Pavlov's Daughter

Regina Spektor

The grave diggers getting stuck in the machine
Picking getting slim, slimmer
I hear them say my name
Regin-ah, regin-ah, regin-a-ahYes I'm putting the boulder to my ear
And I still can't hear
Whadya think I was an amateur
Playin' with my temperature...If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey now...
If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Oh get me some whiskey, get me some whisky, get me some whiskey nowMy name is Lucille and I know how you feel
I live downstairs
I hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you flushing your toliet
I hear you turning your thoughts off
I turn mine off too
The only thing I hear is you
And you don't sound nice and you don't sound right
And you don't sound good and you don't sound rightMy name is Lucille and I know how you feel
I live downstairs
I hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you turning your thoughts off
Oh, I hear you turning your thoughts off
And it get's quiet...Pavlov's daughter woke up in the morning
Heard the bell ring
And something deep inside of her made her want to salivate
So she lay there drooling on her pillow
So she lay there, the sun skimming her skin,
And, and...drooling on her pillow
Pavlov's daughter
And it was far away and hazy like a dream

Not a dream, not a dream,
But the ocean, not the ocean,
But forever...The grave diggers getting stuck in the machine
Picking getting slim, slimmer
I hear them say my name
Regin-ah, regin-ah, regin-a-ahYes I'm putting the boulder to my ear
And I still can't hear
Whadya think I was an amateur
Playin' with my temperature...If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey now...
If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Oh get me some whiskey, get me some whisky, get me some whiskey nowMy name is Lucille and I know how you feel
I live downstairs
I hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you turning your thoughts off
I hear you turning your thoughts off
And I turn mine off too
The only thing I hear is you
And you don't sound nice and you don't sound right
And you don't sound good and you don't sound rightMy name is Lucille and I know how you feel
I live downstairs
I hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you turning your thoughts off
I hear you turning your thoughts off
It get's quiet...As quiet as an ambulance checking out the neighborhood,
Waiting for the blade to slip and that final blow,
But nothing happens, it's a cruel joke
As ironic as a ticker tape parade over the rain forest,
As ironic as a ticker tape parade over my head,
As ironic as a ticker tape parade over my head
Going down stream...
To where...it isn't... even... real...rain... at...all...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/