

# Strange Notes

## Germs

Billy Druids face is marble  
He keeps every thought in its place  
He lets the days turn tomorrow  
Someone's always walking on his grave  
He wears the lines just like Garbo  
And talks at a saturnine pace  
Listening to the strange notes' marvel  
Only giving what it takes  
It's a sad man's world  
And for Billy, it's sure to crown  
Dragging beauty into darkness  
Inflicting a pale white frown  
And the matter the runs  
Through Billy's head  
Is too concerned to fall

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