

Please Don't Make Me Too Happy

Christine Lavin

Used to be
You were bad for me
And every night I'd pray
For you to change
Then you did
So it's strange
When I hear myself say...

Please don't make me too happy
Because if you do
My songwriting will suffer
From the bliss you'll put me through
Nothing's quite as boring
As two people this in love
We'll be so blinded by the stars in our eyes
We won't see the stars above
We'll see rainbows in a naked sky
And in puddles on the ground
We'll draw rainbows on those tablecloths
In cute restaurants downtown

We'll pet puppies when we meet them
Peek at babies in their strollers
We'll love everyone completely
Right wing atheists
Left wing bowlers
We'll hold hands in the supermarket
We'll make out in the movies
And for no apparent reason
We'll start singing 'Feelin' Groovy'

Paul Simon was in love when he wrote that
Though not like he is now with Edie Brickell
I hope they're happy but not that happy
Or their songwriting will go to hell

Please don't make me too happy
I'm Catholic, you're Jewish
Get my drift?
We were born to suffer
So cool it with the gifts
And watch it with the flowers
And the perfume and the wine
I know we'll be in trouble
If we start smiling all the time
I'll write songs about pink sunsets
And long walks along the ocean
You'll buy Kenny G recordings
You'll learn to do the locomotion

We'll read Barbara Cartland novels
Cry at the end of every chapter
We'll believe it when she writes that
With heaving bosoms the lovers
"Lived happily ever after"
Then we'll rent 'Old Yeller', 'An Affair
To Remember', then 'Casablanca'

And anything and everything

That stars Annette Funicello
And Paul Anka
(I mean Frankie Avalon
I always get the mixed up
Because they're both
Prisoners of their hair-dos)

We won't care about the environment
We won't watch Headline News
Our IQ's will drop to nothing
We won't understand the blues
(Blues riff plays)
Was that the blues?
I didn't understand it!

Please don't make me too happy
I'll grow accustomed to this way of life
I'll turn sentimental, you'll turn sappy
I'll want to be your wife
I'll stop hating shopping
I will learn to cook a roast
I'll take up a hobby, perhaps pottery
That's what Demi Moore did in 'Ghost'
Oh she was so very happy
But Jesus how she cried
Do you think there'll be a sequel
Or will Patrick Swayze stay on the other side?

A wise man once told me
'Your greatest fear is your deepest wish'
Men like him confuse me
Already my IQ is starting to dip
See? That wasn't a very good rhyme
I fear my rhyming days are through
'Cause all I can think of are rainbows and puppies
And rainbows and puppies and rainbows
And babies

You make me so happy
It's really getting me mad
Anger is so awful
Now I'm getting morose
But that makes me happy
It's a vicious cycle that I'm on
If you keep making me happy
One day you'll look and I'll be
Not here anymore

Yes, I'll be walking down that long, lonesome, horrible, pathetic road
No babies, no puppies no rainbows on that road
It will be long and horrible and lonesome
But it will feel familiar and I'll have
A great big smile on my face
What do you mean, you don't understand me?
Men!
Go Figure