

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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