

## A Funny Thing

The Bolshoi

He turned around  
He looked much older  
I scuffed the ground  
The room got colder

And then he says, "It's a funny thing,  
Stranger than fiction"

I looked away  
As he reset his face  
And began the benediction

I can't stand to look at you, any more  
It only takes one like you...there are many more

He would not go  
I condescended  
I loathed myself  
He looked offended

And then he says, that I really am  
Such a disgrace

I looked around for a good-sized brick  
And pushed it in his face

I can't stand to look at you, any more  
It only takes one like you...there are many more  
At home like you, tell me are there more?

I don't have to look at you  
You put me on the floor  
At home like you  
Tell me are there more?

I can't stand to look at you, any more  
Are there any more like you?  
Are there any more?

You won't get me to look at you  
You put me on the floor