

# Ariana Grande, Somewhere That's Green

I know Seymour's the greatest  
But I'm dating a semi-sadist.  
So I've got a black eye  
And my arm's in a cast.

Still, that Seymour's a cutie.  
Well, if not, he's got inner beauty.  
And I dream of a place  
Where we could be together at last

A matchbox of our own  
A fence of real chain link  
A grill out on the patio  
Disposal in the sink  
A washer and a dryer and  
an ironing machine  
In a tract house that we share  
Somewhere that's green

He rakes and trims the grass  
He loves to mow and weed  
I cook like Betty Crocker  
And I look like Donna Reed  
There's plastic on the furniture  
To keep it neat and clean  
In the Pine-Sol scented air,  
Somewhere that's green

Between our frozen dinner  
And our bed-time: nine-fifteen  
We snuggle watching Lucy  
On our big, enormous  
Twelve-inch screen

I'm his December Bride  
He's father, he knows best  
Our kids watch Howdy Doody  
As the sun sets in the west  
A picture out of Better Homes  
and Gardens Magazine  
Far from Skid Row  
I dream we'll go  
somewhere that's... green