngelouEmotion, devotion, to causing a commotion
Creation, vacation, mucho masturbationCompassion, to fashion, to passion when it's new
To Sontag, to Sondheim, to anything tabooGinsberg, Dylan, Cunningham and Cage
Lenny Bruce, Langston Hughes, to the stage
To Uta, to Buddha, Pablo Neruda, tooWhy Dorothy and Toto went over the rainbow
To blow off auntie Em
La vie bohemeSisters?
We're closeBrothers!Bisexuals, trisexuals, homo sapiens
Carcinogens, hallucinogens, men, Pee Wee Herman
German wine, turpentine, Gertrude Stein
Antonioni, Bertolucci, Kurosawa, Carmina BuranaTo apathy, to entropy, to empathy, ecstasy
Vaclav Havel, The Sex Pistols, 8BC
To no shame never playing the fame game
To marijuanaTo sodomy, it's between god and me
To S&M
Waiter, waiter, waiter
La vie boheme
WaiterIn 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 studiedAnd Mark Cohen will preview his new documentary
About his inability to hold an erection on the high holy daysAnd Mimi Marquez, clad only in bubble wrap
Will perform her famous lawn chair handcuff dance
To the sounds of iced tea being stirredAnd Roger will attempt to write a bittersweet, evocative song
That doesn't remind us of Musetta's WaltzAngel Dumott Schunard will model the latest fall fashions from Paris
While accompanying herself on the 10 gallon plastic pickle tubAnd 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 AIDSExcuse me, did I do something wrong?
I get invited, then ignored all night longI've been trying, I'm not lying
No one's perfect, I've got baggageLife's too short, babe time is flying
I'm looking for baggage that goes with mineI should tell you
I've got baggage too
I should tell you
Baggage, wine and beerAZT break
You?
Me, you?

Mimi

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/