

Eric Schwartz, Psycho Ballet

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 you're in New York
There's nothing a few dorks won't do
To renew
Your amused point of view
When you're viewing the psycho ballet

If your mind is as messy
As old Herman Hesse
And you don't have the dough for a concert or play
Just come meet me there down in Washington Square
And we'll take in the psycho ballet, ballet
We'll take in the psycho ballet

We'll sit ourselves down on a nice afternoon
I'll point out performers and let you lampoon
There sure ain't no dearth of galoots on this earth
But there's some here that hail from the moon

Like 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 ears

There's a pan-handling prophet
Who swears he's been off it
Since early last year or perchance yesterday
Yes, the bullshit will fly and you'll laugh 'til you're cryin'
When spyin' the psycho ballet, ballet
When spyin' the psycho ballet

And now pervert observing would not be complete
Without finding something disgusting to eat
The stonerkabob is a constant surprise
But McDougall's too far and right before your eyes
You've got knishes of cardboard
And pretzels of paste
That the Jersey boys barf when they're face-down and faced
But if that's insufficient, there's peddlers proficient
In ways of enhancing the taste

No, there won't be no ushers
But plenty of pushers
To service your every weed, every day
Though the bar isn't open

It's dope to be dopin'
When scopin' the psycho ballet, ballet
When scopin' the psycho ballet

Ganja, ganja
Smoke, smoke
Ganja, ganja
Smoke, smoke
Ganja, ganja
Smoke, smoke

Ganja, ganja

Well

You've got bell-bottomed beauties
In swell-bottomed splendor
And frat boys who've blown it for the rest of their gender
Tickertape traitors who blew it on blow
And resemble Garcia without all his dough

You've got camcording tourists
And Jesus freak jurists
And pud-pounding purists on pisshouse patrol
Mohawked marauders and brain-dead skateboarders
Who don't seem to mind running straight into poles

Well, there'll always be accolades
For spandex on rollerblades
And losers in Lennon shades with nothing to say
There's no need to go formal
A T-shirt is normal
When viewing the psycho ballet, ballet
When viewing the psycho ballet

Ladies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats, the show ain't over yet!

You've got guys who'll 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 they're stars
But when the girlies are gone, they are just as alone
And neurotic as they were before

Ain't your surest chagrin
The asylum you're in
Is gonna start to make sense in the scariest way
And when the bizarre'uns
Have ceased to seem foreign
You'll star in the psycho ballet, ballet
You'll star in the psycho ballet