

This old goat with beard of grey
He turns his leather gripped cane
Those times you clapped and called for quiet
They've come to hold you, ain't that nice?

He packs a fat oom paul to
Jib and make home-baked perfume
Sips froth from soft warm joe
Snug eiderdown bedclothes

You know the way that i feel

Come on you hermit
You never fight back
Why don't you play with bows and arrows
Why don't you dance like
You're sick in your mind
Why don't you set your wings on fire

You slick back that wiry mane
A neat tucked slice
Deep trees sleep on the dank lawn
And scratch the slate

You finger down that waxen line
Between your breasts
That squeaky pain upon each breath
The plumber left

You know the way that i feel

Come on you hermit
You never fight back
Why don't you play with bows and arrows
Why don't you dance like
You're sick in your mind
Why don't you set your wings on fire

Come on you hermit
Why don't you play nice
Why don't you toy with sex and violence
Why don't you stare back
Into my huge eye
Why don't you set my wings on fire