

Frown Song

Ben Folds

Tread slowly from the car to the spa
Like a weary war-torn refugee
Crossing the border with her starving child
It's a struggle just to get to shiatsu
Present the waitress with your allergy card
And tell all of your problems.
Leave no tip at all
Down at the shoe store with your friends
Speculate who might be fucking a guru.

Rock on, rock on with your fashionable frown
Rock on, rock on. Spread the love around.
Rock on, rock on with a fashionable frown.
Spread the love around.

Hard to remember how we managed before
We could afford real and nervous breakdowns
Or before the anthropology store
Was erected on Indian burial grounds
So really don't you see a little of yourself in the bathroom at
tendant that you just scowled at?
Or the child who's hiding inside as you wipe the smile off a te
enage barista.

Spread the love around.
Alright.

You're gonna be alright, baby.
You're gonna be alright, baby.

Floating back from the spa to the car.
State of bliss, and it wasn't the steam room.
Sometimes life's not so bad.
Now we know who's been fucking the guru.

Smile for us now.
Do it upside down.