

Rambling Through the Avenues of Time

Flight of the Conchords

i was wandering through the streets of the city
rambling through the avenues of time
when from nowhere my eyes fell onto a girl
and by chance her eyes fell onto mine
so i sat and acted all non-nonchalant
she smoked her lavender cigarette
reading the future that lay in my hands
my shadow played a bass clarinet
(where you going with this bret?)

we waltzed down a moonlight boulevard
just two silhouettes in the mist
(ah yes)
days went by and years went by
moments went by when we kissed
(when was this?)
she said your beard is woven of heartache
and we'll drink for the lonely tonight
and the moon is a horny old drunkard
(uh bret, could you please move over to your right?)
we drank dandelion wine and we reminisced
about the moment we first met that day
(i'm trying to watch tv)
then we reminisced about how we first reminisced
(oh yeah? sounds a bit gay)
she handed me a broken memory
a keepsake to forever most say?
a brief taste of love is as sweet as any
and with that she made her way
(oh yeah? what was her name?)

she said her name was a secret
then she said her name was cherie
(was her middle name cherie
so it's a secret cherie maybe?)
mm, maybe
(what'd she look like?)
she looked like a parisian river
(what dirty?)
she looked like a chocolate eclair
(that's rare)
her eyes were reflections of eyes
(oh nice)
and the rainbows danced in her hair
(aw yeah)
she reminded me of winter's morning
(what frigid?)
her perfume as eau de toilette
(what's that mean?)
she was comparable to cleopatra
(quite old)
she's like shakespeare's juliette
(what thirteen?)
the bohemians of soho did pirouettes
as we waltzed through the streets of manhattan
on rivers of ribbon and sailboats of song
(Bret, did any of this actually happen?)

there's a girl i described she's as real as the wind
it's true i saw her today
the other details are inventions
because i prefer her that way.