

Chemo Limo

Pretty Balanced

had a dream

Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over

Baby-sat all four of my kids

Then in my dream

I told the doctor off

He said: "If you don't want to do it then you don't

have to do it"

He said the truth is you'll be okay, anyway

Then in my dream

Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor

Went and had a talk with my boss

Something about insurance policies

They kept the door closed at all times

I couldnt hear or see

When they came out they said:

"You'll be okay, anyway"

And I smiled cause I'd known it all along.

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you

I don't have to pay for this shit

I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo

and on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you

I ain't about to to die like this

I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo

And besides this shit is making me tired

It's making me tired, it's making me tired

You know I plan to retire some day,

Momma's gonna go out in style

Go out in style

This shit it's making me tired

It's making me tired, it's making me tired

Momma's gonna go out in style

Go out in style

When I woke up

My kids were being quiet

I knew it was a dream right away

I called the limousine company

Then I got dressed

I dressed the kids as well

The limousine pulled in

And we piled in

The doctor he asked

Which way we were headed

I said: "Sir, let's just go west" and he listened

obediently

Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC

Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me all about

the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl with her cup of

tea looking out of the window

And Barbara

She looks just like my mom

Oh my, Barbara

She looks so much like my mom

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I don't have to pay for this shit

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and on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine

No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you

I ain't about to die like this

I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo

And besides this shit is making me tired

It's making me tired, it's making me die

You know I plan to retire some day,

And I'm a-gonna go out in style

Go out in style

This shit it's making me tired

It's making me tired, it's making me tired

I'm a-gonna go out in style

Go out in style

Style

Style

Style

Style

Style

Style

Style

Style

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