

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.