

Some Kind of Fun

Ass Ponys

The quiet one, the one named steven
Listens to the voice of reason
They miss him at the kitchen
Where he's given daily bread
Another one, the one named harry
Vegetable or visionary
Said he had a dream with steven
Flying overhead
He watched him until he lost him in the sun
He must be having some kind of fun
A thousand miles, a world away
A woman starts another day
She drinks her mud and draws a tub
And waits for it to fill
A box arrives with nothing in it
Setting off her head a spin
It goes round and round and round
Until it all begins to spill
Before she knows another day is done
She must be having some kind of fun
And she says, don't pray for me.

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