

Prima Donna

Cass McCombs

Prima Donna dodged a call from the Investor
Were you struck dumb?
Were you, Prima Donna?

Now struck dumb, the next call she picked up
Aha, you're not so lucky?
Are you, Prima Donna?

The Investor came through loud and clear
She was dumb, not deaf
Foul speech hit her ear
The poor, Prima Donna

She's met this man before and seen how he eats
He made no sense
His voice throbbed endlessly
To our Prima Donna

She phonetically built a sentence:
"Will this affect my record?"
"It might" the Investor menaced
The Investor menaced

Tell me what good could possible come?
He gives her the stage she deserves to perform on

And isn't it this stinking world that likes to see beauty suffer?
Well, isn't it?
Either way, too bad for her

She went out that night and blew the lid off the joint
Like an investment that never disappoints
The Prima Donna