

The Ice Of Boston

The Dismemberment Plan

Pop open a bottle of bubblyâ?|yeah.
Here's to another goddamn new year.
And outside, 2 million drunk Bostonians
Are getting ready to sing â??Auld Lang Sineâ??â?|out of tune.
I sit there in my easy chair, looking at the clouds, orange wit
h celebration
And I wonder if you're out there.
Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy
And reflects no light, in day or night
And I slip on it every time
Pop open a third bottle of bubbly
Yeah, and I take that bottle of champagne
Go into the kitchen, stand in front of the kitchen window
And I take all my clothes off, take that bottle of champagne
And I pour it on my head, feel it cascade through my hair
And across my chest, and the phone rings.
And it's my mother.
And she says â??HI HONEY HOW'S BOSTON?â??
And I stand there, all alone on New Year's Eve
Buck naked, drenched in champagne, looking at a bunch of strang
ers
Uh, looking at them, looking at me, looking at them, and I say:
Â??Oh, I'm fine Momâ??how's Washington?â??
Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy
And reflects no light, in day or night
And I slip on it every time
Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy
And reflects no light, in day or night
And I slip on it every time, time, time, time, yeahâ?|
So I guess the party line is I followed you up here.
Well, I don't know about that.
Mainly because knowing about that would involve knowing some pa
thetic, ridiculous, and absolutely true things about myself tha
t I'd rather not admit to right now.
Woke up at 3 A.M. with the radio on, that Gladys Knight and the
Pips song on
About how she'd rather live in his world with him
Than live in her own world alone
And I lay there, head spinning, trying to fall asleep
And I thought to myself: â??Oh, Gladys, girl, I love you but, o
hâ??get a life!â??
Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy
And reflects no light, in day or night
And I slip on it every time
Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy
And reflects no light, in day or night
And I slip on it every time