

Jolly Jolly Jolly Ego

Dirty Projectors

Jolly jolly jolly ego
You fit in
You fit in, jolly, jolly, jolly
Let the water bead
Off your naked shoulders

Clung to obstinate
Like an old love letter
Boxed in her back pocket
Lacking love, or living saliva
Dried blood - like a wax seal, scabbing regal