

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 too 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