

Eccentric Boy

Pretty Balanced

He's talking to the wall
And listening to its words of wisdom
The brick layers bragged about their lays
And it's sealed in the mortar forever and ever
He's talking to the floor
The benches and the trees
They all talk back, the boards and branches
And bags of chips and knees on bees

He does things that make me wanna
Sing topless in a park
But instead I say oh my god
And point
And stare

Funny man on the corner
Dressed all spiffy, face all handsome
Happily unemployed
But busy by the crazy
His boxers have this cool design
And leaning on a traffic sign
I kinda wanna make love to him right there
I really don't care

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