

Aimee Mann, Susan

SUSAN

by Aimee Mann

Oh Susan, you were clued-in,
you knew just how this thing would go.
A prognosis that was hopeless
from the very first domino.
I guess I see it all in hindsight.
I tried to keep perspective despite
the flash of the fuse, the smell of cordite.

Now I'm in that place again,
and I know he can't come in to get me.
And someday he will live to regret me.
Susan I can see it now.

Oh Suzie , they get to me,
they can really be wearying.
So he threw me rope and bouey,
let me use his decoding ring.
There must have been some kind of parade,
we kissed for a while to see how it fades
and pulled the pin on another grenade.

But I'm in that place again
and I know he can't come in to get me.
And someday he will live to regret me.
Suzy I can see it now.

Oh Susan, the hope of fusion
is that the halo will reappear.
It may be pure illusion,
but it's beautiful while it's here.
I had some trouble with the goodbye.
I checked my roman candle supply,
and watched the vapor-trail in the sky.

But I'm in that place again
and I know he can't come in to get me.
And someday he will live to regret me.
Susan I can see it now,
Susan I can see it now,
Susan I can ...see... it ... now.