

Peter The Wild Boy

Ratboys

How many lives does it take to ruin a single one?
I once learned of a boy, he couldn't sing at all
Yet he knew every note of my song

Found one day they called him, 'The Wild Boy'
He's a mess, he's a man, what should we do with him?
He saw a tree, called it, Mom, and she called him, Son

Peter, what makes you sad?
And how in the world did you let it get this bad?

I knew a person who read up on the likes of him
He had no soul, he was young, he was fitting in
Peter ate plants, grew a beard and lived with kings
But, he couldn't understand a thing

Peter, what makes you sad?
And how in the world did you let it get this bad?

Peter, how do you know?
Your eyebrows are the mountains, and your dandruff is the snow

The year that he died, the United States dollar was born
And now, when I pay for my lunch I feel tree-bark skin
He's in my purse, in my ears, he makes thoughts begin