

So Begins Our Alabee

of Montreal

And so begins, begins our odyssey...
And we begin, begin our odyssey...
And so begins, begins our odyssey...

The aria is bleeding and the boyish voice is leaving.
I've been an evil tenor, I filled the innocent's doe-
eyes with glue.
You're my only softness, you're my only pleasure, it's true.
And I never want to be your little friend, the abject failure.

And so begins, begins our odyssey...
And we begin, begin our odyssey...
And so begins, begins our odyssey...

The chrysalis is breaking and the superego's waking.
I've been a gloomy Petrarch, with a quill as weepy as Dido.
You're my mousy aesthete, you're my buoyant cherub, it's true.
And I never want to be your little friend, the abject failure.

The aria is bleeding and the boyish voice is leaving.
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eyes with glue.
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