

# 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