

## Bran Van 3000

### "Ceci N'est Pas Une Chanson"

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Some people think little girls should be seen and not heard, but I think HI  
BONDAGE UP YOURS!

Ya this is Bran Van giving a shout out to all the Paris suburbs.  
All the London hounds.  
All the New York hound dogs.  
And the NDG, misguided.

It was the night before New Years Eve.  
I had a curious desire for doughnuts.  
I dragged my sorry ass to the city of Lavada where she drank from a Tim Horton's...  
promo cup.  
She said, "Paris smashed by the toilet,  
some crack pot smoked holiday,  
I tried desperately to avoid it but that's when she looked my sorry-ass ways.

Say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways.  
Say goodbye to your sorry-ass ways.

She said the place where your standing is not even place not for music not even song.  
And the sadness you see come from deep within me, has been your sadness all along.  
So don't pretend to be so perfect,  
I'm quite intent in my traveling gear.  
What you see is not just a coffee girl, despite of the fact that I'm not even here.  
It's just like a foxfire.

HI BONDAGE UP YOURS!

And the snow fell like crushed aspirin on that catholic holiday.  
She looked me sideways like a crooked lawyer; hung over as the one he played.

So don't pretend to be like you are with  
me because I am, thinking that there is  
no struggle coming up from the bubble, 'cause there is  
no struggle in your sorry  
ass ways.  
Oh, say good-bye.  
Oh, say good-bye.  
Ah, say good-bye to your sorry-ass ways.  
Ah, say good-bye to your sorry-ass ways.

I mean where are troubles; ya know I know  
what to do.  
Spending money 'cause I'm in love with  
you.  
I mean I'm worth enough trouble ya know  
I know what to do.  
Spells just like the romance, smells go right to you.

People fly

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