

St. Vincent "What Me Worry?"

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What me worry
I never do
I'm always amused and amusing you
Sans le fear of impending doom
Life is like banquet food
Pleasure to peruse

Do I amuse you, dear
Would you think me queer
If while standing beside you
I opted instead to
Disappear, disappear

In no hurry I'll sing my tune
All my skies the hue of a ruddy bruise
In my finest threads couture
I'll call up my favorite muse
For a drink - half full - or two

Have I abused you, dear
You have had it to here
You say, "Love is just a bloodmatch
To see who endures lash after last with panache"

In the spring I'll dust off my lute
Stuff my suitcase full of blues
And I stir the dust underneath the thrust
Of my clicking heels
C'est la vie

What me worry
I never do
Life is one charming ruse
For us lucky few

Have I fooled you, dear
The time is coming near
When I'll give you my hand and I'll say
"It's been grand, but I'm out of here
I'm out of here"

