

Regina Spektor

"Chemo Limo"

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I had a dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over
And Baby-sat all four of my kids

Then in my dream
I told the doctor off
He said if you don't want to do it
Then you don't have to do it
He said the truth is
You'll be okay, anyway

Then in my dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor
Went and had a talk with my boss

Something about insurance policies
They kept the door closed at all times
I couldnt hear or see

When they came out they said
You'll be okay, anyway
And I smiled cause I'd known it all along.

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I don't have to pay for this shit
I can afford chemo like I can afford a limo
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I ain't about to to die like this
I can afford chemo like I can afford a limo
And besides this shit is making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
You know I plan to retire some day,
But momma go out in style
Go out in style
This shit it's making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
But momma gonna go out in style go out in style

When I woke up
My kids were being quiet
I knew it was a dream right away
I called the limousine company

Then I got dressed
I dressed the kids as well
The limousine pulled in
And we piled in

The doctor he asked which way we were headed
I said, Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently,
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me
All about the meanies
Jacqueline was being such a big girl
With her cup of tea looking out of the window
And Barbara
She looks just like my mom
Oh my god, Barbara
She looks so much like my mom

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
I don't have to pay for this shit
I can afford chemo like I can afford a limo
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No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you
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It's making me die
You know I plan to retire some day,
But momma gonna go out in style
Go out in style
This shit it's making me tired
It's making me tired
It's making me tired
But momma go out in style go out in style

Style
Style
Style?
Style.
Style... ?
Style
Style... ?
Style.

I had a dream

Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and
Baby-sat all four of my kids

I had a dream
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and
Baby-sat all four of my kids

Sophie only want to tune us into radio BBC
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me
All about the meanie
Jacqueline was being such a big girl
With her cup of tea looking out of the window
And Barbara
She looks just like my mom
Oh my god, Barbara
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