

Willard!

Will Wood

You know I couldn't hurt a fly, my friend, I'm not the type to
step on ants
I've nearly cried for moths that die at porch light lamps
More for the plights of mice than men
See I myself have been stepped on so many times
It's started to feel like my place
I've failed to fit into those nests that scrape the sky
Is there room for me in your cage?

Animals are people too, but these people are animals
Hunt in packs and act as though that proves we can't survive al
one
I guess we just evolved disgust for prevention of infection tho
ugh
Shame was an invention made for prisons, pales, and pest contro
l
Yeah, sure, thumbs are great and all

But I just get "bare necessities," "Hakuna Matata"'s and "C'est
le vie"'s,"
"Que sera sera"'s what a crock, I mean
Big talk for a chimpanzee!
You might seem behind bars, but friend, this cage is inside out
It's awful out here, Socrates

I've never understood what humans do and want it's quite confus
ing
To me to try to connect
Never learned how I should feel, instincts somehow stunted
Just seem haunted by my stupid urge to protect
Until frustration makes me wish my teeth were sharp as yours
Chew through their garage doors these carnivores will no more u
se my heart
They'd call me crazy, but their words all seem made up to me
Maybe they just need more friendship like yours

Gather 'round pandora's skinner's box, look through the one-way-
mirror
If you can see in shades of gray the colors are much clearer
Oh my friend, you've got a friend in me, et's go make more enem
ies
Although my eyes face forward climb up on my shoulder
Sure you'll see my point of view, I'd bring you with me

To the office in my pocket but the world would put us down
Lock me up and toss the key
You might seem behind bars, but friend, this cage is inside out
It's dangerous out here Socrates

It's lonely out here Socrates