

Kingsize

Jenny Hval

Think big, girl, like a king, think kingsize.

Did you learn nothing in America?

I've placed four big bananas in my lap.

In New York I don't dream.

I always wanted to be less subculturally lonely,
but here I see no subculture. No, no future.

No big science. No big bananas.

But I found no, no future.

I rock the bananas gently, move back and forth.

Don't wake them. What is soft dick rock?

Using the elements of dick to create a softer,
toned-down sound. I sing to the bananas.

The skin is getting thin and brown, Norway.

The girls are pretty. I'm one fourth Danish.

If you have a child you better learn how to bake.

I beckon the cupcake, the huge capitalist clit.

I search the oven, scrub the racks,

put my whole head inside, but I just can't find it.

It's like looking out the window in there. The bananas rot slowly in my lap, silently, wildly, girly.

The rash is an opportunity, a common disease,

something in common, a community,

the definition must be: something attacking itself.

Four flaking, flaccid fingers.

No future. Oh, the fruit flies.

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