Dear Diary

Patty Larkin

Dear Diary
by Patty Larkin
Dear Diary of a Great Unknown
Well I'm spending the night in the Twilight Zone
With the boys walking by with the backward baseball hats on
Past the billboard sign for the Wonder Bra

And it's all lit up like it was MTV
And I freeze my face so nobody notices me
And I feel like a stranger with strange looking hands
Wearing a pair of rubber gloves in a complicated land

Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good
good good good good

There's a guy at the bar of the triangle
Well he's standing guard waiting for some kind of signal
And I remember Magritte in the cold hard rain
As I walk underneath the metal of the elevated train

Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good
good good good good

Dear Diary of the Great unknown
Well I'm spending the night in the Twlight Zone
With the keys to the highway tucked in the pocket of my jeans
Driving a brand new rented Cadillac through Kerouac's dreams

Ain't it good to be alive
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good good good good

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