

# Strange Combination

## T Bone Burnett

He was a strange combination

Part what fathers in movies call a romantic little fool

Part what fathers in Russian novels call a depraved egoist

He won't be missed, I'll persistFirst he would fall in love like a building imploding

And not be able to control his emoting

Then he would spend a few speechless weeks

Goggling his beloved and reading Keats and reading Dante'sNext if she gave him a sign, he'd send flowers for a  
time

Then in one magnificent gesture

He could transform himself into a Bluebeard

But not just an ordinary run of the mill Bluebeard

One who was a lecher then he'll put her out to pastureWhat does this have to do with the future?

I'm not too sure

What does this have to do with the present?

It doesn't

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>