

Chris Michaels

The Fiery Furnaces

Later at lunch with the taco lettuce crunch crunch
She sets herself apart the bunch.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me wanna scream.
On the phone with the West Glen Ellen rest home
Talking up a tattletome:
How bad does she seem?
She makes me wanna scream.
My mom is gonna babysit tonight;
Did you hear Melinda got into a fight;
You whore you bitch she said, well then it serves her right.
Talking all mad you know she really isn't being sad:
Her baby daddy's name is Tad.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me wanna scream.
Well yesterday you know she didn't none of that to say:
She queen-bee turned and walked away.
How bad does she seem?
She makes me wanna scream.
Then boyfriend calls her up on the other line;
She tells him sweetie sweetie sweetie mine, but he spaces out and thinks to
himself all the time:
My baby's got a stick stuck out her beak,
My baby takes a drink out of the leak,
My baby's got a blue-green sweater,
And a nest down by the creek.
Plume bloom bloom blaby bloom
Cheep cheep beep bee-bee beep.
Where did you for lunchtime go?
Did Kevin and Jenny show?
Do you wanna go out tonight?
No.
Plume bloom bloom blaby bloom
Cheep cheep beep bee-bee beep.
Remember that girl down the end?
She was my friend.
But just now she's angry came up
And said You're so so stup'
It's all disrup'
You're blah blah this this that so now sh'up
You messed it up.
Remember that girlfriend of Al's?
We'll we were pals.
Today she was angry came up
And said You're so so stup'
It's all disrup'
You're blah blah this this that so now sh'up
You messed me up.
Then Tony of the Franklin Park hockey club
Went to Gunzo's and bought a goalie glove.
Jessica was 'posed to meet him back on Mannheim
Kitchen back door by all the grease and grime:
Was a little bird at my window
Said that he's been messing round;
He's working up the courage so to leave you;
He's getting ready to say he doesn't love you.
Well Tony took it all in stride

Said don't be silly but wondered who had spied.
Jessica was driving down Wolf Road
Roll up the windows baby talk in code.
I'm the little bird at your back door
Said your true love's let you down.
I'm the little bird through your chimney
Said he's been running round;
He's working up the courage so to leave you;
He's getting ready to say he don't love you.
Then she bumped into purses stole a credit card;
Writing Chris Michaels, no it wasn't hard.
Number five terminal with a yogurt cup,
Reading a young miss as she slurps it up;
Nasty message when he don't pick up.
Layover Aden watch the local news;
99 and humid Oh the Red Sea blues
Landing at Delhi take a third class train;
Umbrella vendor in the autumn rain.
Then the cops come by and ask your name.
With his chillum and chillum-chee
The cazee sentences me;
So now go where you're supposed to be
And give up your Devi Desi.
I's paraded on through the choke
When my leg irons broke
And my bicycle wheel spoke:
The Bombay army's no joke.
On the top of a Naracan Dam
Started our picnic then Bam!
My Devi 'n me had to scram:
Quick down to Madras a'lamb.
Thought as a tindal that I could blend
As I got to pretend,
From laziness, the gang defend:
pick up your pick axe and rend!
Fasten your seatbelt and take hold of my arm
That's what she said before setting off my alarm:
Baby gotta go baby gotta go.
I know
She's gonna go
I know
She's gonna go
Down in Columbo girl whatever you want
But the surf and cobras, tigers all taunt:
Baby gotta go baby gotta go.
I know
She's gonna go
I know
She's gonna go.