Whip-smart

Liz Phair

I'm gonna tell my son to grow up pretty as the grass is green
And whip-smart as the English Channel's wide
And I'm gonna tell my son to keep his money in his mattress
And his watch on any hand between his thighs
And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower
Till I write my whole life story on the back of his big brown eyes
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing
I'm gonna tell my son to join a circus so that death is cheap
And games are just another way of life
And I'm gonna tell my son to be a prophet of mistakes
Because for every truth there are half a million lies
And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower
Till he learns to let his hair down far enough to climb outside
When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing
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