

## Nields "Ash Wednesday"

Visit "[Ash Wednesday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Daddy's on the back porch  
playing with a blow torch  
standing by the front door  
Avon Ladies For the Poor  
Meanwhile Mama smiles,  
"Get your lover down the aisle  
before he's gone"

Lisa says, "Don't cry;  
I'll bring you flowers when you die  
I'll go to school in only black  
or maybe in a gunni sack  
I'll get your friends to stand around  
and dance upon buried ground  
on our front lawn

But don't you worry;  
I'm sure she's sorry  
and doesn't mean that stuff about the aisle."

Ring around the rosy  
a pocket full of posy  
ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

The test came back on Tuesday last  
right before our pseudo fast;  
Lisa said "it's heaven sent--  
you can't give ice cream up for lent  
Mama said I wouldn't last forty days,  
but maybe two

So I spent the day avoiding mother  
reading Dr. Joyce Brothers,  
reading Where the Wild Things Are  
and some of Plath's Bell Jar  
Reading Daddy's tax forms  
to see if it would be born  
on Christmas Day

And I'm not weeping;  
I think I'm keeping  
a baby who will soon be half my age.

Ring around the rosy  
a pocket full of posy  
ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

Quitting smoking is a must,  
ashes ashes dust to dust  
try to turn a new leaf,  
giving up pork and beef  
Lisa says she'll buy me bras  
and maybe I should join a spa  
or take Lamaze

It's funny how you never know  
exactly when you're asked to grow,  
exactly when you take the load  
or head up on your own road  
Exactly which the day will be--  
maybe Ash Wednesday  
or Mardi Gras.

So I will change,  
'cause I have changed--  
time to put these combat boots away.

Ring around the rosy  
a pocket full of posy  
ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

Visit [Niels](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.