

Malaprops

Father John Misty

Oh I just love the kind of woman who can walk over a man
I mean like a goddamn marching band
She says like literally music is the air she breathes
And the malaprops make me wanna fucking scream
I wonder if she even knows what that word means
Well it's literally not that

Of the few main things I hate about her
One's her petty vogue ideas
Someone's been told too many times they're beyond their years
By every half-wit of distinction she keeps around
And now every insufferable convo
Features her patiently explaining the cosmos
Of which she is in the middle

Oh my god I swear this never happens
Lately I can't stop the wheels from spinning
I feel so unconvincing
When I fumble with your buttons

She blames her excess on my influence
But gladly hoovers all my drugs
I found her naked with her best friend in the tub
And we sang Silent Night in three parts which was fun
Until she said that she sounds just like Sarah Vaughan
I hate that soulful affectation white girls put on
Why don't you move to the delta

I obliged later on when you begged me to choke you