

persephone

Sidney Gish

I've called Persephone
By the name purse-a-phone
And Greek Goddesses aren't what
You grab when leaving home
My phone's inside my purse
Purse-a-phone would like it there, like Hades' lair
I pray Greek Gods don't see me
Butchering names and not believing

But I'll mispronounce and mis-accent for infinity
There isn't much that you could do to stop me
Six pomegranate seeds, winter in Greece
Please don't visit me, Persephone

And I've said Protestant
Just like pro-test-ant too
And it's not a word, let alone a church
That you could send donations to
Who needs mistakes
And stupid phrases that aren't real anyway?
If I'd known I'd mess up this many times
Then I'd shut up for the rest of my life

But I'll mispronounce and mis-accent for infinity
There isn't much that you could do to stop me
Six pomegranate seeds, winter in Greece
Please don't visit, purse-a-phone

If I don't
Let them know that I don't know
Because I don't
Even know anything

But I'll mispronounce and mis-accent for infinity
There isn't much that you could do to stop me
Six pomegranate seeds, winter in Greece
Please don't visit me, please don't visit
But, I'll mispronounce and mis-accent for infinity
There isn't much that you could do to stop me
Six pomegranate seeds, winter in Greece
Please don't visit me, Perseph-en-phone