

# Marzipan

Jonathan Wilson

Williamsburg early 20's  
Your old Mercedes sedan  
It was a fever dream starring marzipan  
In the Polish part of town  
They were all sort of clowns you lived with  
I struggled to love your bland delight

Hank Williams and folk music had sort of changed me  
Well I threw me in to the deep end  
And to be honest it felt like  
Rock and roll was gone  
Like I had moved on

To Roy Acuff and Chet Atkin's sacred arboretum  
It was a rock and roll crematorium  
And jazz was there too  
In fact jazz had been there all along

I knew these no-playing motherfuckers were not brothers of mine  
Nor were they sisters divine  
No they were chat-room, AOL'ing, truffle-shaving, eBay-scanning, freaks  
With gear on the brain  
I know it sounds insane  
But these people got paid to play

I'm riding around wearing a frown  
In a tripped up spaced out world  
Well life underground  
Well that's no longer found  
In a post-modern infinitely lame-er world

New England's shit Terrance I love you  
Your soothing yet unnerving voice  
Well Terrance frankly  
Makes me want to do the do with you  
You know I saw those little elves with you  
You touch me

Well we've come to the place of the song right now  
Where I'm gonna fuck around  
Go for broke like my boy Jim Pembroke  
He inspired me to do a little something right here  
A little song and dance  
A little "take a chance"

I wanna know what is happening to the human psyche  
That it would in fact desire less and less and less  
Humanity

A green and gold marching band  
Stood alone with a man named Flat Stan  
With a plan on a balmy summer's eve  
Before bringing in the sheaves  
They ripped his tawdry wizard sleeve  
And his ADD met his OCD with his BPD  
Ok blah blah blah

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