

The World Will Deem Us Dangerous

Her Space Holiday

Don't ever grow up kid that's what my grandpa told me
Right before they checked him in and cataloged his clothing
Because when you are a little child then crazy is creative
Then you reach a certain age and the world will deem you dangerous
But I would never hurt a fly unless it sold my secrets
To a spider on the wall whose eight eyes are contagious
I want to tell you all these things before I see the doctor
Because I don't know what I'll remember once they start to shock me

Yes the world can be cold
Yes the world can be cruel
Sometimes the only thing that you or I could do
Is laugh about it
Cry about it
Dance around it
Like another fool

I guess it started back right at my daddy's funeral
While everyone shook and cried I thought about that new girl
And how a flower in her hair would make her more fantastic
So after his eulogy I picked one off the casket
Next day in our science class I left it by her notebook
But it was all brown and burned the smell of death had killed it
And when she saw my wilted heart she raised her hand said teacher
Someone left trash on my desk can you call someone to clean it

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