

## The Fiery Furnaces

### "Candymakers Knife In My Handbag"

Visit "[Candymakers Knife In My Handbag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A Candymaker's Knife in my Handbag

A night out in the tropics  
Turned out I couldn't cope  
After the School of Fancy Cookery  
With Antoinette Pope

I learned brazing and saucing, meringue and sift  
Knead, flute and flour  
Each Thursday for an hour

Cobblers and plum cakes, tarts savory and sweet  
A candymaker's knife in my handbag  
A candymaker's knife in my handbag

Well I learned brazing and saucing, meringue and sift  
Knead, flute and flour  
Each Thursday for an hour

Cobblers and plum cakes, tarts savory and sweet  
A candymaker's knife in my handbag  
A candymaker's knife in my handbag

That night I was to meet my husband's father, for the  
very first time

I wore the scarf he sent to me  
French silk, scarlet blue and cream  
He sits, he waits, a coffee on his knee  
I wonder if it's as bad as it might seem

Zapped by the Zombie  
Zapped, zapped by the Zombie  
Zapped by the Zombie in the two-door Dodge  
Twice-baked brioche and pastry pockets  
And lock it's two-door Dodge

Zapped by the Zombie  
Zapped, zapped by the Zombie  
Zapped by the Zombie in the two-door Dodge  
And I did not fail

To bust off a nail as the Dodge door handle dodges my  
hand  
Delicate, delicate hold my hand  
Delicate nectarine upside-down chiffon cake  
Dodge down the downtown loop the loop lightly  
Hazelnut baby loaves  
Hazelnut baby loaves  
Hold my hand inside-out upside-down marzipan  
Milanese  
My brain is a blur  
Hodge-podge - cardinal slice - two-door, brand new  
What am I gonna do  
'Cause on the street the amber lights were hellish hot  
And the wind in the windows was not giving air  
And tropical Napeolons  
But it was too late and I didn't care  
And I didn't care

Because first I went to meet Dr. Christopolous and his  
wife Claudette  
Who at the time was my close girlfriend  
They picked my up in their brand-new Dodge  
And we went to Trader Vic's, or Mr. Rick's  
And I ordered, like the others, a Zombie  
And it bombed me, it just bombed me  
And when we got to the stoop my father-in-law said  
"Were you attacked?"  
My aunt, being helpful, said something that made my  
heart just go sunk  
And with a look on her face like something had stunk  
"She's just drunk!" she hissed

I reached for the arm of the armchair and missed

A night out in the tropics  
Turned out I couldn't cope  
After the School of Fancy Cookery  
With Antoinette Pope

I wore the scarf he sent to me  
French silk, scarlet blue and cream  
He sits, he waits, a coffee on his knee  
I wonder if it's as bad as it might seem

Visit [The Fiery Furnaces](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.