

# Sleek White Baby

## Punch Brothers

Do you ever feel alone, old pal?  
Are you ragged, running low on morale  
Have I got something grand  
That I've planned for you!  
Baby, do you burn for glowing power after dark  
In the shadow of some hour you'll feel the spark  
Have I got something swell  
That I'll tell to you...  
You're not alone...

For so many years, man has suffered the plague of isolation. Isolation from his fellow man, fellow woman, unable to connect, unable to reach out and touch someone, to be tethered, to be one with the world. But now, man and woman can be attuned to every arcane detail, every dog's bark, every boy's bat, every girl's tiara, with a new invention, a staggering development in technology.

Sleek white baby  
Keep it by your bedside, maybe  
And then  
How all of your friends  
All of our friends  
Are here now  
Such cheer, now

Nine out of ten businessmen agree, the sleek white baby should be your constant companion, whether you're dining, traveling, moping, convalescing, or eating a sandwich. Don't be the one left out.

If you fail to buy our prized new machine (why would you do that?)  
You will find yourself stung by the sting (it's painful, really it is)  
Of gloom and misery, pal, you will die alone (that doesn't sound pleasant, does it?)  
Alone, alone, alone, alone - oooh...

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

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