

# Bollywood

## Liz Phair

I was trippin' lookin' at my portfolio  
Wonderin' how I was gonna make enough dough, you know  
Called up a friend who wrote for 'One Tree Hill' and 'Jericho'  
He had a job for me and check it, with a four-letter company  
(Get it on, get it on)Hey, I got a proposition for you  
How 'bout you let me keep my profits as a scorer?  
Record sales are shrinkin', I'm gettin' poorer  
I got a kid to feed, how 'bout you cut a deal with me?Ha, hey, look, Liz, we see you as a commodity  
We've been with you since day one and that's an oddityAnd after a series of phone calls to the great publishing  
houses  
O Ursa Minor, I reached my representative who pulled out the  
(Contract)  
From the File Cabinet  
(On microfiche)  
In the form of tablets made of stone(Then he said)  
"Let me see, it's here in my folder  
Oh, shit, you're twenty years older  
Still hot but gettin' a lot colder  
And you wanna cut a what with me?""Lemme tell you how it's done here in the Hollywood  
Maybe you was thinkin' you was in the Bollywood  
If I wanna break the rule, you know I probably could"  
(C-B-S has gotta R-E-S-P-E-C-T)  
(C-B-S has gotta R-E-S-P-E-C-T)"Liz, I'd love to help you out  
But we have what we call Standards & Practices""In legal terms, we're referring to this as a recoupable interest  
In an artist's compositions on vinyl, plastic, digital  
And all transmittable airwaves for a period  
Of no less than six or nine years, in all territories of the Earth  
The solar system and the known universe"And I replied  
"Listen here, my dear little Roni  
Don't you give me no phoney-baloney  
This is not 'My First Pretty Pony'  
Don't you know you're fuckin' with me?""Oh, it's a bad day for the pool boy  
Come to clean and discover you, boy  
Face down and feet turnin' blue, boy  
Now your eyes are closed, you finally have the sight to see"It's all mine  
It's all mine  
It's all mine  
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>