

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-scamming, 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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