

Insane

Plunkett

Hey there!
Said the man with the can of diet cola in his hand
Hey yeah!
Laughed the lodger pulling on a big fat roll up spurting
flames
He's weird!
Bitched the girl with the curl about the guy who was just
shy
I'm there!
Huffed the loner with the boner special magazines and
beer
Oh, what do you all know?
I think I'm getting old
'Cos I question what I'm told
Yes, cynically I'm bold
But I listen to my flies
So if you think I'm insane
There's worse that I could be
It's just my thoughts are free
Have fear!
Preached the priest to his sheep in the house of love and
peace
Bye dear!
Quacked the camp little tramp as she up'd and left the
mass
Poor mare...
Smirked the pianist to his dearest though he loved that
feline stare
Be scared!
Said the papers to the nations 'bout the bombs that were
not there
Hey there
Sang the hippy with the trippy little guitar in his arms
There's some real mother fuckers
In this world so leave the others!

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