

Royal Jelly

John C. Reilly

Mailboxes drip like lampposts in the twisted birth canal of the coliseum
Rim job fairy teapots mask the temper tantrum
O' say can you see 'em
Stuffed cabbage is the darling of the Laundromat
'N the sorority mascot sat with the lumberjack
Pressing passing stinging half synthetic fabrication of his-- Time
The mouse with the overbite explained how the rabbits were ensnared
'N the skinny scanty sylph trashed the apothecary diplomat
Inside the three-eyed monkey within inches of his toaster oven lifeIn my mind
I'm half blind
My inner ref
Is mostly deaf
I'm smell impaired
If you cared

My sense of taste is wasted on the phosphorescent orange peels of San Francisco axe-encrusted frenzy
So let me touch you
Let me touch you
Let me touch you
Let me touch you

Where the Ro-yal Jelly gets madeColeratura singers bringing weeds and social clingers
Hangers-on and fancy flingers
To the dress ball
Mushrooms and bowling pins
Stove pipe hats and other things I can't recall
From Juvenile hall
We're so unlucky and stuff
Woodrow Wilson never had it so tough
Dairy Queen and Vaseline and Maybelline
Paul Bunyan and James Dean
Allegory agencies of pre-Raphaelite paganism
And Shenandoah tapestries
Compared with good mahogany
Collapsing the undying postcard romance
With feline perspicacity
By the university
That night I held a paucity
Which you deemed common courtesy
I wasn't what you thought I'd be
I shouldn't have invited you to danceIn my tree

I'm halfway free
And in my chair
One quarter there
In my dream
One-sixteenth cream
In the coffee of the Courtier
Of the sycophant assistant to the king

So let me touch you

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Where the Ro----yal Jelly gets made

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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