

# Rambling Through the Avenues of Time

## Flight of the Conchords

i was wandering through the streets of the city  
rambling through the avenues of time  
when from nowhere my eyes fell onto a girl  
and by chance her eyes fell onto mine  
so i sat and acted all non-nonchalant  
she smoked her lavender cigarette  
reading the future that lay in my hands  
my shadow played a bass clarinet  
(where you going with this bret?)

we waltzed down a moonlight boulevard  
just two silhouettes in the mist  
(ah yes)  
days went by and years went by  
moments went by when we kissed  
(when was this?)  
she said your beard is woven of heartache  
and we'll drink for the lonely tonight  
and the moon is a horny old drunkard  
(uh bret, could you please move over to your right?)  
we drank dandelion wine and we reminisced  
about the moment we first met that day  
(i'm trying to watch tv)  
then we reminisced about how we first reminisced  
(oh yeah? sounds a bit gay)  
she handed me a broken memory  
a keepsake to forever most say?  
a brief taste of love is as sweet as any  
and with that she made her way  
(oh yeah? what was her name?)

she said her name was a secret  
then she said her name was cherie  
(was her middle name cherie  
so it's a secret cherie maybe?)  
mm, maybe  
(what'd she look like?)  
she looked like a parisian river  
(what dirty?)  
she looked like a chocolate éclair  
(that's rare)  
her eyes were reflections of eyes  
(oh nice)  
and the rainbows danced in her hair  
(aw yeah)  
she reminded me of winter's morning  
(what frigid?)  
her perfume as eau de toilette  
(what's that mean?)  
she was comparable to cleopatra  
(quite old)  
she's like shakespeare's juliette  
(what thirteen?)  
the bohemians of soho did pirouettes  
as we waltzed through the streets of manhattan  
on rivers of ribbon and sailboats of song  
(Bret, did any of this actually happen?)

there's a girl i described she's as real as the wind  
it's true i saw her today  
the other details are inventions  
because i prefer her that way.