

# La Vie Boheme B

## Rent

Who died?  
Our Akita  
Evita You 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 dead Dearly 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 birth In that little town of Bethlehem  
We raise our glass, you bet your ass to  
La vie boheme La vie boheme  
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La vie boheme  
La vie boheme To days of inspiration, playing hooky, making something out of nothing  
The need to express, to communicate  
To going against the grain, going insane, going mad To 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 dad To 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 fad To being an us' for once  
Instead of a them'  
La vie boheme  
La vie boheme Hey mister, she's my sister So 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 eyes An' 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 Angelou Emotion, devotion, to causing a commotion  
Creation, vacation, mucho masturbation Compassion, to fashion, to passion when it's new  
To Sontag, to Sondheim, to anything taboo Ginsberg, Dylan, Cunningham and Cage  
Lenny Bruce, Langston Hughes, to the stage  
To Uta, to Buddha, Pablo Neruda, too Why Dorothy and Toto went over the rainbow  
To blow off auntie Em  
La vie boheme Sisters?  
We're close Brothers! Bisexuals, trisexuals, homo sapiens  
Carcinogens, hallucinogens, men, Pee Wee Herman  
German wine, turpentine, Gertrude Stein  
Antonioni, Bertolucci, Kurosawa, Carmina Burana To apathy, to entropy, to empathy, ecstasy  
Vaclav Havel, The Sex Pistols, 8BC  
To no shame never playing the fame game  
To marijuana To sodomy, it's between god and me  
To S&M  
Waiter, waiter, waiter  
La vie boheme  
Waiter In 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 studied And Mark Cohen will preview his new documentary  
About his inability to hold an erection on the high holy days And Mimi Marquez, clad only in bubble wrap  
Will perform her famous lawn chair handcuff dance  
To the sounds of iced tea being stirred And Roger will attempt to write a bittersweet, evocative song  
That doesn't remind us of Musetta's Waltz Angel Dumott Schunard will model the latest fall fashions from Paris  
While accompanying herself on the 10 gallon plastic pickle tub And 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 AIDS Excuse me, did I do something wrong?  
I get invited, then ignored all night long I've been trying, I'm not lying  
No one's perfect, I've got baggage Life's too short, babe time is flying  
I'm looking for baggage that goes with mine I should tell you  
I've got baggage too  
I should tell you  
Baggage, wine and beer AZT break  
You?  
Me, you?

Mimi

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