

Kimya Dawson, Wandering Daughter

i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
wrestle the pestle for the sake of the mortar
i love as i breathe and leave as i live
my cast iron shield's a titanium sieve

and a castle that's built on confusion and doubt
is a nickel within and a dollar without
just when the shoes seem so big i can't win
i fill my own sneakers and take off again

i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
take all my pain and i mix it with water
it's sunny it's sweet and i don't purple stuff it
one day by the way i met little miss muffet

i blew my mind with the stuff that i taught her
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
i said if a spider should sit down beside you
tell him your name and then tell him the truth

a great hairy spider appeared there and then
and the holes in my soul started letting in wind
i felt like a lamb being led to the slaughter
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter

she said i'm miss muffet i'm very afraid
but something inside me is making me stay
i know deep down that if i run away
i'll just meet more spiders and still feel the same

the spider he smiled and said how is this true
when i am so terribly smaller than you?
my web it just went in the way the wind blew
what i was in for i hadn't a clue

he touched her face gently with six of his legs
and licked from her chin a speck of curds and whey
when i was certain they'd both be okay
i tightened my laces and i walked away

as i walked away i was feeling excluded
wishing my impulses weren't diluted
the muscle i hustle is real for my friends
but the muscle i keep for myself is pretend

i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
travel the land and i live like a martyr
the things that i do aren't the things that i teach
if i spend my time practicing when will i preach?

i do what i must as you do what you oughta
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
take all my pain and mix it with water
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter

i'm lost and alone and i'm fair and i'm free
you am what you is and i are who i be
what i'm lacking in strength i make up for in smarts
you keep your stability i'll keep my heart

fear finds october emotions are juices
beat around bushes and make up excuses
go out for ceruleans come home with chartreuses
snip and cut bonsais and turn them to spruces

miss muffed called me and she said don't cry
real friends are friends until after they die
still i romanticize all this disorder
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
hop the next bus and run for the border
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter
give you my life if you give me a quarter
i am the wanderer's wandering daughter

so long it's been good to know ya
so long it's been good to know ya
so long it's been good to know ya
i've got to be moving along