Song Song Song

Final Fantasy

Got a daughter who'll eat anything
They like to feed her words, words, words
And tell her, Watch for the plague, girl, check your stool
Or we'll send you to reformatory school
And make a man out of you
They'll press what is left into new
They'll press what is left into new
They'll press what is left into new

Out of dust, out of empty space
From the bedroom to the marketplace
You be bold, but not too bold, and frame it all in gold, in gold
Your credibility is broken in two
But we'll press what is left into new
We'll press what is left into new
We'll press what is left into new

Let's sing a song about a woman's rage
Sing a song about an empty stage
A song, a song about how to sing
A song song song about everything!
You're tough, for a girl, and you're smart, for a girl
Stop, stop your ears from burning and fill my stomach with your singing

Concern concern concern yourself with the invisible!
Concern concern concern yourself with the incredible!
Don't turn to motherhood so fast, you have been blinded
There's a word for all you keep inside
And though you try to hide it, we will write it!

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