

# 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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