

Lanya

"1949"

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Carry me up them stairs,
Put my white socks on,
And my pretty song, you like,
My blue nail polish.
"What is all this?", you said,
"The mess upstairs,
Don't be scared"

Daddy dearest, you know,
How I like to take trips.
Pops first stop at the K-Mart,
Buy me my peach lipgloss,
Cigarettes and lolipops,
Mad magazines, and white socks.
All in your car for,
Our trip across the USA.

We gonna party,
Like it's 1949,
We in the Pontiac,
From July to July.

It's a flower motel nation,
Day and night on our last vacation,
We gonna see it all,
Before we say goodbye.

Daddy likes Blackpool,
Pleasure beach and roadstops,
Baby likes some Swiss Apps,
Souvenir giftshops.

Late night, midnight,
Radio show talks,
Daddy, baby,
Big jail break.

Ponytail and lolipops,
Dinerettes and sodapops.
New blue bathing suite,
Ruched tops and cadillacs.

Blue lake car to dunks,
Hop skotch, shit talk,
Alabama hard knocks,
Motel dresslocks.

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Like it's 1949,
We in the Pontiac,
From July to July.

It's a motel flower nation,
Day and night on our last vacation,
We gonna see it all,
Before he says goodbye

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