

# Back of a Truck

Regina Spektor

She lifted the monument in her monumental arms  
She was the mother superior with her carry-on luggage charms  
She was this androgynous powder nosed girl next door  
She had eaten her dog and she was back for more

Back for more, back for more  
Oh she was back for more  
Some more, yes please, some more

Her gym teacher thought himself a sweat-socked demigod  
And her geraniums thought themselves an alien pod  
Her front porch gave way beneath the classified weight  
And when an ambulance came they said it's much too late

Oh it's much too late  
Oh it's much too, much too late  
Oh it's much too late, how late  
Very late, too late

Now the people of New Guinea and the people of L.A.  
Have been pen pals for years 'cause they both hate ballet  
Only the pandas and bears have made a clean get away  
But the news bulletin claims it is gonna be okay

Now Miss Lucy had a sweat shop where the immigrants work  
Problem was they all turned to pumpkins at the 12 o'clock stroke  
Promptly confiscated by police precinct number X  
That was when alien geraniums entered into a fight

No violence, of course, no violence, no violence, of course  
Hey, hey no violence, of course  
Of course, why yes, of course  
I mean, I mean, of course, why yes, of course

Here the story gets hazy and the hair gets too long  
And the TV gets quiet as I hear a real bad song  
The mothers get whiskey and the girlfriends get tongue  
And there's a back of a truck selling smoke free lungs

And there's a back of a truck selling alien pods  
And there's a back of a truck selling game show hosts  
And there's a back of a truck selling the souls of the dead  
And there's a back of a truck selling crumb free bread  
This is New York

Now there's a back of a truck selling the back of a car  
And there's a back of a car selling road way maps  
And there are road way maps selling a back of a head  
Hey how much for that back of a head, man?

Hey wait a minute, hey wait a minute  
Wait a minute that's wait a minute that's my back of a head  
Hey you can't sell that, man, that's my back of a head  
Hey, hey sell it back to me, man, sell it back to me  
Hey it's, it's my m-m-mine

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She had eaten her dog, D O W G  
She had eaten a dog, d-d-dog, d-d-dog, dog, dog, dog  
She had eaten, a eaten, eaten a, eaten, eaten her  
Some more, yes please, some more  
Some more, yes please, some more