

5 Years

Kimya Dawson

I imagined nick valensi wrapped his long, long arms around me
and they went around my body almost seven times
he said "baby i've been thinking and i think i will quit drinking
and i think on my next birthday i'll turn thirty five
and i will settle down with you, we'll make sweet love the whole night through
you'll convert into a jew, sit shiva for your former life"
and i said "nick although you're handsome, i'll hold out for isaac hanson,
and he'll get his braces back when i become his wife"
me and hanson will go dancing, me and hanson true romance
me and hanson take a chance, lock the door it's party time
all our babies will be born november seventeenth i'm sure
and we'll get a cookiepuss from the local carvel store
then our brothers will come over for a big game of red rover
everybody holding hands, break the chain, break the chain

what would i do when you've had a few?
oh would i stay or go away?
would you grieve if i chose to leave?
what would you say if i was in pain?

last night sergio valenti customized some denim for me
special for my special shape, they fit me perfectly
now i've got this new ensemble, certain circles i'm a bombshell
but a guardian anglo keeps saying "negro please"
pay attention and you'll notice one man's chops is one man's bloatus
one man's taint is one man's choad is one man's mr. clean
and every scene i've ever seen becomes a tootsie roll to me
a little tasteless waxy turd that gets stuck in my teeth
and everywhere i try to go the cars are moving much to slow
i said "excuse me mr. johnson" he said "call me beau"
"i think this is my biggest fear, the road before me is unclear"
he said "close your eyes my child and let the old man steer"
i said "oh, thanks anyway, what would fenton lawless say?"
five years in the saddle and i've gotta take the reins

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