

Regina Spektor "Ode To Divorce"

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The food that I'm eating
Is suddenly tasteless
I know I'm alone now
I know what it tastes like

So break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
There might be some good ones

Like you might make a dollar
I'm inside your mouth now
Behind your tonsils
Peeking over your molars

You're talking to her now
You've eaten something minty
And you're making that face that I like
And you're going in, in for the kill, kill
For the killer kiss, kiss for the kiss, kiss

I need your money, it'll help me
I need your car and I need your love
I need your money, it'll help me
I need your car and I need your love

So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out?

Just break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
You might make a dollar
Dollar, might make a dollar

So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out?

Just break me to small parts
Let go in small doses

But spare some for spare parts
There might be some good ones
You might make a dollar

There might be some good ones
There might be some good ones
You might make a dollar
You might make a dollar
There might be some good ones
There might be some good ones

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