

Benjamin

Midnight Youth

Ben looks, across at, the girl that, lives next door
He's a hedge pig, delicious, he knows that, she wants him more
Than Matthew and Peter, the tree worms, that built her house, in Brighton Beach, with Russian creeps, that Ben
found on the floor Ben could say, anything, to make her happen
And Ben could drink, anything, to make her happen He's a prickly little porker, no he's not a son of mine
He's a dirty little secret, he's a stickly little swine
You know he had it coming, from the day he borrowed bread
A toasty little trinket, he stole my girl instead Sarah, sees Ben with, a snout full, of cigarettes
With knees weak, from envy, she casts out, her wishing net
Just a handful, of teaspoons, and thimbles, they turned his head
She had caught him by the prickled prune that summer never shed...but she knew that...Ben could swim,
anything, to make her happen
And Ben could smoke anything, to make her happen He's a prickly little porker, no he's not a son of mine
He's a dirty little secret, he's a stickly little swine
You know he had it coming, from the day he borrowed bread
A toasty little trinket, he stole my girl instead Benjamin lives down the road, he is very hard to believe
Because he's preciously metal, yes so he's preciously special
And he's talkin right to me! Won't you tell me? Won't you tell me? Won't you tell me straight you freak?!
Won't you lease me your girl? Won't you lease me your girl? I just money from the Russian creeps, c'mon! He's
a prickly little porker, no he's not a son of mine
He's a dirty little secret, he's a stickly little swine
You know he had it coming, from the day he borrowed bread
He's a toasty little trinket, he stole my girl instead

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