

Voicemail for Jill

Amanda Palmer

Jill it's Amanda just waving
From London
I know that you're going tomorrow,
The hardest decision
And I've been on the side
Of the phone for a month
And I know you're in hell and
You know that I know what you're feeling
Life's such a bitch, isn't it?
When you have a baby,
They throw you a party
And then when you die
They get together for a cry but no one's gonna
Celebrate you
No one's gonna bring
You cake
And no one's gonna
Shower you with flowers
The doctor won't
Congratulate you
No one on that
Pavement's gonna
Shout at you that
Your heart also matters
I'm not sure that you'll
Get this in time
I don't know if you're
Checking your voicemail at all
But in case it's the morning
And you're off at the green line
And walking through Copley
I want you to stop for a second,
I want you to listen
You don't need to offer
The right explanation
You don't need to beg for r
Redemption or ask for forgiveness
And you don't need a
Court room inside of your head

Where you're acting as judge
And accused and defendant and witness
It's a strange grief but it's grief
Look at all the women in the street
You know the statistics, Jill
Even though they may not help
Isn't it amazing
How we can never tell
Who is in an identical hell
No one's gonna celebrate you
No one's gonna bring you cake
And no one's gonna
Shower you with flowers
The doctor won't congratulate you
No one on that pavement's gonna
Shout at you that your heart also matters
No one's gonna compliment you
No one's gonna nod their head
And wink in league with
What you are pursuing
No one's gonna tie surprise balloons
Onto your desk at work
And no one's gonna
Ask you how you're doing
But I'll be back in
Boston by next Thursday
Why don't I come over?
I can bring some friends
If you want us to come
We can bring you cake
And we can bring you flowers
We can bring you wine
And we can talk for hours
Ukulele by request
We'll throw you the best
Abortion shower

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