## Galactic Cowboys, Mr. Magnet

There behind the desk A pillar of strength A promise of gold.

With the sign of the cross The smell of a fish As the story unfolds.

Mr. Magnet, Mr. Repellent He's a loser, but ya can't tell it.

There behind the mask The pain is concealed Charisma abides.

With a positive pull The negative words That you learned to despise.

As the spectacle begins Mr. Magnet draws you in But you never get to leave.

He can sell it You can smell it You can't tell it.