

# Chemo Limo (Demo)

## Regina Spektor

I had a dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over  
Baby-sat all four of my kids Then in my dream  
I told the doctor off  
He said if you don't want to do it  
Then you don't have to do it  
He said the truth is  
You'll be okay, anyway Then in my dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor  
Went and had a talk with my boss Something about insurance policies  
They kept the door closed at all times  
I couldn't hear or see When they came out they said  
You'll be okay, anyway  
And I smiled cause I'd known it all along. No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I don't have to pay for this shit  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I ain't about to die like this  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And besides this shit is making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
You know I plan to retire some day,  
And I'm gonna go out in style  
Go out in style  
This shit it's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style When I woke up  
My kids were being quiet  
I knew it was a dream right away  
I called the limousine company Then I got dressed  
I dressed the kids as well  
The limousine pulled in  
And we piled in The doctor he asked which way we were headed  
I said, Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently,  
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC  
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me  
All about the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl  
 With her cup of tea looking out of the window  
 And Barbara  
 She looks just like my mom  
 Oh my god, Barbara  
 She looks so much like my mom No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
 I don't have to pay for this shit  
 I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
 And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
 I ain't about to die like this  
 I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
 And besides this shit is making me tired  
 It's making me tired  
 It's making me die  
 You know I plan to retire some day,  
 And I'm-a gonna go out in style  
 Go out in style  
 This shit it's making me tired  
 It's making me tired  
 It's making me tired  
 I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style Style  
 Style  
 Style?  
 Style.  
 Style..?  
 Style  
 Style..??  
 Style. I had a dream  
 Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and  
 Baby-sat all four of my kids I had a dream  
 Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and  
 Baby-sat all four of my kids Sophie only want to tune us into radio BBC  
 Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me  
 All about the meanie  
 Jacqueline was being such a big girl  
 With her cup of tea looking out of the window  
 And Barbara  
 She looks just like my mom  
 Oh my god, Barbara  
 She looks so much like my mom Oh my god, Barbara  
 She looks so much just like my mom...

Songwriters

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