

The Miniature Philosopher

of Montreal

He's a miniature philosopher
He stands five foot three
So no one takes him seriously
He's in love with Gertrude Lullaby
But she doesn't care for him
He's like a house boy
to Miss Lullaby
And their future looks very dim

He's a miniature philosopher
He takes notes on all he reads
But that doesn't satisfy his needs
He's a desk clerk at the bank and trust
There's so many contracts and paperwork to do
He gets so busy at the bank and trust
There is no time for Nietzsche or Camus

He's a miniature philosopher
He writes essays on Voltaire
But if he died no one would care

He doesn't know why his life turned out this way
No one ever reads his dissertations or allegoric plays
So he comforts himself while searching a rhyme
That the public rarely recognize a genius in their time
(poor little guy)
He's a miniature philosopher
Though he hasn't got a friend
He's sure he'll be famous in the end