

## **Regina Spektor**

# **"Aching To Pupate"**

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Pupate  
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I should peddle butterflies  
There's a shortage in the city  
I'll stand on a street corner  
All mysterious and giddy

When the passersby pass by  
I will open up my trench coat  
They will see the butterflies  
Dangling like fake Rolex's

Every morning I wake up  
With a purpose and a smirk  
I'll put on a fake mustache  
I'll drink Heineken, eat cornflakes

Then I'll call my mom 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 up on the bed  
Waltzing madly with the broomstick  
But before I leave the house  
I will fill 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

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