

Bad Wine and Lemon Cake

Amanda Palmer

I have a little house*
Close to town but not to the city
Far from home but near my family
No water views but so close to the sea
I see, this is how my little life could be

And I'm filling it with things
Like furniture that I find on the street
And all the special things I'd like to eat
Pictures of people that I'd like to meet, oh meet
Well I'm orbiting the world

And it's so pretty and so lonely

My little love affairs are all scheduled 'round the TV guide
And my sex life has all been plagiarized
In an attempt to meet a harsh deadline

I'd like to rent a wife
Then rent a husband to keep her for life
The three of us, we could be so happy
Then with each other, meet with company
I'll see them, I'll find a flight around the world

And it's so pretty and so lonely

I could just die, I might just die
I could just die, I might just die

And at my funeral
They will say "Tom, he was such a nice guy,
He went too early but he went in style"
They'll play my music and then they will cry
Then they'll have a little wake
They'll drink bad wine and they'll eat lemon cake
And my mothers little heart will break
And she'll say "Wait there must be must some mistake.
He can't be dead, take me instead"

Oh but I'm not dead
They tell me I'm not dead
They say that I'm not dead
That I won't die for some time

I'm in my little house

Just writing little songs to past the time

Which incidentally is 7:49

So don't you worry I'm completely fine, I'm fine

And don't you worry I'm completely fine, I'm fine

Don't you worry I'm completely fine, I'm fine

Don't you worry I'm completely fine, I'm fine

Don't you worry I'm completely fine, I'm fine

I'm just so fucking fine.