

Weird Men

Pretty Balanced

Hanging out down by where
The big bear used to be
On James and Livingston Ave
Smoking on spent mall malls
With a couple of friends
Trading secrets for what we have
Bored with boredom, looking forward to
Miracles, miracles, miracles, miracles

Sudden silence, eyes
Riveted to some figures
Approaching along the link fence
We with coveted hips
Recognize in their eyes
Maybe predators near and we tense
Slow approaching three dark men with a
Spark in their irises, irises, irises

Weird men
Weird men
Weird men
Danced with us one day
We didn't know what to say

La la la la la