

I'm Writing a Novel

Father John Misty

I ran down the road, pants down to my knees
Screaming "please come help me, that Canadian shaman gave a little too much to me!"
And I'm writing a novel because it's never been done before
First house that I saw I wrote house up on the door
And told the people who lived there they had to get out "cause my reality is realer than yours"
And there's no time for the present
And there's a black dog on the bed
I went to the backyard to burn my only clothes
And the dog ran out and said "you can't turn nothing into nothing is with me no more"
Well I'm no doctor but that monkey might be right
And if he is I'll be walking him my whole life
I rode to Malibu on a dune buggy with Neil
He said "you're gonna have to drive me down on the beach if you ever want to write the real"
And I said "I'm sorry, young man what is your name again?"
Now everywhere I go in West Hollywood
It's filled with people pretending they don't see the actress and the actress wishing that they could
We could do ayahuasca
Baby if I wasn't holding all these drinks
Something 'bout the way Violet whips her hair
That makes me empty my pockets on the corner to corner bumming twenties as if I was the mayor
I don't need any new friends, Momma
But I could really use something to do
So if you're up for it sometimes
I swear you wouldn't have to be my muse
Heidegger and Sartre, drinking poppy tea
I could've sworn last night I passed out in my van and now these guys are pouring one for me
I'll never leave the canyon 'cause I'm surrounded on all sides
By people writing novels and living on amusement rides

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