

## Pride of Frankenstein

Too Much Joy

Every village has to have an idiot  
Some harmless monster to soak up all our fears  
Ours hangs at the Hartsdale Cheesery  
Writing down the license of every car he sees

Lots of stories how he got that way  
No one knows where he goes at the end of the day  
We threw rocks at him when we were nine  
Stared us down with the pride of Frankenstein

He