

Asaf Avidan, Poor Boy

As

One boy grew up different from the rest
Without the insides of his chest
He didn't know how he was blessed
And all the little girls thought it a blast
To shake his body really fast
To see the impact never last

Some said "poor boy"
Some said "lucky man";

He used to live with different families
That nurtured his disease
Then he'd float out with the breeze
And he implanted kaleidoscopes instead of eyes
To see the girls in multiplies
To try to figure their disguise

Some said "poor boy"
Some said "lucky man";

He tried to fill his chest with pretty jewels
But then he figured out the rules
And left the jewelry for the fools
And one day the doctors said they found a cure