

Psycho Ballet

Eric Schwartz

So
Lately you languish
And angstful, you anguish
For something to sweeten your day-to-day tea
Your examine existence is rife with resistance
You rot on the spot like forgotten kimchi
So in an attempt to become un-vaclempt
You are seeking diversion to lighten your day
Well, when youre in New York
Theres nothing a few dorks wont do
To renew
Your amused point of view
When youre viewing the psycho balletIf your mind is as messy
As old Herman Hessey
And you dont have the dough for a concert or play
Just come meet me there down in Washington Square
And well take in the psycho ballet, ballet
Well take in the psycho balletWell sit ourselves down on a nice afternoon
Ill point out performers and let you lampoon
There sure aint no dearth of galoots on this earth
But theres some here that hail from the moonLike the nuthouse-kateers and the brown-baggied beers
Drunk by drunks who have drunk here for 25 years
The comatose stoned boys and hip-hoppin homeboys
With blasters abusing our earsTheres a pan-handling prophet
Who swears hes been off it
Since early last year or perchance yesterday
Yes, the bullshit will fly and youll laugh til youre cryin
When spyin the psycho ballet, ballet
When spyin the psycho balletAnd now pervert observing would not be complete
Without finding something disgusting to eat
The stonerkabob is a constant surprise
But McDougalls too far and right before your eyes
Youve got knishes of cardboard
And pretzels of paste
That the Jersey boys barf when theyre face-down and faced
But if thats insufficient, theres peddlers proficient
In ways of enhancing the tasteNo, there wont be no ushers
But plenty of pushers
To service your every weed, every day

Though the bar isnt open
Its dope to be dopin
When scopin the psycho ballet, ballet
When scopin the psycho balletGanja, ganja
Smoke, smoke
Ganja, ganja
Smoke, smoke
Ganja, ganja
Smoke, smoke
Ganja, ganjaWell
Youve got bell-bottomed beauties
In swell-bottomed splendor
And frat boys whove blown it for the rest of their gender
Tickertape traitors who blew it on blow
And resemble Garcia without all his doughYouve got camcording tourists
And Jesus freak jurists
And pud-pounding purists on pisshouse patrol
Mohawked marauders and brain-dead skateboarders
Who dont seem to mind running straight into polesWell, therell always be accolades
For spandex on rollerblades
And losers in Lennon shades with nothing to say
Theres no need to go formal
A T-shirt is normal
When viewing the psycho ballet, ballet
When viewing the psycho balletLadies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats, the show aint over
yet!Youve got guys wholl set fire to themselves for a quarter
And girls who unshod would be eight inches shorter
Bozos on benches who bobble their boners
And bimbo, babe bowzers who act like their owners
Egos who masturbate with their guitars
And seduce teeny-boppers convinced that theyre stars
But when the girlies are gone, they are just as alone
And neurotic as they were beforeAint your surest chagrin
The asylum youre in
Is gonna start to make sense in the scariest way
And when the bizarreuns
Have ceased to seem foreign
Youll star in the psycho ballet, ballet
Youll star in the psycho ballet

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