

## Whip-Smart

Liz Phair

I'm gonna tell my son to grow up pretty as the grass is green  
And whip-smart as the English Channel's wide  
And I'm gonna tell my son to keep his money in his mattress  
And his watch on any hand between his thighs  
And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower  
Till I write my whole life story on the back of his big brown e  
yes

When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing  
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I'm gonna tell my son to join a circus so that death is cheap  
And games are just another way of life  
And I'm gonna tell my son to be a prophet of mistakes  
Because for every truth there are half a million lies  
And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower  
Till he learns to let his hair down far enough to climb outside

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