

## 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