

Regina Spektor

"Ave Maria"

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A boy on a train with a birthmark on his forehead
Listening to language tapes and all he hear is birds
Everyone laughs cause he brings his own chair to the
office
Convinced that the cushions will give him steadier
thoughts

The muscles of the intellectuals are atrophying
Nobody's running, nobody's hiding
They're lit by a light that isn't even the sun
Lit by a light that isn't even the moon
Ave maria...

Now how many times have i told you not to go there?
How many times have i begged you not to go?
And how many times have you snuck down to that
cellar
Just to watch how the roots begin to grow straight up
through our floor?

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