

He lives in a box down by the ocean
Down off the main road by the hill
Takes what he finds and eats it right there
Makes what he can with what he will
He don't ride the bus
They don't let him drive
There he walks for miles, a day
Cause he ain't got no ride
He lives in a box down by the ocean
Down by the sea side at the hill
Palm trees it ain't the beauty look, good though
Eventhough he looks pretty ill
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