

Hip Tragically

"My Music At Work"

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Everything is bleak.

It's the middle of the night.

You're all alone and

the dummies might be right.

You feel like a jerk.

My music at work.

My music at work.

Avoid trends and cliches.

Don't try to be up to date.

And when the sunlight hits the olive-oil,

don't hesitate.

The night's so long it hurts

My music at work.

In a symbol too far

or the anatomy of a stain;

to determine where you are,

in a sink full of Ganges, I'd remain -

No matter what you heard

in my music at work.

My music at work.

My music at work.

I call it, 'Olga Waits;

The Cloud That Entertains

The Dim Possibility of

Showing Some Restraint.'

The rain came down berserk.

My music at work.

My music at work.

On a star beyond the chart

or the dark side of a drop of rain.

determining where you are,

in a sink full of Ganges, I remain -

No matter what you heard.

My music at work.

My music at work.

My music at work.

La-la-la-la-la-la.

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

La-la-la-la-la-la.

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

Everything is bleak.

It's the middle of the night.

You're all alone and

the dummies might be right.

Outside, the darkness lurks.

My music at work.

My music at work.

Hey fallen hummingbird,

my music at work.

From the middle of the earth,

my music at work.

Bound for bed without dessert,

my music at work.

My music at work.

My music at work

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