

# Chemo Limo

Regina Spektor

I had a dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over  
Baby, sat all four of my kids

Then in my dream, I told the doctor off  
He said, "If you don't want to do it  
Then you don't have to do it?"  
He said, "The truth is, you'll be okay, anyway?"

Then in my dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor  
Went and had a talk with my boss

Something about insurance policies  
They kept the door closed at all times  
I couldn't hear or see

When they came out they said  
"You'll be okay, anyway?"  
And I smiled 'cause I'd known it all along

No thank you, no thank you, no thank you, no thank you  
I don't have to pay for this shit  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And on any given day, I'd rather ride a limousine

No thank you, no thank you, no thank you, no thank you  
I ain't about to die like this  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And besides this shit is making me tired

It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
You know I plan to retire some day  
And I'm gonna go out in style  
Go out in style

This shit it's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
I'ma gonna go out in style  
Go out in style

When I woke up  
My kids were being quiet  
I knew it was a dream right away  
I called the limousine company

Then I got dressed  
I dressed the kids as well  
The limousine pulled in  
And we piled in

The doctor he asked which way we were headed  
I said, "Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently?"  
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC  
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me

All about the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl  
With her cup of tea looking out of the window  
And Barbara, she looks just like my mom  
Oh my God, Barbara  
She looks so much like my mom

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It's making me tired  
It's making me die  
You know, I plan to retire some day  
And I'm-a gonna go out in style  
Go out in style

This shit, it's making me tired  
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Style  
Style  
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