

Im Writing A Novel
Father John Misty

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I ran down the road, pants down to my knees, screaming please come help me that
Canadian
shaman gave a little too much to me

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and I m writing a novel, cause it s never been done before

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First house that I saw, I wrote house up on the door, and told the people who
lived
there you have to get out cause my reality is realer than yours

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ya there s no time in the present. and there s a black dog on the bed

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Went to the backyard, to burn my only clothes, and then the dog ran out he said
you
can t turn nothing into nothing this would be no more

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and I m no doctor, but that monkey might be right

B7 A

E

and if he is, then I ll be walking him my whole life

Drove to Malibu, on a dune buggy with Neil, he said you re gonna have to drive
me out on
the beach if you ever wanna write for real
and I said I m sorry, young man what was your name again?

Everywhere I go in West Hollywood, it s filled with people pretending they don t
see the
actress and the actress wishing that they would
we could do ayawaska, baby if I wasn t holding all these drinks

Something bout the way, Violet whips her hair makes me empty my pockets, I m
cutting the
corners, bumming twenties as if I was the mayor
I don t need any new friends, but I could really use something to do

so if you re up for it sometime, I swear you wouldn t have to be my muse

Heidegger and Sartre, drinking poppy tea, I could have sworn last night I passed
out in
my van and now these guys are pouring one for me
I ll never leave the canyon, cause I m surrounded on all sides

by people writing novels, and living on amusement rides