

My Own World

Eleanor Friedberger

I was living and breathing and sitting quite quietly
Watching the TV and minding my diet
While I moved from my desk on to my treadmill
And I tried to move mountains or nothing but molehills
So what do you want to interrupt me for?
Leave me in my own world, own world
I was checking the scores and cutting out coupons
Reading the papers and trying to regroup
I had just gotten over the snows of December
Further out beyond, I don't want to remember
So don't interrupt me, girl
Leave me in my own world, own world
I was taking my pulse and writing a diary
Looking at foods for their dates of expiry
And quietly checking the corners of rooms and then
Coming back in and checking again
A noise in a distance, a rumble or murmur
Some little earthquake upsets terra firma
Now I'm looking behind me, I'm checking my rearview
Everything ancient is suddenly brand new
And clichés have taken on a
Shocking new meaning
But the snows have come back
And our teeth still need cleaning so
What do you want to interrupt me for?
Leave me in my own world
Own world own world own world