

My, What a Strange Day With a Swede

of Montreal

When I rode in a trolley across your face with a Swedish man
I bet that wasn't in your plans for the day
My, what a strange day (What a strange day)
For poor little Nietzsche
Why so forlorn?
You know we love you, Nietzsche
And all of your friends have come to see you, Nietzsche
So let us see you, Nietzsche
Everyone's waiting, Nietzsche
Don't be so sneaky

When he smeared a candy bar across your face with a gloveless hand
I thought you'd never stop lashing the Swede
My, what a strange day (What a strange day)
For poor little Nietzsche
Why so forlorn?
You know we love you, Nietzsche
And all of your friends have come to see you, Nietzsche
So let us see you, Nietzsche
Everyone's waiting, Nietzsche
Don't be so sneaky

What more could be done on a day like today
Than to lock up your heart and quickly swallow the key?
Now I'm gonna tell you something we can do
If you cut off my head, I'll cut yours off for you
I'll cut it off for you
I'll cut it off for you
I'll cut it off for you

Poor little Nietzsche
Why so forlorn?
You know we love you, Nietzsche
And all of your friends have come to see you, Nietzsche
So let us see you, Nietzsche
Everyone's waiting, Nietzsche

Don't be so sneaky
What more could be done on a day like today
Than to lock up your heart and quickly swallow the key?

I like the image of us tossing our heads at the Swedish man
I bet he'd never telephone us again
Not even to say (Not even to say)
"My, what a strange day
For poor little Nietzsche"
Why so forlorn?
You know we love you, Nietzsche
And all of your friends have come to see you, Nietzsche
Oh, let us see you, Nietzsche
Everyone's waiting, Nietzsche
Don't be so sneaky