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Dismemberment Plan "The Ice Of Boston"

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Pop open a bottle of bubbly $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A} !yeah.

Here's to another goddamn new year.

And outside, 2 million drunk Bostonians

Are getting ready to sing $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$... "Auld Lang

Sine $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A} $\square \tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A} |out of tune.

I sit there in my easy chair, looking at the clouds,

orange with 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 $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg \tilde{A}$..."HI HONEY HOW'S

BOSTON? $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A} \sqcap

And I stand there, all alone on New Year's Eve

Buck naked, drenched in champagne, looking at a

bunch of strangers

Uh, looking at them, looking at me, looking at them,

and I say:

ââ,¬Ã..."Oh, I'm fine Momââ,¬Ã¢Â€Â∏how's

Washington? $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A}

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,

yeahÃ*f*¢â,¬Ã,¦

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 pathetic, ridiculous, and absolutely true

things about myself that 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: $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$..."Oh, Gladys, girl, I

love you but, ohÃf¢â,¬Ã¢Â€Â∏get a

life! $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A}

Hey! The ice of Boston is muddy

And reflects no light, in day or night

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