

# 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-ah  
Yes 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 now  
My 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 toilet  
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 right  
My 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  
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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...

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