

Whatever You Want

Vienna Teng

he's a company man, your right hand, 13 years and counting.
no detectable ambition, a model of efficiency, far as you can see.
he knows every loophole, the art of fine print, massages the numbers 'til they fit.
and every time you ask him for another vanishing act, he half-smiles as if to say: whatever you want, whatever
you want, whatever you want is fine by me.
whatever you want, whatever you want, whatever you want is fine by me. never a real moment together but she
understands: you're an important man.
another late night. don't know if you're coming home or when. she's alone again.
but she goes on curating your domestic museum. she disappears in her loyalty.
she is a dress wearing a face in the doorway, opening her arms out to you: whatever you want, whatever you
want, whatever you want is fine by me.
whatever you want, whatever you want, whatever you want is fine by me. no one would dare to question you, oh
no.
no one would dare to stand up. but in the night she leaves the papers in a tiny pile: evidence for her reasons.
and in the night he takes the main accounts and pulls the files, detailing every treason.
I am the last one you'd ever suspect of setting the fire, of setting the fire.
but as you switch on your TV tomorrow morning, you'll hear me saying quietly: whatever you want, whatever
you want, whatever you want is fine by me.
whatever you want, whatever you want, whatever you want is fine by me. oh whatever you say, oh whatever you
say:
I'll do what you ask me, I'll do what you ask me.
oh whatever you say, oh whatever you say.
but do you know who's listening?
oh whatever you say, oh whatever you say,
you know it's over!

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