

Jazzercise

Okay Kaya

Have you tried jazzercising your nerves away?
Spandex, Lycra, every single day
Polymer-amorous, second layer of skin
Lay there touching it, exalted
Spread your fingers and wiggle them

Did you know
Without the ego
There is no narrative?
Just being here or having been

That makes up for a nobody songwriter
With nothing to say
May as well jazzercise the nerves away

Instead of walking down life's lonely highway
Paraphrasing myself or that guy, Lou Reed
Or both

May as well keep a flesh vase healthy
(May as well jazzercise your life away)
Rather just stay fit and focused, you know?
(May as well jazzercise your life away)
More dancery, less balladry (May as well jazzercise your life a way)
No fuckery, no more (May as well jazzercise your life away)

May as well, may as well (May as well jazzercise your life away)
May as well, may as well (May as well jazzercise your life away)

To reach into your bag of tricks
And realize you're an old dog
Maybe take up a hobby
That rejuvenates your bod

I think I'm gonna jazzercise my life away
I think I'm gonna jazzercise my life away
I think I'm gonna jazzercise my life away
Or make stupid songs from now on

I make stupid songs from now on
I wanna have fun, I wanna have fun
I wanna be fun
I want some fun