Shrunken Man

The The

Say it, say it, say it
(He can't say it)
He's just an imperfect man
Trapped in an imperfect body
Ain't happy or sad, lonely or sorryMr. Slo-Blo, Mr. Yo-Yo
Mr. See which way is the wind gonna blow
Hangs from a wire, fingers on fire
Drifting higher and higherHe tried to be smart to catch out his own heart
Cruel to be kind as he cut out all the soft parts
But some days in little ways
Love seeps out in the things he says
And all he really wants is to feel grown up again

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