

California

CMAT

A new game scrapping my life
It was you out back with a butter knife
Who took my parts, buried 'em with the dog
Not great, but what did I think
That a bouncy castle Catholic could give to me
But a little wine and God?

So I'm working on a wreckage
With nothing there to salvage
Oh, I'm just taking photos
For my book about the damage and
Some have called me cheap
But it's not that fucking deep
Like, what's left for me but poetry
And getting really old?

I'm heading to California
Don't say I didn't warn you
I'm milking what I can from this grief
I'm heading to California
Don't say I didn't warn you
I'm writing for the peace you wouldn't leave

A cold call to get me out
Of your big boys' starving artist's house
But you drove me there and opened up the doors
Now I trade in English, dear
My nanny's nanny's nanny's fears
Are living here along with all of yours, oh, yeah

Whinging like a woman is
Hedging on what's coming
'Cause everybody likes me
When my pain is in a sonnet
And you can call me cheap
But you did this shit to me
Made me brilliant, you fucked me up
And I'm reaping what you've sown

I'm heading to California
Don't say I didn't warn you
I'm milking what I can from this grief
I'm heading to California
Don't say I didn't warn you
I'm writing for the peace you wouldn't leave

I'm heading to California
Don't say I didn't warn you
I'm finishing the hat like we agreed
I'm heading to California
I wonder, is it torture
Harvesting all this misery?

California, oh-woah
California, oh-woah
California, oh-woah (I'm writing up a book about us)
California, oh-woah (They're gonna make a movie of it)

California, oh-woah (They're gonna cast Jake Gyllenhaal)
California, oh-woah (And I'm Kristen Schaal)
California, oh-woah (They're gonna do it with a Coen brother)
California, oh-woah (Set it in Wicklow with your mother)
California, oh-woah (Oh no, it won a Razzie)
California, oh-woah (It's all for nothing, should've just tried being happy)