

Parade

Vic Chesnutt

Where did you go after the parade?
I wandered, searching for about an hour
Then I parked it on a bench
Shifting and sulking Those pesky little mosquitoes
They nearly, nearly, nearly, nearly drained me
Then a man dripping with vitalis
Said I looked like Joe Namath He asked me did I used to be famous?
And I said, "Neighbor, I'm famously late"
I said, "Neighbor, I'm famously late" Where did you go after the parade?
You never even appeared, never even appeared to enjoy it
Well I came out of it with a slight experience
Drinking, howling, howling at the natives You're a great at disappearing
You left me with an ear ache
I spit into the swan lake
Saying, "What a hideous review"
Saying, "Oh, what a hideous review" Weather, barometric pressure push me to the ground
My stomach is growling, I always heard this was such a festive town
But everybody over ten years old is frowning
Everybody over ten years old is frowning Where did you go after the parade?
I didn't expect you to be bolting away
I remember that time you took me to see Harold and Maude
'Cause I didn't know the meaning of the word catharsis We are busy weaklings, poking around for reasons
We are happy little heathens
It's just time we both admit it
It's time we both admit it

Songwriters

VIC CHESTNUT Published by

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