

Bran Van 3000

"Ceci n Est Pas Un Chanson"

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Some people think little girls should be seen and not heard,
But I think:
All bondage, up yours!

Yo, this is Bran Man giving a shout out to all the Paris suburbs,
All the London hounds, all the New York hound dogs,
And the NDG, misguided. You know it.

Ceci n'est pas un retour aux annes 70,
Ceci n'est pas une chanson rpondre,
Ceci n'est pas une declaration d'amour rate
Ceci n'est mme pas une chanson.

Ceci n'est pas une arbre grimper,
Ceci n'est pas un hommage a mon pre,
Ceci n'est pas ma raison d'tre, tabarnak
Ceci est une pomme, des nuages, deux pommes, mon visage.

Was the night before New Year's Eve,
I felt a curious desire for donuts,
I dragged my sorry ass to the city of Laval,
Where she drank from a Tim Horton's promo cup.
She read Paris Match by the toilet,
Some crap on John Holiday,
I tried desperately to avoid it,
But that's when she looked my sorry-ass way.

I say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways,
I say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways.

She said the space you stand in is not even space,
And the music not even song,
The sadness you see coming deep within me,
Has been your sadness all along.
So don't pretend to be so perfect,
I'm quite content in my travelling gear.
What you see is not just a coffee girl,
In spite of the fact, of the fact, that I'm not even here.

Sounds just like a foxfire.

C'est en tournant les pages du plus récent Paris Match

Que je me suis posé, propos cette question:

Pourquoi?

Pourquoi? Trois points de suspension.

Why not, ostie.

Why not, ostie.

And the snow fell like crushed aspirin,

On that

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