

Monica

Dan Bern

I remember Monica
At the US Open
She mighta been 16
Couldn't've been much more
Answering some questions
And giggling, I'd never seen
Someone so alive on TV before
Do you remember Monica
Shrieking on her backhand
Disguising herself as she went out at night
Coloring her hair
Like someone was telling her
Lay low, invisible, and out of sight
And then, Monica
The blade came, Monica
Like God spitting on you, a knife in your back
We read it in the paper
Then moved on to other things
But for you all the colors, fade to black
And oh, Monica
There you are, Monica
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King
Just like John Lennon, by that hotel
You have to pay for our sins
Was it like being raped?
Was it like being dead?
Like a bad movie over and over again?
And then, did everyone who came close to you
Suddenly hold a knife in their hand?
And now you're back, Monica
Grim and hammering
Trying not to think about that thing, then
And I hope that you win
Every medal you can win
But it may never be much fun again
And oh, Monica
There you are, Monica
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King
Just like John Lennon, by that hotel
You have to pay for our sins
Just like Jesus, by that hotel

You will have to pay for our sins

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