

Kimya Dawson, Velvet Rabbit

the cuckoo in your clock had a heart attack
the droop in your stock turned your market black
if walls could talk they'd say i don't want to shack up
like the water i want to keep running

a lawyer with leprosy stole your umbrella
reached over your shoulder and took your fromunda cheese
you didn't even notice it makes me wonder
if you even know what goes on in your home

this isn't a come on so come on let's face it
the come on your face is really just mayonnaise
it was on your sandwich but then you misplaced it
now you're going to hell man

where aleister crowley milks cows in the dairy
and the cows are the dowry for the dead girls he marries
tariffs are tallied when bovines are buried
the farmer in the dell is the devil

i wore prosthetic pants to the homecoming dance
and my homeboy leroy had legs made of bok choy
i ate him while we danced, loaned him my pants
romance is romantic if you've got the answers

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everyone's scared about germs getting shared
and nobody knows how soft you are

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