

Fiery Furnaces, The "Chris Michaels"

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Later at lunch with the taco lettuce crunch crunch
She sets herself apart the bunch
How bad does she seem
She makes me wanna scream

On the phone with the West Glen Ellen rest home
Talking up a tattle tome
How bad does she seem
She makes me wanna scream

My mom is gonna babysit tonight
Did you hear Melinda got into a fight
You whore you bitch, she said, well then it serves her
right

Talking all mad you know she really isn't being sad
Her baby daddy's name is Tad
How bad does she seem
She makes me wanna scream

Well yesterday you know she didn't none of that to say
She queen-bee turned and walked away
How bad does she seem
She makes me wanna scream

Then boyfriend calls her up on the other line
She tells him sweetie sweetie sweetie mine
but he spaces out and thinks to himself all the time

My baby's got a stick stuck out her beak
My baby takes a drink out of the leak
My baby's got a blue-green sweater
And a nest down by the creek
Plume bloom bloom blaby bloom
Cheep cheep beep bee-bee beep

Where did you for lunchtime go
Did Kevin and Jenny show
Do you wanna go out tonight
No
Plume bloom bloom blaby bloom

Cheep cheep beep bee-bee beep

Remember that girl down the end
She was my friend
But just now she's angry came up
And said You're so so stup'
It's all disrup'
You're blah blah, this this ,that so now sh'up
You messed it up.

Remember that girlfriend of Al's
Well we were pals
Today she was angry came up
And said You're so so stup'
It's all disrup'
You're blah blah this this that so now sh'up
You messed me up

Then Tony of the Franklin Park hockey club
Went to Gunzo's and bought a goalie glove.
Jessica was 'posed to meet him back on Mannheim
Kitchen back door by all the grease and grime

Was a little bird at my window
Said that he's been messing round
He's working up the courage so to leave you
He's getting ready to say he doesn't love you

Well Tony took it all in stride
Said don't be silly but wondered who had spied
Jessica was driving down Wolf Road
Roll up the windows, baby, talk in code

I'm the little bird at your back door
Said your true love's let you down
I'm the little bird through your chimney
Said he's been running round
He's working up the courage so to leave you
He's getting ready to say he don't love you

Then she bumped into purses stole a credit card
Writing Chris Michaels, no it wasn't hard
Number five terminal with a yogurt cup
Reading a young miss as she slurps it up
Nasty message when he don't pick up

Layover Aden watch the local news
99 and humid, oh the Red Sea blues
Landing at Delhi take a third class train
Umbrella vendor in the autumn rain
Then the cops come by and ask your name

With his chillum and chillum-chee
The cazee sentences me
So now go where you're supposed to be
And give up your Devi Desi

I's paraded on through the choke
When my leg irons broke
And my bicycle wheel spoke
The Bombay army's no joke

On the top of an Aracan Dam
Started our picnic then Bam
My Devi 'n me had to scram
Quick down to Madras a'lamb

Thought as a tindal that I could blend
As I got to pretend
From laziness, the gang defend
pick up your pick axe and rend

Fasten your seatbelt and take hold of my arm
That's what she said before setting off my alarm
Baby gotta go baby gotta go

I know
She's gonna go
I know
She's gonna go

Down in Columbo girl whatever you want
But the surf and cobras, tigers all taunt
Baby gotta go baby gotta go

I know
She's gonna go
I know
She's gonna go

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