

June

Prince

Pasta simmers on the stove in June
Makes no sense yet
But it will soon

Conversation starters come way too hard
Nobody wants to be the martyr
Playing the wrong cards
Why did you come to this planet?
Why did you come to this life?

How can you be everybody's dream and still be
Somebody's wife
Tell me, what did you have for Lunch today?
That's right how would I know
How would I know

You're off somewhere being free
While I starve, in the lonesome cold
Our bodies got used to each other
Now they are used to the sound of Richie Havens
Voice on the vinyl spinnin' round and round
Round and round?

Sometimes I feel like I was born way too late
Should have been born on the Woodstock stage
But I'm just here waiting and waiting and waiting

Somebody famous had a birthday today
But all eye saw was another full moon
What's that?
Something' Burnin' on the stove
It must be the Pasta
It must be the Pasta
Oh Yeah, it's June

