

# Self, Meg Ryan

I'm beginning to believe  
That I can never form my own opinions  
Secretly, I've decided to believe  
That I'm Polynesian originally  
I want the air set to 70 degrees  
I want pineapples and sugar as the major industries  
I will be there blending racial amity  
While pineapples and sugar build me massive equity

But if I were married to a movie star  
That'd be my arm around here waist  
As she flips off the camera  
And if Meg Ryan were my personal taste  
I'd be atop the Empire State every Valentine's

I'm afraid that you'd agree  
When you say you don't hold my attention great  
Ukelele's play love songs in portugese  
That you've made no attempt to every translate  
I want love waiting for me after school  
I'd like a stream of conciousness  
Everytime I take a breath  
I want love on the front porch after school  
I'd like a stream of conciousness  
Everytime I take a breath

And if I were married to a movie star  
That'd be a smile upon my face  
As she sips her daquiris  
And if Meg Ryan were my personal taste  
I'd be atop the Empire State every Valentine's

My town is zoning this land  
So we can build an ark and sail away  
From Tennessee  
Palm trees and sand and hawaiian instruments  
Say "Aloha" as they're haunting me  
I want time, kicking, screaming, put to death  
Float like islands in the pool  
While Mr. T pitties the fool

-repeat 1st chorus-