

# Brand New, Limousine

"K, here's your ride.  
Get your petals out and lay them in the aisle  
Pretend you are God, and grow,  
And that it's your own day to wed  
We have found your man.  
He is drinking up.  
He's all-American, and he'll drive  
He has volunteered with grace to end your life.  
We'll tidy up  
It's sad to hold, but leave your shell to us  
You explode, you firefly, you tiny boat with oars,  
Feather oars  
The world tilts back and pours and pours  
And so, you satellite, you tidal wave,  
You're a big surprise  
And I have one more night to be your mother"

Her signal was interrupted.  
My baby's frequency not strong enough  
Her head in my hands and smiling.

K, we will miss you but in time you'll get set up,  
And we will write"

(Curtain)

Hey, you beauty supreme.  
Yeah, you were right about me.  
But can I get myself out from underneath  
This guilt that will crush me  
In the choir, I saw our sad Messiah.  
He was bored and tired of my laments.  
He said, "I died for you one time, but never again"

Well I love you so much, but do me a favor baby and don't reply.  
Cause I can dish it out, but I can't take it.  
1234567

I'll never have to buy adjacent plots of earth  
We'll never have to rot together underneath dirt  
I'll never have to lose my baby in the crowd  
I should be laughing right now