

## Fiery Furnaces, The "The Wayward Granddaughter"

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He said "Come on now babe  
Let's take a little drive  
Go slumming down the Carson's in my black X-5."

Samples from the Clinique counter and up the  
escalator  
And then a knowing glance from last night's cute,  
talkative waiter  
Surprise, surprise

Going through five hundred king Egyptian size count  
satin cotton sheets  
A smirk hello from the tanning salon boy  
My man mumbled, he realized  
"They told me that she cheats."

"Oh, don't you start! Jealous heart."  
Jealous heart. Jealous heart

I put one foot forward and one foot back  
My hand upon my hip  
I gave my hair a flip  
I can't help it  
What's he think I got all this loving for  
Well guess what  
He don't pay my bills no more

Well I guess  
All this stuff  
That'll befall ya and bedevil ya  
And try ya  
I'll move back in with Yaiyai

My daughter, we named her Maureen  
Can you believe it  
I never believed it, or her  
Because she called you Connie  
The Don Juan he, my husband, loved redheads and  
thought this name  
Would turn his baby into the same  
And each time I see you, Connie

Yes?

I say God bless, my dear departed Peter  
That he never had to meet her  
His beautiful granddaughter who dyed  
It would have killed him again  
Her gorgeous red-brown hair black  
When she turned 15 behind my back  
You lived with me at that time

Yes, I did

You were such a cute and smart and obedient and  
happy and pretty little kid  
My beautiful granddaughter who dyed  
Her gorgeous red-brown hair black  
When she turned fifteen behind my back  
And which Kevin were you dating  
I mean letting take advantage of you then  
the black one, or the white one

Once upon a time there were two Kevins  
You mean two jerks

Once upon a time there were two Kevins  
And being with one Kevin was being in one heaven  
And not being with the other swell was being in  
another, well  
Kevin and Kevin were best friends since seven  
La la la-la-la la la

When they met at Joey Meyer's  
Red White and Blue Demon basketball seminar tutorial  
clinic day care camp  
For underprivileged kids  
And overstimulated brats.  
And they're both wearing vintage throw-back fourty five  
dollar  
Nineteen eighty three White Sox hats  
And now at H-F  
Point guard and shooting guard

And now at H-F  
Point guard and shooting guard  
And the drill team shouting themselves deaf  
And then back in the back yard  
Yours, Yaiyai  
With the one and then the next night with the other one  
and one big secret  
I mean two  
But little did I know that they knew  
They knew

And would slap each other on the back

About what it was they'd do  
They knew  
They knew

Well, we can talk about it, Connie  
But often, memories are better off sung  
Remember when you were young  
Remember when I was young  
Remember when you were young  
Remember when I was young

La la la...  
La la la...

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