

# Freak Flag

Open Mike Eagle

I'm not a fan of Sinatra  
I busted out the waiting room  
With a glance at the doctor  
They caught me at the ocean  
Holding hands with a lobster  
Other hand full of vodka  
Rubber bands in my pants  
So I can dance in the aqua  
('Gotta dance' is the mantra)  
Aqua Man is a monster  
Both the cops and the robbers  
Are dropping tabs on the pasta  
So don't eat the tortellini  
It's pork and bean-y  
It needs a little pepper  
And seventy-four zucchinis  
I'm more than peachy  
So you can grab a fork and eat me  
And my organs weekly  
Since I'm becoming bored and sleepy  
(I'd rather be in orbit spinning)  
Uncork the Henny  
Its almost four o' clock  
And I'm ready for Mork and Mindy  
The show is very orphan friendly  
I need the comfort  
To feed the hunger  
Because there's strength and speed and numbers  
(So heed the thunder)  
And watch the lightning cause it's frightening  
And so exciting when you see the light before the striking

This is for the bums  
Tuberculosis victims with the water on their lungs  
This is for the punks  
This is for the meek  
This is for the geniuses that don't know how to speak  
This is for the lame  
This is for the herbs  
Social lubrication in the handiness of words  
This is for the small  
This is for the weird  
People who know better than to follow what they hear  
This is for your fears

My poetry is kept  
Where I'm socially inept  
And so the fingernail of small talk  
Is pokin' me to death  
I'm supposed to be an extrovert  
But I've observed  
That I prefer to hide behind having a lack of nerve  
He's sort of an attractive turd  
A taller midget  
But walked with his head tall  
So he got all the digits  
He never had the gall to talk of his appalling visions

He saw the laws of physics twisted when he closed his eyes  
And so he tried  
To teach himself to vocalize  
What his open mind told him to write in them broken lines  
Unorganized quantum physics  
Language banging leaps  
Awkward angles reached danger  
Sprinkled in his tangled speech  
Son of a preacher man  
Dancing like Peter Pan  
Sucking on a thermometer  
To see where my fever lands  
Should I call the doctor  
Or just dial the reefer man  
Either plan's decent  
I just wish to breathe again

This is for the bums  
Tuberculosis victims with the water on their lungs  
This is for the punks  
This is for the meek  
This is for the geniuses that don't know how to speak  
This is for the lame  
This is for the herbs  
Social lubrication in the handiness of words  
This is for the small  
This is for the weird  
People who know better than to follow what they hear  
This is for your fears