Ceci n'est pas une chanson

Bran Van 3000

Some people think little girls should be seen and not heard, but I think HI
BONDAGE UP YOURS!Ya this is Bran Van giving a shout out to all the Paris suburbs.
All the London hounds.
All the New York hound dogs.
And the NDG, misguided.It was the night before New Years Eve.
I had a curious desire for doughnuts.
I dragged my sorry ass to the city of Lavada where she drank from a Tim Horton
promo cup.
She said, aris smashed by the toilet, some crack pot smoked holiday,•I tried
desperately to avoid it but that when she looked my sorry-ass ways.Say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways.
Say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways.She said the place where your standing is not even place not for music not even
song.
And the sadness you see come from deep within me, has been your sadness all
along.
So don pretend to be so perfect, I quite intent in my traveling gear.
What you see is not just a coffee girl, despite of the fact that I not even
here.It just like a foxfire.HI BONDAGE UP YOURS!And the snow fell like crushed aspirin on that catholic holiday.
She looked me sideways like a crooked lawyer; hung over as the one he played.
So don pretend to be like you are with me because I am, thinking that there is
no struggle coming up from the bubble, 'cause there is no struggle in your sorry
ass ways.
Oh, say good-bye.
Oh, say good-bye.
Ah, say good-bye to your sorry-ass ways.
Ah, say good-bye to your sorry-ass ways.I mean where are troubles; yal know what to do.
Spending money 'cause I in love with you.
I mean I worth enough trouble yal know what to do.
Spells just like the romance, smells go right to you.People fly•

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