

Mr. Pinkus

Alice Donut

Mr.Pinkus needs a proper suit
A cellphone by his side
A pair of wing tipped patent leather shoes
An authoritative tie
Searching in big pockets
For that tiny rocket
No grip can relinquish
This symphony of Pinkus

Mr. Pinkus needs to be alone
And recollect his thoughts
He knows exactly what he is
And everything he's not
Searching in big pockets
For that tiny rocket
No one can distinguish
Between me and Pinkus

Pinkus, sing a song for me
A simple Pinkus melody
A rhapsody of merriment and joy
Pull it Pinkus - Pull it tight
Pull it pinkus - Don't be shy
Don't be sheepish Pinkus, don't be coy
I want a human face
A normal, human human's face
A face to make my human mother weep
Get that thing away from me
It's enormous and it's scaring me
And I hear that it's been killing off the sheep

Morning after, the world's a mess
Yeah the world's a mess
You keep talking

On the archipegalo
The Pinki frolic to and fro
Singing in a mighty voice sublime
I've been waiting all my life
Pulling it with all my might
Waiting for the Pinkus to arrive