

# Folk-Metaphysics, 2nd ed.

Milo

If heartaches brought fame  
In love's crazy game  
I'd be a legend in my time

I'm all about man's rugged duality  
I don't buy into the cruel loyalty fallacy  
Mork and Mindy are nice  
I don't want to be forty reading Rorty  
While daydreaming of sporty spice  
Bathe in rivers with sandalwood Soap  
Contemplate universals until my mandible broke  
Do we love the woman because she is lovely  
Does a woman not love me because I'm ugly  
I thought I was I pious man before my loins got bubbly  
Failed pipe dreams  
When I stop to think I don't know what piety means  
In Boston riding the T like Pusha  
I ride the beat but I don't have nearly enough chutzpah  
I write poems like a midwife  
Try to anticipate the crisis at midlife  
Maybe I'm wearing to much brute cologne  
Pretty Rory I shouldn't have  
Played kiss me through the phone

You should go ahead and shake  
You should go ahead and drop it low  
You should go ahead and shake  
You should go ahead and drop it low  
You should go ahead and shake  
You should go ahead and drop it low  
You should go ahead and shake

I can write poems about cherries, flower blossoms  
And the cute waddle of possums  
I'll take a block of wood and carve an elephant  
I'll buy hallmark cards to tell you you're heaven-sent  
I'll make sure the envelope color matches accordingly  
I won't even tell you when you're boring me  
I'll make sure not to kill myself  
That's just to affirm the will in myself  
Which is a false distinction  
Let's take up the hobby of moss gardening  
Which is a metaphor for this relationship that were fostering  
I took a humanities class  
I'm romantic like that  
No one reads them but I dedicate the liner notes to you  
In acceptance speeches I'll say the finer point is you

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I really hope you like rudie boys

I really hope you like nudie toys  
I'm getting confused one of these internal monologues  
Wasn't written for you  
I need you to believe that I'm an objectifier  
A manic ballad-writing womanizer  
My perception of self rests on that  
If I was in the navy  
I would drive the submarines  
I would also make the crew lunch  
I would be a frog man  
Who wasn't afraid to get deep

What was this song about again?  
I can't remember