

Styrofoam

Vic Chesnutt

Like the contents of a cooler
My thorax is styrofoam I'm a cheap spent shell
And a biohazard
Grind me up then mail me away Maybe transmogrified
I'll be satisfied
That finally at long last i'm harmless It is simply so
It's my chemical makeup
I slough it off every 28 days
So raise your hand
And ask yourself a question
But make it the powerful one And if you answer by rote
And pap comes from your throat
Just tidy up and think of me in pieces Yeah, the lousy poet in me can't lie no more
And the warrior in me
Has gone and died before
And that hard, handsome olympian
Was forced to retire
So dig out the films
And all those yellowed clippings
Do them up then stash them for good Then raise your hand
And ask yourself a question
But make it the powerful one
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>