

He sat and blinked
safe in his partly drenched old-fashioned seat
and licked his lips
I know for sure he'd like a brandy, neat
he sat and smiled
in tribute pauses faced a consequence
the subject made him able to ignite the speculum glance
you've nothing done that you can trace
nor yet be lured out of this place
will you sing me the sad song of the elephant man
trying to get off the stages because he never had
performance plans
in finest bodily proportion he could let me stare
get rid of the unwanted fat
he said and eyed me up, bared
your adaption is a fake that makes me shudder so
pile on the pounds or cut your candy fingers off
garlands hang low
you have nothing done that you can trace
nor yet to be lured out of this place
will you sing me the sad song of the elephant man
trying to get off the stages because he never had
performance plans
will you sing me the sad song