

# Great Aunt Ida, Macarena

You get up and you turn things on  
Ask your memory to serve you well  
Which word did I get wrong and why  
Someone calls and the morning's gone  
Children fighting on their way home  
And the work is piling up alone

Oh night bring me relief these walls are getting ugly fast  
I need a little dancing, make this macarena last

Passed the store that is up for rent  
And the park where the people go  
There's something calling down below

Fucking car with it's big glass wall  
Broke my wing and just drove away  
The others left me here to stay

Oh night bring me relief this sidewalk isn't smooth at all  
I need a little bandage, help me make it south this fall

Oh night bring me relief these walls are getting ugly fast  
I need a little dancing, make this macarena last  
Make this macarena last