

If It Makes You Happy

Miss Montreal

I've been long, a long way from here
Put on a poncho, played for mosquitoes
And drank 'til I was thirsty again
We went searching through thrift store jungles
Found Geronimo's rifle, Marilyn's shampoo
And Benny Goodman's corset and pen Well, okay I made this up
I promised you I'd never give up If it makes you happy
It can't be that bad
If it makes you happy
Then why the hell are you so sad? Get down and real low down
You listen to Coltrane, derail your own train
Well who hasn't been there before?
I come round, around the hard way
Bring you comics in bed, scrape the mold off the bread
And serve you French toast again Well, okay I still get stoned
I'm not the kind of girl you'd take home If it makes you happy
It can't be that bad
If it makes you happy
Then why the hell are you so sad? If it makes you happy
It can't be that bad
If it makes you happy
Then why the hell are you so sad? We've been far, far away from here
Put on a poncho, played for mosquitoes
And everywhere in between
Well, okay we get along
So what if right now every thing's wrong? If it makes you happy
It can't be that bad
If it makes you happy
Then why the hell are you so sad? If it makes you happy
It can't be that bad
If it makes you happy
Then why the hell are you so sad?

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