

Patty Larkin

"Dear Diary"

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Dear Diary

by Patty Larkin

Dear Diary of a Great Unknown

Well I'm spending the night in the Twilight Zone

With the boys walking by with the backward baseball
hats on

Past the billboard sign for the Wonder Bra

And it's all lit up like it was MTV

And I freeze my face so nobody notices me

And I feel like a stranger with strange looking hands

Wearing a pair of rubber gloves in a complicated land

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good

good good good good

There's a guy at the bar of the triangle

Well he's standing guard waiting for some kind of
signal

And I remember Magritte in the cold hard rain

As I walk underneath the metal of the elevated train

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good

good good good good

Dear Diary of the Great unknown

Well I'm spending the night in the Twilight Zone

With the keys to the highway tucked in the pocket of my
jeans

Driving a brand new rented Cadillac through Kerouac's
dreams

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good to be alive

Ain't it good
good good good good

Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
Ain't it good to be alive
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