

# 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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