

A Funny Thing

The Bolshoi

He turned around
He looked much older
I scuffed the ground
The room got colder

And then he says, "It's a funny thing,
Stranger than fiction"

I looked away
As he reset his face
And began the benediction

I can't stand to look at you, any more
It only takes one like you...there are many more

He would not go
I condescended
I loathed myself
He looked offended

And then he says, that I really am
Such a disgrace

I looked around for a good-sized brick
And pushed it in his face

I can't stand to look at you, any more
It only takes one like you...there are many more
At home like you, tell me are there more?

I don't have to look at you
You put me on the floor
At home like you
Tell me are there more?

I can't stand to look at you, any more
Are there any more like you?
Are there any more?

You won't get me to look at you
You put me on the floor