Bollywood

Liz Phair

I was trippin' lookin' at my portfolio
Wonderin' how I was gonna make enough dough, you know
Called up a friend who wrote for 'One Tree Hill' and 'Jericho'
He had a job for me and check it, with a four-letter company
(Get it on, get it on)
Hey, I got a proposition for you
How 'bout you let me keep my profits as a scorer?
Record sales are shrinkin', I'm gettin' poorer
I got a kid to feed, how 'bout you cut a deal with me?
Ha, hey, look, Liz, we see you as a commodity
We've been with you since day one and that's an oddity
And after a series of phone calls to the great publishing houses
O Ursa Minor, I reached my representative who pulled out the
(Contract)
From the File Cabinet
(On microfiche)
In the form of tablets made of stone
(Then he said)
"Let me see, it's here in my folder
Oh, shit, you're twenty years older
Still hot but gettin' a lot colder
And you wanna cut a what with me?"
"Lemme tell you how it's done here in the Hollywood
Maybe you was thinkin' you was in the Bollywood
If I wanna break the rule, you know I probably could"
(C-B-S has gotta R-E-S-P-E-C-T)
(C-B-S has gotta R-E-S-P-E-C-T)
"Liz, I'd love to help you out
But we have what we call Standards & Practices"
"In legal terms, we're referring to this as a recoupable interest
In an artist's compositions on vinyl, plastic, digital
And all transmittable airwaves for a period
Of no less than six or nine years, in all territories of the Earth
The solar system and the known universe"
And I replied
"Listen here, my dear little Roni
Don't you give me no phoney-baloney
This is not 'My First Pretty Pony'
Don't you know you're fuckin' with me?"

"Oh, it's a bad day for the pool boy
Come to clean and discover you, boy
Face down and feet turnin' blue, boy
Now your eyes are closed, you finally have the sight to see"
It's all mine
It's all mine
It's all mine
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

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