

# She Collects (Stuff Like That)

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It was getting to be difficult to walk  
She was always so close but never right on  
And the roads she chose to walk were narrow  
Alleys with names  
Hard to understand Her head was dangling back and forth  
She wished to lay it down  
But it would roll away  
So she put her foot down with care  
While she leaned on everybody  
So as not to fall And they told her  
The latest tattletales "I collect stuff like that, you've got  
To have a thing or two to tell".  
She said  
While her one lip fell down  
From her mouth  
She picked it up off the ground  
But, when she was to put it  
Back in place again,  
The lip would fit no more,  
The lip would fit no more... She very rarely blinked her eyes  
'Cause it just might happen she would miss out on things  
So when she opened both her eyes up wide.  
They popped right out  
And rolled along  
To see just the things she  
Wanted to see "I collect stuff like that, you've got  
To have a thing or two to tell".  
She said  
While her one lip fell down  
From her mouth.  
She picked it up off the ground  
But, when she was to put it  
Back in place again,  
The lip would fit no more,  
The lip would fit no more...