

Divine Comedy

"I Was Born Yesterday"

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I was born yesterday
And I believe all that you say
I have no choice
I must obey
You
Is this the first or the second day
Of the rest of my life
Well, hey!
Why should I care
Either way
If what you say is true?
Saturday morning
Eighteenth of December
I cannot remember the last time that I saw
Such a young ballerina
In love with the loveless
In tune with a tuneless old upright piano
Standing on point
Going through each position
With gentle precision
She measures each movement
Her classical features and elegant waistline
Are going to waste while she pleases her parents
I
I was born yesterday
And I believe all that you say

I have no choice
I must obey
You
I have a question:
Is this the first or the second day
Of the rest of my life
Well, hey, hey!
Why should I care
Either way
If what you say is true?
What if they die on the road to Rathmines
Where a dog in two minds times his run to perfection
An orphan at last, she'd be sick in the loo bowl
Then go to the funeral
And cry by the graveside

And then sleep with the first man she sees
And she'd catch some disease that she'd give to her
doctor
She'd cook her own breakfast, and she'd cook his as
well
And both get on swell, even though he was married
You are a part of me
I am a part of you
Why should I let you walk
All over me?

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