

## Jennylyn Mercado

### "A Higher Power"

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She said let's put a plastic bag over our heads  
And then kiss and stuff 'til we get dizzy and fall on the  
bed.

We were in heaven for five or six minutes, then we  
passed out

And I was so in love I thought I knew what love was all  
about.

In church on sunday making out in front of the  
preacher.

You had a black shirt on with a big picture of Nietzsche.  
When we had done our thing for a full christian hour,  
I had made up my mind that there must be a higher  
power.

A higher, higher power.

A higher, higher power.

At a Christmas-party, I'd hold your hair when you vomit,  
I'd help you up to brush your teeth, and then I'd kiss  
your stomach.

We lie still on your bed, the room is lit only by the tele  
And it's a perfect night for feeling melancholy.

A higher, higher power.

A higher, higher power.

Higher, higher power.

Higher, a higher power.

A higher, higher power.

A higher, higher power.

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