Frances Stewart

Tony Sly

He walks down the street with his head by his feet
A shell of a guy we once knew
She took over his life and ripped out his spine
He thinks and he acts ninety-two
But creatively he never moved me
He sucked out the life from a room
Now as we get old he won't be alone
Surrounded by all of his fools
Not known for conflict but constantly fights
And lets others know through the mill
She's certified crazy
He's taught to ignore the twenty-odd bottles of pills
So when he wakes up
I hope that he will appreciate everything real
I have given him but chances are slim
When up against hearts that don't feel
I'm up against hearts that don't feel
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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