

# We're About 9, Born Again

In my other life  
I was a five dollar an hour parking spot  
In an overdone main street  
So cut me some slack  
'Cause my customers all drove  
Shiny little red things and avoided eye contact

And I always said  
That if I was born again  
I'd get something magnetic  
Pierced through my chest  
And a tattoo that says "Fear me";  
And those people wouldn't even park near me

In my other life  
I lazed about day and night  
In free-standing water  
During electric storms  
And no one suggested that maybe I was going through a phase  
Or offered me pot or sex or rage or sympathy or pie

And I always said  
That if I was born again  
I'd get something conductive  
Pierced through my chest  
I'd tell the storm clouds to screw me  
And pretend it tickles when all those gigawatts pass through me

In my other life  
There were other people there to help me out  
Making minimum wage and working their bottoms off  
And I always said  
That if I was born again  
I hoped my customers look at me  
The way they look at them

I always said  
That if I was born again  
I'd get something constructive  
Tattooed through my chest  
Like a skull or a devil or a dragon  
And those people would be frightened what might happen  
If I was born again  
If I was born again

In my other life  
I was a five dollar an hour parking spot  
In an overdone main street  
And my customer's sports car all had car bras  
To cover their car teats

I always said  
That if I was born again  
I'd get something obtrusive  
Pierced through my chest  
I'd come back as a woman  
And I would walk around braless  
And men would stare straight at my breasts and say,  
"These kids today are all heathens";

I always said  
That if I was born again  
I'd go back to that parking lot  
I'd go back to that parking lot

I'd go back to that parking spot  
And make myself whole