

Ten Cent Blues

Eisley

Dear orthodox, I can't control my feelings
And who hit me? I just might be
Coming round the bush
And my stilts, they began cracking
Subsequently pushed And I looked to see that it was she
Just some abandoned little crook like me
Adieu, adieu and fare thee well
This was the ending, please I was attached on bended knee
But I declined my leave But who could blame a fraction of her being?
She is cheesy, she is scrawny
With her uncanny styling
I'm teasing, she is pleasing
She just has no wit I'm sorry I don't have her face
And I'm probably gonna lose this race
There is no doubt she's such a mouse
With such an abstract grace There is no cure, I am sure
For this ten cent blues Then she chose to dissect me
And I was casted into poverty
But I did not agree with her
She said, "Now, you got nerve But I don't care if I'm granted
For all these things
If I were one among this crowd
Would you call that defeat? In a way it's making me crazy
In a sense that it's making me stronger
A likely chance and it's probably proven
In the end we'll all walk away Shaking hands on a doormat
I salute you, sir
A stranger and a happy fit
Too glad I'm part of it
And that I saw it all

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