

Reading Time with Pickle

Regina Spektor

Walking home from work
Stop at the supermarket, condemement aisle
A jar of pickles catches the eye
Make eye contact with a solitary pickle
Bought the jar took it home

Made it up the stairs
Made it through the doorway, waded through the floor
Tried to head in the general direction of the bathroom door
The truest room in the whole damn house

Singin' love is the answer to a question
That I have forgotten
But I know I've been asked
And the answer has got to be love love love

Now Feeding time with TV
Then sleeping time, not sleepy
So reading time with pickle
But were the bed side lamp had been
Is now a milignant soft soft green

Has it always been this way?
Is it possible all this magic went unnoticed?
Maybe things will start to change
And life will turn a better page
No more rain

Singin' love is the answer
To a question i know I've been asked
And the answer has got to be love love love

Tomorrow back to work again
Run to the supermarket, running hopeful through the aisles
Haven't been this happy in a long time
But not a single jar was smiling afterall

But pickle jars are just pickle jars
And pickles are just pickles
Ingredients ... water, salt, cucumber, garlic and pickling spices

But love is the answer to a question
That I've forgotten
But I know I've been asked
And the answee has got to be love