

# Electric Chair

Walter Moskowitz

Karen blows the smoke across  
The table to the seat I'm in  
And blood is passed around in glasses  
"Vintage year", she says again  
She says again As I sit here choking on my food  
Like words we've swallowed deep inside  
Well, there's a polka dotted dog  
Who keeps barking as the cars go by  
Barkin' as the cars go by And it's that stupid dog's tail  
That I see us chase  
But she can't see it on my face 'Cause I'm home in this electric chair  
'Cause I'm home in this electric chair  
'Cause I'm home in this electric chair  
Well, I'm home So we watch the clock tic quietly  
As it syncs itself to our heartbeats  
And then Karen stands up with her glass  
And another toast to everyone she cares about  
Everyone she cares about And I'm really turned off  
By the fact she cares  
But she doesn't understand That I'm home in this electric chair  
That I'm home in this electric chair  
That I'm home in this electric chair  
That I'm home So we sit down as I kiss her goodnight  
And she straps my buckles all down tight  
Upon my cheek she lays a kiss  
Then she plugs me in and throws the switch In my electric chair  
In my electric chair  
'Cause in my electric chair I'm home  
Yeah, I'm home, yeah, well, I'm home  
Yeah, well, I'm home  
Yeah

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