

## The Janitor's Boy

Natalie Merchant

Oh I'm in love with the janitor's boy,  
And the janitor's boy loves me;  
He's going to hunt for a desert isle  
In our geography.

A desert isle with spicy trees  
Somewhere near Sheepshead Bay;  
A right nice place, just fit for two  
Where we can live always.

Oh I'm in love with the janitor's boy,  
He's busy as he can be;  
And down in the cellar he's making a raft  
Out of an old settee.

He'll carry me off, I know that he will,  
For his hair is exceedingly red;  
And the only thing that occurs to me  
Is to dutifully shiver in bed.

The day that we sail, I shall leave this brief note,  
For my parents I hate to annoy:  
"I have flown away to an isle in the bay  
With the janitor's red-haired boy."