

The Fiery Furnaces "Cups & Punches"

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I saw a black girl last night called Charmaine
Champaign
She wasn't a worn out ex-so-and-so, no not from Times
Square
But she went to Johnny Romero's till it was too hot to
handle
And she's got nothing to show for it, no money, no love
But she could tell me the squarest thing on the jukebox

She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat

Teach me not to get baited with stage
Whispers like, "Can anybody turn me on?"
Show me how to make cups and punches
It's so simple without a simple syrup

You have to gather a quarter pound of young peach
leaves
On a dry and sunny day
And the cost is so uncertain since peach leaves are
seldom sold

She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat

She likes a strong sangaree that shakes for twelve
hours
Keeps warm for twelve months then sits for six months
more
Then she's gonna sing me the squarest thing on the
jukebox

She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
She's gonna get me folked up, fairly beat
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