

## **Regina Spektor**

# **"Reading Time With Pickle"**

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Walking home from work  
Stop at the supermarket, the condiment aisle  
A jar of pickles catches the eye  
Made eye contact with a solitary pickle  
Bought the jar took it home

Then made it up the stairs  
Then made it through the doorway, and waded through  
the floor  
Tried to head in the general direction of the bathroom  
The truest room in the whole damn house

Singing love is the answer to a question  
That I have forgotten  
And I know I've been asked  
So the answer has got to be love, yeah

So Feeding time with TV  
Then sleeping time, not sleepy  
So reading time with pickle  
But where the bed side lamp had been  
Is no illuminating soft, soft green

Has it always been this way?  
Is it possible that all this magic went unnoticed?  
Maybe now those things will start to change  
And life will turn a better page  
No more rage

Singing love is the answer  
To a question that I have forgotten  
But I know I've been asked  
And the answer has got to be love, love

Tomorrow back to work again  
Run to the supermarket, running hopeful through the  
aisles  
Haven't been this happy in a long time  
But not a single jar was smiling after all

But pickle jars are just pickle jars  
And pickles are just pickles

Ingredients: water, salt, cucumbers, garlic and pickling spices

But love is the answer to a question  
That I have forgotten  
And I know I've been asked  
And the answer has got to be love  
Love is the answer  
To a question that I have forgotten  
And I know I've been asked  
And the answer has got to be love  
And the answer has got to be love  
And the answer has got to be love  
And the answer has got to be love

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