

Pavlov's Daughter

Regina Spektor

(*scat singing*)The gravediggers getting stuck in the machine
Picking getting slim, slimmer
I hear them say my name
Regin-ah, Regin-ah, Regin-ah-ah-ahhYes, I'm putting the boulder to my ear
And I still can't hear
What'dya think I was an amateur
Playin' with my tempa-cha-cha-cha-cha-ature?If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey now
If I hear another song about angels
If I see another feather on the dumb-box
I'm gonna go to Babylon and get me some whiskey
Oh, get me some whiskey
Oh, get me some whiskey nowMy name is Lucille
And I know how you feel
I live downstairsI hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you flushing your toilet
I hear you turning your thoughts off
And I, I turn mine off too
The only thing I hear is you
And you don't sound nice
And you don't sound right
And you don't sound good
And you don't sound rightMy name is Lucille
And I know how you feel
I live downstairsI hear you taking out your garbage
I hear you loving your girlfriend
I hear you loving yourself too
I hear you turning your thoughts off
I hear you turning your thoughts offAnd it gets quiet, quiet, oh
Quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet
Quiet, oh, quiet, oh
Quiet, quiet, quiet, qui, qui
Qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui
Qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, quietQuietPavlov
Pavlov's daughter
Woke up in the morning
Heard the bell ring
And something deep inside of her

Made her want to salivate So she lay there
Drooling on her pillow
So she lay there
The sun skimming her skin
And drooling on her pillow Pavlov's daughter
Ohh, and it was far away
And hazy like a dream
Not a dream
But the ocean
Not the ocean
But forever The gravediggers getting stuck in the machine
Picking getting slim, slimmer
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And I still can't hear
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Quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet
Quiet, oh, quiet, oh
Quiet, quiet, quiet, qui, qui
Qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui
Qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui, qui Quiet As quiet as an ambulance staking out the neighborhood
Waiting for the blade to slip and that final blow
Nothing happens, it's a cruel joke

As ironic as a ticker tape parade over the rain forest
As ironic as a ticker tape parade over my head
As ironic as a ticker tape parade over my head
Going down stream
To where it isn't even real rain at all

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