

# Avant Gardener

Courtney Barnett

I sleep in late  
Another day  
Oh what a wonder  
Oh what a waste.  
It's a monday  
It's so mundane  
What exciting things  
Will happen today?  
The yard is full of hard rubbish it's a mess and  
I guess the neighbours must think we run a meth lab  
We should ammend that  
I pull the sheets back  
It's 40 degrees  
And i feel like i'm dying.  
Life's getting hard in here  
So i do some gardening  
Anything to take my mind away from where it's sposed to be.  
The nice lady next door talks of green beds  
And all the nice things that she wants to plant in them  
I wanna grow tomatoes on the front steps.  
Sunflowers, bean sprouts, sweet corn and radishes.  
I feel pro-active  
I pull out weeds  
All of a sudden  
I'm having trouble breathing in.  
My hands are shaky  
My knees are weak  
I can't seem to stand  
On my own two feet  
I'm breathing but i'm wheezing  
Feel like i'm emphysem-in'  
My throat feels like a funnel  
Filled with weatabix and kerosene and  
Oh no, next thing i know  
They call up triple o  
I'd rather die than owe the hospital  
Till I get old  
I get adrenalin  
Straight to the heart  
I feel like Uma Thurman  
Post-overdosing kick start  
Reminds me of the time

When i was really sick and i  
Had too much psuedoefedryn and i  
Couldn't sleep at night  
Halfway down high street, andy looks ambivalent  
He's probably wondering what i'm doing getting in an ambulance  
The paramedic thinks i'm clever cos i play guitar  
I think she's clever cos she stops people dying  
Anaphylactic and super hypocondriactic  
Should've stayed in bed today  
I much prefer the mundane.  
I take a hit from  
An asthma puffer  
I do it wrong  
I was never good at smoking bonges.  
I'm not that good at breathing in.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>