

Distractions II: The Dilemma of Cool

Kilo Kish

You, you strike me
As an all around
Cool rich girl
I sip champagne across the table
Your eyes are lowering and lowering
And lowering and

My place card says miss kilo
I don't know if I'm okay
With people calling me that
But in this setting its fine
'Cause I'm in improv land
With strangers, strangers
At every side

I drank way too much before
I sat down
I'll have the quinoa with the ahi
Let's talk about how
We're all carbon copies
Of each other
With different hobbies!

It's a party!