

Overhead

Jonathan Coulton

Once in a while I go out of my way
To kill you a little
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say
Your monkey, your middle

You see me overhead
As I go by
You talk so cold and dead
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way
To kill you a little
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say
Your monkey, your middle

You are my overhead
It makes me cry
You buy some folding bed
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way
To kill you a little
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say
Your monkey, your middle

You fall heel over head
And though you try
You just get old instead
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way
To kill you a little