

The Jane Austen Argument

"Bad Wine And Lemon Cake"

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I have a little house
Close to town, but not to the city
Far from home, but near my family
No water views, but so close to the sea
I see
This is how my little life could be...

And I'm filling it with things
Like furniture I find on the street
And all the special things I'd like to eat
Pictures of people that I'd like to meet
I'll meet them when I'm orbiting the world...

... and it's so pretty...
... and so lonely...

My lovely love affairs
Are all scheduled 'round the TV guide
And my sex life has all been plagiarised
In an attempt to meet a harsh deadline...

I'd like to rent a wife
Then rent a husband to keep her for life
The three of us, we could be so happy
(Them with each other, me with company)
I'll see them off on a flight around the world...

... and it's so pretty...
... and so lonely...

I could just die
I might just die
And I could just die
I might just die

And at my funeral
They will say "Tom, he was such a nice guy
He went too early, but he went in style."
They'll play my music and then they will cry

They'll have a little wake

They'll drink bad wine and they'll eat lemon cake
And my mother's little heart will break
And she'll say: "Wait!
There must be some mistake
He can't be dead
Take me instead!"

Oh, but I'm not dead
They tell me I'm not dead
They say that I'm not dead
And that I won't die for some time...

I'm in my little house
Just writing little songs to pass the time
Which (incidentally) is precisely nine
So don't you worry, I'm completely fine
I'm fine
Don't you worry, I'm completely fine
I'm fine
Don't you worry, I'm completely fine
I'm fine
Don't you worry, I'm completely fine
I'm fine
I am just so fucking fine

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