

Back of a Truck

Regina Spektor

She lifted the monument in her monumental arms
She was the mother superior with her carry-on luggage charms
She was this androgynous powder nosed girl next door
She had eaten her dog and she was back for more Back for more, back for more
Oh she was back for more
Some more, yes please, some more Her gym teacher thought himself a sweat-socked demigod
And her geraniums thought themselves an alien pod
Her front porch gave way beneath the classified weight
And when an ambulance came they said it's much too late Oh it's much too late
Oh it's much too, much too late
Oh it's much too late, how late
Very late, too late Now the people of New Guinea and the people of L.A.
Have been pen pals for years 'cause they both hate ballet
Only the pandas and bears have made a clean get away
But the news bulletin claims it is gonna be okay Now Miss Lucy had a sweat shop where the immigrants work
Problem was they all turned to pumpkins at the 12 o'clock stroke
Promptly confiscated by police precinct number X
That was when alien geraniums entered into a fight No violence, of course, no violence, no violence, of course
Hey, hey no violence, of course
Of course, why yes, of course
I mean, I mean, of course, why yes, of course Here the story gets hazy and the hair gets too long
And the TV gets quiet as I hear a real bad song
The mothers get whiskey and the girlfriends get tongue
And there's a back of a truck selling smoke free lungs And there's a back of a truck selling alien pods
And there's a back of a truck selling game show hosts
And there's a back of a truck selling the souls of the dead
And there's a back of a truck selling crumb free bread
This is New York Now there's a back of a truck selling the back of a car
And there's a back of a car selling road way maps
And there are road way maps selling a back of a head
Hey how much for that back of a head, man? Hey wait a minute, hey wait a minute
Wait a minute that's wait a minute that's my back of a head
Hey you can't sell that, man, that's my back of a head
Hey, hey sell it back to me, man, sell it back to me
Hey it's, it's my m-m-mine She lifted the monument in her monumental arms
She was the mother superior with her carry-on luggage charms
She was this androgynous powder nosed girl next door
She had eaten her dog and she was back for more She had eaten her dog, D O W G
She had eaten a dog, d-d-dog, d-d-dog, dog, dog, dog

She had eaten, a eaten, eaten a, eaten, eaten her
Some more, yes please, some more
Some more, yes please, some more

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