Chris Michaels

The Fiery Furnaces

Later at lunch with the taco lettuce; crunch, crunch.
She sets herself apart the bunch.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me want to scream.
On the phone with the West Glen Ellen rest home,
Talking up a tattle tome.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me want to scream.
My mom is gonna babysit tonight;
Did you hear Melinda got into a fight;
"You whore, you bitch," she said. Well, then it serves her right.
Talking all mad, you know she really isn't being sad.
Her baby daddy's name is Tad.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me want to scream.
Well, yesterday you know she didn't none of that to say:
She queen-bee turned and walked away.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me want to scream.
Then boyfriend calls her up on the other line;
She tells him, "sweetie, sweetie, sweetie mine," but he spaces out and thinks to himself all the time:
My baby's got a stick stuck out her beak.
My baby takes a drink out of the leak.
My baby's got a blue-green sweater
And a nest down by the creek.
Plume, bloom, bloom, baby bloom.
Cheep, cheep, beep, bee-bee beep.
Where did you for lunchtime go?
Did Kevin and Jenny show?
Do you want to go out tonight?
No.
Plume, bloom, bloom, baby bloom.
Cheep, cheep, beep, bee-bee beep.
Remember that girl down the end?
She was my friend.
But just now she's angry; came up
And said, "You're so so stup...
It's all disrup...
You're blah, blah, this, this, that, so now sh'up;

You messed it up."
Remember that girlfriend of Al's?
We'll we were pals.
Today she was angry came up
And said, "You're so so stup...
It's all disrup...
You're blah, blah, this, this, that, so now sh'up;
You messed me up."
Then Tony, of the Franklin Park hockey club,
Went to Gunzo's and bought a goalie glove.
Jessica was 'posed to meet him back on Mannheim
Kitchen, back door by all the grease and grime.
Was a little bird at my window
Said that he's been messing round.
He's working up the courage so to leave you.
He's getting ready to say he doesn't love you.
Well Tony took it all in stride,
Said, "don't be silly," but wondered who had spied.
Jessica was driving down Wolf Road.
Roll up the windows, baby, talk in code.
I'm the little bird at your back door,
Said your true love's let you down.
I'm the little bird through your chimney,
Said he's been running round.
He's working up the courage so to leave you.
He's getting ready to say he don't love you.
Then she bumped into purses; stole a credit card;
Writing Chris Michaels; no it wasn't hard.
Number five terminal with a yogurt cup.
Reading a young miss as she slurps it up.
Nasty message when he don't pick up.
Layover Aden watch the local news;
Ninety-nine and humid; Oh, the Red Sea blues.
Landing at Delhi; take a third class train.
Umbrella vendor in the autumn rain.
Then the cops come by and ask your name.
With his chillum and chillum-chee.
The cazee sentences me;
So now go where you're supposed to be,
And give up your Devi Desi.
I's paraded on through the choke
When my leg irons broke,
And my bicycle wheel spoke:
The Bombay army's no joke.
On the top of a Naracan Dam

Started our picnic then Bam!
My Devi 'n me had to scram:
Quick, down to Madras a'lamb.
Thought as a tindal that I could blend
As I got to pretend.
From laziness, the gang defend;
Pick up your pick axe and rend!
Fasten your seatbelt and take hold of my arm.
That's what she said before setting off my alarm.
Baby, gotta go. Baby, gotta go.
I know
She's gonna go.
I know
She's gonna go.
Down in Columbo, girl; whatever you want.
But the surf and cobras; tigers all taunt:
Baby, gotta go. Baby, gotta go.
I know
She's gonna go.
I know
She's gonna go.

Songwriters
MATTHEW FRIEDBERGERPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Downtown Music Publishing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/