

St. Vincent, What Me Worry?

What me worry? I never do
I'm always amused and amusing you
Sans le fear of impending doom
Life is like banquet food: pleasure to peruse

Do I amuse you, dear? Would you think me queer
if while standing beside you I opted instead to disappear? Disappear

In no hurry I'll sing my tune
All my skies the hue of a ruddy bruise
In my finest threads couture I'll call up my favorite muse
for a drink - half full - or two

Have I abused you, dear? You have had it to here
You say, "Love is just a bloodmatch to see who
endures lash after last with panache"

In the spring I'll dust off my lute, stuff my suitcase full of blues
and stir the dust underneath the thrust of my clicking heels

C'est la vie

What me worry? I never do
Life is one charming ruse for us lucky few

Have I fooled you, dear?
The time is coming near when I'll give you my hand and I'll say,
"It's been grand, but... I'm out of here
I'm out of here"