

Pasta simmers on the stove in June
Makes no sense yet, but it will soon
Conversation starters come way too hard
Nobody wants to be the martyr,
playin' the wrong cards
Why did you come to this planet?
Why did you come to this life?
How can you be everybody's dream,
and still be somebody's wife?
Tell me, what did you have for lunch today?
That's right, how would I know?
How would I know?
You are off somewhere, being free
while I starve in the lonesome cold.
Our bodies got used to each other
Now they're used to the sound
of Richie Havens' voice on the vinyl,
spinning round and round, round and round
Sometimes I feel I was born way too late
Shoulda been born on the Woodstock stage
But I'm just here, waitin', and waitin', and waitin'
Somebody famous had a birthday today
All I saw was another full moon
What's that?
Something's burning on the stove
Must be the pasta
Must be the pasta
Oh yeah, it's June