

New Zealand

Greg Churchill

New Zealand, New Zealand,
You caught me on an awful day,
My little life is all fucked up,
My psyche is in disarray. New Zealand, New Zealand,
I wish I could enjoy you more,
I wish I had more time to see,
Your cliffsides and your blackened shores. New Zealand, New Zealand,
I don't know why I tour this way,
Trapped inside an aeroplane,
And twittering the scenery. New Zealand, New Zealand,
I feel like shit, what can I say?
My period is six days late,
My pubic hair is turning gray, But I don't believe in the beauty standard,
And there's no way that I'm pregnant,
So it's technically okay. Everything is so beautiful here,
The people on Cuba Street drinking their beer,
I wish I could stay here and never go home,
I wish I could be just like Holly Hunter in 'the Piano',
And not have to talk to anyone,
Even though there's technically nothing wrong with my voice,
And just play piano and make love to hot local boys. New Zealand, New Zealand,
You caught me at the end of tour,
My willpower's collapsing,
And I cannot do this anymore. New Zealand, New Zealand,
My song is coming to an end,
I hope you have enjoyed it,
And I hope I get my period. I also hope I haven't grossed you out,
But that's what you get,
When you ask me to write a song about your country in twenty minutes.

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