

Dr. Crippen

Deep Blue Something

Let it all out
Mr. No one is listening to
Every single word

Bring on the freak out
Bring on the stare down
And the most mindless chatter
I have ever heard

Dr. Crippen
How can we blame you?
After all
She has put you thru.
Where is the missus?
And you might not know it boy
But she's right here
She's right here in the room.

She cried
It's Saturday night
We don't talk
And we don't even fight.

And remember the soars?
When we would roll around on the floor
We don't talk
And she don't dance anymore.