

# I'm Writing a Novel

## Father John Misty

I ran down the road, pants down to my knees  
Screaming "please come help me, that Canadian shaman gave a little too much to me!"  
And I'm writing a novel because it's never been done before  
First house that I saw I wrote house up on the door  
And told the people who lived there they had to get out "cause my reality is realer than yours"  
And there's no time for the present  
And there's a black dog on the bed  
I went to the backyard to burn my only clothes  
And the dog ran out and said "you can't turn nothing into nothing is with me no more"  
Well I'm no doctor but that monkey might be right  
And if he is I'll be walking him my whole life  
I rode to Malibu on a dune buggy with Neil  
He said "you're gonna have to drive me down on the beach if you ever want to write the real"  
And I said "I'm sorry, young man what is your name again?"  
Now everywhere I go in West Hollywood  
It's filled with people pretending they don't see the actress and the actress wishing that they could  
We could do ayahuasca  
Baby if I wasn't holding all these drinks  
Something 'bout the way Violet whips her hair  
That makes me empty my pockets on the corner to corner bumming twenties as if I was the mayor  
I don't need any new friends, Momma  
But I could really use something to do  
So if you're up for it sometimes  
I swear you wouldn't have to be my muse  
Heidegger and Sartre, drinking poppy tea  
I could've sworn last night I passed out in my van and now these guys are pouring one for me  
I'll never leave the canyon 'cause I'm surrounded on all sides  
By people writing novels and living on amusement rides

Lyrics provided by

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