

Regina Mab

"Aching To Pupate"

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Aching to pupate
Aching to pup-p-p-pate
[repeats 4x]
Pu-pupate, pu pate,
Pu-pate, pu-pupate, pu pa-ate...

I should peddle butterflies
There's a shortage in the city,
I'll stand on the street corner
All myserious and giddy,
When the passers by pass by
I will open up my trenchcoat,
They will see the butterflies
Dangling like fake rolexes...

Every morning I wake up
With a purpose and a smirk
I'll put on my fake moustache
I'll drink heineken eat cornflakes...

Then I'll call my mum and dad
Tell them that I'm doing fine,
Or I'll write a tipsy letter
To a real good friend of mine,
Or I'll jump upon the bed
Waltzing madly with the broomstick
But before I leave the house
I will paint my lips with lipstick...

But peddling is a dirty sport
There's competition in the city,
Everyone is on a street corner
All mysterious and giddy.
Some are selling bags and shoes,
Some are selling books and gold,
I've been standing here for days
Not one butterfly's been sold...

And how I'm
Aching to pupate
Aching to pup-p-p-pate

[repeats 4x]
Pu-pu-pate, pupate,
Pupate, pu-pu-pate, pu pa-ate.

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