

FAWM: Female Approaching a Wicked Meltdown

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by Erin Crowley

Notes: Whoo-ee I whipped this little junker out in no time! This is me pulling an Elliot Reed from scrubs and opening a can of CRAZY on all of you. In the words of one of my favorite movies: “[My] karma is constipated and [I need] an enema.” This is my version of a musical belly flop in an effort to face my worst fears—posting publicly something that just SUCKS ROCKS and is a complete disgrace to my own sensibilities. Please don’t listen to this song. If you know what’s good for you, move on to the next. Well, if you must....

Don’t say I didn’t warn you
This song is gunna be really bad
With really trite cliché lyrics and
Forced rhymes that won’t make you glad

Steal the chord progression from
That inescapable “Heart and soul”
Top it off with a boring melody
Reference my friend Nicole.

CHORUS

What if no one listens or worse yet, what if they do?
What if they think it’s TERRIBLE and tell me it sounds like poo

In case you haven’t noticed already
I suffer from verbal diarrhea
I yammer on in nonsensities
By now have you gotten the idea?

Repetitive blocky chunk chords
Some bad grammar to keeps it from getting too well rounded
It’s so much easier writing crap
You should try it you’d be astounded

CHORUS

Hey you if you’ve made it this far
You’re as crazy as me, you get a gold star
Don’t bother waiting til the end of the song
Leave me feedback now and move the heck along!

Hey one last verse just for fun
Throw in some harmonies a little out of tune
Hey, this was actually quite fun
Is it ending now, so soon?

CHORUS