

## Aching to Pupate

Regina Spektor

Aching to pupate  
Aching to pup-p-p-pate  
[repeats 4x]  
Pu-pupate, pu pate,  
Pu-pate, pu-pupate, pu pa-ate...

I should peddle butterflies  
There's a shortage in the city,  
I'll stand on the street corner  
All myserious and giddy,  
When the passers by pass by  
I will open up my trenchcoat,  
They will see the butterflies  
Dangling like fake rolexes...

Every morning I wake up  
With a purpose and a smirk  
I'll put on my fake moustache  
I'll drink heineken eat cornflakes...

Then I'll call my mum and dad  
Tell them that I'm doing fine,  
Or I'll write a tipsy letter  
To a real good friend of mine,  
Or I'll jump upon the bed  
Waltzing madly with the broomstick  
But before I leave the house  
I will paint my lips with lipstick...

But peddling is a dirty sport  
There's competition in the city,  
Everyone is on a street corner  
All mysterious and giddy.  
Some are selling bags and shoes,  
Some are selling books and gold,  
I've been standing here for days  
Not one butterfly's been sold...

And how I'm  
Aching to pupate  
Aching to pup-p-p-pate  
[repeats 4x]  
Pu-pu-pate, pupate,  
Pupate, pu-pu-pate, pu pa-ate.