

# Oxford Comma

## Vampire Weekend

Who gives a fuck about an Oxford comma?  
I've seen those English dramas, too  
They're cruel  
So if there's any other way  
To spell the word, it's fine with me  
With me Why would you speak to me that way?  
Especially when I always said that I  
Haven't got the words for you  
All your diction, dripping with disdain  
Through the pain, I always tell the truth  
Who gives a fuck about an Oxford Comma?  
I climbed to Dharamsala, too  
I did  
I met the highest lama  
His accent sounded fine to me  
To me Check your handbook, it's no trick  
Take the chapstick, put it on your lips  
Crack a smile, adjust my tie  
Know your boyfriend, unlike other guys Why would you lie about how much coal you have?  
Why would you lie about something dumb like that?  
Why would you lie about anything at all?  
First the window, then it's to the wall  
Little John, he always tells the truth  
Check your passport, it's no trick  
Take the Chapstick, put it on your lips  
Crack a smile, adjust my tie  
Know your butler, unlike other guys Why would you lie about how much coal you have?  
Why would you lie about something dumb like that?  
Why would you lie about anything at all?  
First the window, then it's through the wall  
Why would you tape my conversations?  
Show your paintings  
At the United Nations  
Little John, he always tells the truth

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