

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
It's making me tired
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Go out in style

Style
Style
Style
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