

# 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