

# The Divine Comedy, I Was Born Yesterday

I... I was born yesterday  
And I believe all that you say  
I have no choice  
I must obey you  
Is this the first or the second day  
Of the rest of my life?  
Well hey  
Why should I care either way  
If what you say is true?

Saturday morning, 18th of December  
I cannot remember  
The last time that I saw such a young ballerina  
In love with the loveless  
In tune with a tuneless old upright piano  
Standing en pointe  
Going through each position with gentle precision  
She measures each movement  
Her classical features and elegant waistline  
Are going to waste as she pleases her parents

What if they died on the road to Rathmines  
Where a dog in two minds times his run to perfection  
An orphan at last  
She'd be sick in the loo-bowl  
Then go to the funeral and cry by the graveside  
Then she would sleep with the first man she sees  
And she'd catch some disease  
Which she would give to her doctor  
She'd cook her own breakfast and she'd cook his as well  
Yeah and they'd both get on swell  
Even though he was married

You are a part of me  
I am a part of you  
Why should I let you walk all over me?  
All over me