

Darla

WHY?

Darla, they've brought your eggs into my kitchen
I know you're wishin' your bones weren't so soft
But your cage is just too small to move in
We're fucking groovin' in the city
It's a pity that you can't be groovin' too, boo
And I know that you weren't born for a pot pie
That you weren't born for the cajun life
And I know that your ovulation's private
And you're ready to be fertilized
Darla, you never said you were unhappy
Or you feel crappy
Never said anything at all
But I know you know you're not living the good life
If I could I'd pick lock you free
You'd live with jeff and me on fairmount st
That'd be neat
And I know that you weren't born for a pot pie
That you were born for the cajun life
And I know that your ovulation's private
And you're ready to be fertilized