

## Simeon's Dilemma

WHY?

Stalker's my whole style  
And if I get caught, I'll  
Deny, deny, deny

Today you're twenty-five  
I made you something fine  
It's in the palm of my new hand  
It's out  
You're mostly what I think about and  
I'm proud  
I've been coasting on this singles route  
But I still hear your name  
In wedding bells, will I look better or will I look the same?  
Rotting in hell  
You're the only proper noun I need, hurry  
My copper crown's gone green  
Pull me  
Pull me on out of this tree, I'm stuck up a branch waiting  
Clearly caught between two things unclear to me

Are you a female young messiah?  
For stow aways and dugouts  
And are you, what church folk mean by the good news  
Pulling plastic bags off heads  
Or are you giving me a dirty look in the rearview  
Clicking the button on your U-Haul pen  
Don't pretend you didn't see me coming 'round the bend  
On my fixie with the chopped horns turned in  
Trailing behind your biodiesel Benz

Stalker's my whole style and if I get caught I'll  
Deny, deny, deny  
Deny, deny, deny  
Deny, deny, deny

Twenty-five carved with a butter knife  
On the palm of my new hand  
It's out, you're mostly what I think about