

Ben Folds, Frown Song

Tread slowly from the car to the spa
Like a weary war-torn refugee
Crossing the border with her starving child
It's a struggle just to get to shiatsu
Present the waitress with your allergy card
And tell all of your problems, leave no tip at all
Down at the shoe store with your friends
Speculate who might be fucking a guru
Rock on, rock on with your fashionable frown
Rock on, rock on, spread the love around
Rock on, rock on with a fashionable frown
Spread the love around
Hard to remember how we managed before
We could afford real and nervous breakdowns
Or before the anthropology store
Was erected on Indian burial grounds
So really, don't you see a little of yourself
In the bathroom attendant that you just scowled at?
Or the child who's hiding inside
As you wipe the smile off a teenage movie star
Rock on, rock on with my fashionable frown
Rock on, rock on, spread the love around
Rock on, rock on with a fashionable frown
Spread the love around, spread the love around, alright
You're gonna be alright, baby
You're gonna be alright, baby
Floating back from the spa to the car
State of bliss, and it wasn't the steam room
Sometimes life's not so bad
Now we know who's been fucking the guru
Rock on, rock on with a fashionable frown
Rock on, rock on, spread the love around
Rock on, rock on with your fashionable frown
Spread the love around, smile for us now
Do it upside down