

## **Edie Brickell**

### **"Volcano"**

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Last time I was walking by your house  
I saw a stranger in the window looking out.  
And I waved in a shy kind of reserved way  
and he did not wave back.  
And I realized that it was not your house at all.  
One time when I was in the bath  
all my fears started to drown me.  
So I quickly let the water out.  
I quickly jumped up and ran about the house  
with no clothes on.  
Drippin' wet.  
Scared to death.  
This was it.  
This was the end.  
So I called up a friend on the phone  
and she said  
"Come on over. Got some hamburger helper.  
Got some leafy whole wheat bread.  
Got some good wine to drink.  
Got some video tapes that don't exactly say much of  
anything."  
When the volcano erupted our conversation was  
quickly  
interrupted.  
And you abruptly jumped up and ran to the car.  
Screeched out of the driveway.  
Left me standing in the lava.  
What could I say?  
What could I say?  
Victim of a volcano.  
Burn me down.  
Burn me down.  
Melt me to the ground.  
Well that's what you get for living next to a volcano  
that could go off and spill all over.

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