

Pierrot Lunaire

Momus

The string to his head
The boss makes it nod
The string to his mouth
His mum pulls for food
The string to his soul
It leads up to God
But who controls
The string to his cock?

In the bleak midwinter
At the bottom of the stair
I'll set myself on fire
Pour petrol in my hair
If he would ever notice
If he would even care
I'm just so bored

Football on a Sunday
Drinks after work
Tuesday a D.J.
Friday a jerk
And what really matters?
And who really cares?
My lover's a puppet
Pierrot Lunaire

In the bleak midwinter
At the bottom of the stair
I'll set myself on fire
Pour petrol in my hair
If he would ever notice
If he could even care
I'm so bored with Pierrot Lunaire

Others have boyfriends
Boyfriends who care
Of flesh and blood
Not string and air
They lay them on beds
They whisper, "je t'aime"
They take off their clothes
And make love to them

One day I'll cut my arms off
And send them to him
I'll sever my legs
Suspend them from strings
I'll be Polcinella
We'll hang out so close
My wooden cheek
To his wooden nose

In the bleak midwinter
At the bottom of the stair
I'll set myself on fire
Pour petrol in my hair
As if he'd even notice

As if he'd ever care
I'm so in love Pierrot Lunaire

Lysergic Lysander
Nodding his head
A glittery panda
That needs to be fed
A Cantonese opera
Performed at the zoo
These foolish things
Remind me of you

And the puppet girls kiss you
Up there on the moon
They must know I miss you
Please come back soon
In the depths of midwinter
At the bottom of the stair
I'm on fire
Pierrot Lunaire

Au clair de la luna
I know you'll never care
I'll set myself on fire
Pour petrol in my hair
If you would ever notice
If you could even care
I'm in love with Pierrot Lunaire

I know you can't cry so don't even try
When you've cried as much as me, the tears roll by
The years rain down, the tears don't dry
They dangle from your chin like a memory
I passed you on the stair, you're like, I swear
Who's been sleeping in baby bear's lair?
How's Cruel Frederick, is anybody there?
The Nosferatu puppet with corkscrew hair?
The nest of baby spiders underneath the chair?
All the survivors of the massacre
All the little friends of Henry Darger
Living large but dreaming larger
Patience is a virtue and virtue is a grace
And Grace is a little girl who slaps your face
I know you can't cry so don't even try
When you've cried as much as me, the tears roll by
The years rain down, the tears don't dry
They dangle from your chin like a memory
All the little tears going down the drain
Here we go again