

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 a 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