

Oh, Me

Meat Puppets

If I had to lose a mile
If I had to touch feelings
I would lose my should
The way I do

I don't have to think
I only have to do it
The results are always perfect
But that's old news

Would you like to hear my voice
Sprinkled with emotion
I invented at your Birth

I can't see the end of me
My whole expanse I cannot see
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside me

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