

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