

Walk through here
When I've been just by myself
I start thinking too much
Unhealthy things start to happen
Like gastric disorders
I just go out walking
With my favourite piece of wood
With a 4 inch nail driven through it
When I am just by myself
I think too much
I start polishing my behaviour
Without any mercy
Somehow people
Don't seem to like me,
I don't know why,
I really don't want to hurt them
When I've been just by myself
I start thinking too much
I know I'm not talkative
What! I've become dry?
An emotional biscuit
That's nonsense!
Sir, this nail of yours is rusty
It's evil
I like them but when I hit them
They scream and run away
Even though I say I'm sorry.
I like meeting people.