

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

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

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