

Myriad Operations - Lyrics

SAT Vocabulary Unit 7

I was at the Taqueria thinking taco or enchilada,
When I **espied** this smart and pretty Latin mama.
This girl was so beautiful it was supernatural and **uncanny**,
I think she **hailed** from um, Miami.
I told her I come from deep within the Earth, I'm **terrestrial**,
Compared to me, you're from the sky, you're **celestial**.
You're **winsome**. I mean you win some and you lose some,
But girl you're winsome, I mean very attractive.
She scolded me told me I was overly bold and **presumptuous**,
Too **brash**, too **brazen**, too **audacious**.
Her manner was **brusque**, her speech short and abrupt,
With these two little letters she said, "loco give it up." (No!)
Let me be **incisive**, clear sharp and direct.
Let me be **succinct**, just as brief as I can get.
She shot me with a quick, **cursor**y glance, hit like a dagger,
Caused a **contusion**, started bruising, and then I staggered.
She scarred me, gave me a **laceration** over my heart piece,
The pain was **acute**, sharper than a set of sharp teeth,
But even though she acted so **callous** and cold,
I had no **credulity**, I couldn't believe what I was being told.

She said "no."

I said you don't know so,

There are **myriad** operations I could undergo.

I don't mean to be **pertinacious** as in stubbornly persistent.

I would operate on myself, girl, if you was my assistant,

I would undergo a total **metamorphosis**,

And more than this,
I would **refrain** from eating all them bacon bits and sausages.
To **foster** goodhealth and promote good health within myself,
I would **supplant** my supply of whole milk with skim milk on my shelf.
You **whet** my appetite, is yours whet back?
It's 'round midnight, how 'bout a late night snack?
Oh, I sounded like a bimbo, a salesman who couldn't sell though.
She stood arms **akimbo**, bent at the elbow.
My skin was more **swarthy** and **ruddy** than the fur of Elmo,
Dark and red, I was blushing **exorbitantly**, excessively.
I tried to smile to keep up the **veneer** of respectability,
But my tongue was **complicit** in my mind's crimes like an accessory to murder,
And I was killing any chance of a first date.
She didn't yield to my persuasions, she was **obdurate**.
It's pathetic how I tried to get a date by
Cajoling and coaxing, **aggrandizing** my traits,
Exaggerating and boasting.
She said, "Oh no you didn't," like she had an attitude.
I was staring at her physical beauty, her **pulchritude**.

She said "no" . . .

This is not a love song, 'cause no love was created,
Dreamt of a **torrid** hot love, but it wasn't fated.
I thought she was hungry for love,
She was **sated** and **satiated**,
No appetite so I had to **abort** the effort so I gave it up,
And tried to launch a **battery** of flattery at her,
An assault of **compliments**,
It made no dent on her presence.
So heavenly, she was **ethereal**, delicate, and refined,

I knew I'd never, ever find someone of her kind.
She was wise and **sagacious** like a wisdom tooth,
While I tried to get in closer she remained **aloof**.
I tried to spit some poetry like a poet or a **bard**,
But it came out kind of corny, spitting poetry is hard.
It was a **travesty**, now kids don't think that a travesty's
the same thing as a **tragedy**,
'Cause a tragedy is the opposite of a comedy.
A travesty is a bad imitation or a **parody**.
I'd like to say the interaction was weird like an **anomaly**,
But honestly this stuff happens quite often to me,
And shorteez frowning at me appear **ubiquitously**,
They're everywhere in the world like American currency,
I bow down to them **obsequiously** and **submissively**.

She said "no" . . .