

# Strange Notes

## Wooden Tit

Billy Druids face is marble  
He keeps veery thought in its place  
He lets the days turn tomorrow  
Someone's always walking  
on his grave

He wears the lines just like Garbo  
And talks at a saturmine pace  
Listening to the strange notes marvel  
Only giving what it takes

It's a sad man's world  
And for Billy it's sure to crown  
Dragging beauty into darkness  
Inflicting a pale white frown

And the matter the runs  
Through Billy's head  
Is too concerned to fall

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