

The Fiery Furnaces

"Uncle Charlie"

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Listen, I'm so unboored;
"The magic word is relax".
I'll rub Ho-Toi, his god of happiness,
The one that came with or without boys,
And Make my wish for the day:
No more revenge cobbler or whiskey pie.
My cheeks will be the color of dead jellyfish lying on the
beach.
Let me tell you how
Many 18th Century grandfather clocks can you
squeeze into your neighbors' niches.
(If only I knew.)
I offered: become a collector of small objects.
Make my wish for the day:
No more revenge cobbler or whiskey pie.
My cheeks will be the color of dead jellyfish lying on the
beach.
Was I a senior junior appraisal appraiser at Mistie's
Auction Hut in Centereach?
Or was I a low level high level appraiser of appraisal at
Snugaby's
Crazy Quilts and Collectibles Collection in Hempsted
Hollow?
I can hardly remember.
Last year Uncle Charlie sang a different tune:
"The two words I hate most are 'good enough'."
Flipped through the sliding slack racks:
"Look at what it says on my red-patched pocket:
If you're going to be something, why not be something
special?"
Pull out the loathsome weeds.
Don't worry big girl;
He sat me down on his handmade Mexican Mountain
chair
And showed me his calendar for the next six months.
Now make my wish for the day:
No more revenge cobbler or whiskey pie.
My cheeks will be the color of dead jellyfish lying on the
beach.
To locate my ex-boyfriend check the Yellow Pages
under plywood.

We lived together under a Sears Bellissimo Bedspread
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