Strange Notes

The Germs

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
Inflciting a pale white frown

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

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