

Emilyn Brodsky, My Friend Has A Problem

i've always heard that you can't change a man
well she can
she can't make him happy and can't make him cool
but she can make him come and she can make him cruel
she can make him come and she can make him cruel

she romanticizes foreign cities, mexico and paris france
she romanticizes punks and gymnastics
and boys from small towns who can dance

she lives on the east coast
the weather is lousy
but she loves the jews and the food
her mother says "darling, don't burn through your body"
her mother says "don't be so rude";

she knew a boy once and she was his audience
he was a preacher on speed
he said "we are the wild ones,
twos threes and prodigal sons";

eaters and weepers
sleepers and killers
lovers and dancers and fuck yous
seat fillers

she said "i think you're crazy but I love you baby"
He said he'd have to agree

so pick them a daisy on your walk down the hazy streets
that you once walked with me

love disappears so easily
love disappears so easily

i think you're crazy but I love you baby
He said he'd have to agree

pick them a daisy on your walk down the hazy streets
that you once walked with me

love disappears so easily

i think you're crazy but I love you baby