

Miranda

Phil Ochs

Do you have a problem,
Would you like someone to solve them,
Would you like someone to share in your misery?
Now, I don't know the answer, but I know a flamenco dancer
Who will dance for you if you will dance for me

Her name's Miranda
She's a Rudolph Valentino fan
And she doesn't claim to understand
She bakes brownies for the boys in the band.

Early Sunday morning
When the sermon lines are forming
And Saturday night is the memories that it gave.
She's busy in the pantry, far away from Elmer Gantry
Who is busy baking souls that he may save.
Everybody's soul but Miranda
The dice of death are calling
While the truck of time is falling
By the thumb stuck out on the highway of the years.
The tollgate at the turnpike is ignored by those who hitch-hike
And the Howard Johnson food is made of fear
But not Miranda (Chorus)
The sun burnt skin is peeling
On the doctors who are healing
And the license plates are laughing on the car.
The pain is so exciting
And everyone's inviting
You to look upon their operation scars.
But not Miranda

The condiments are clashing
While commercial planes are crashing
And the music of the evening is so sweet
Now fully in agreement
Oh, their feet have found the cement
And they all believe the signs are on the street
Her name's Miranda

In the bar we're gin and scotching
While the FBI is watching
They are tape recording every other word
The bartender is bleeding
Pardon me, I just was leaving
as another clever voice repeats absurd
But not Miranda