

# The Ditty Bops, Unfortunate Few

Oh you unfortunate few  
Nobody's listening to me  
It came at a time when I just started  
To say something interesting

Bubbling thoughts I've been thinking a lot  
But I don't write them down with a smile  
More of a frown as I'm looking down  
No pen in my pocket no pockets to fill

Far too long ago my chances were slim  
I'm knocking the door but they won't let me in  
Configuring why takes the whimsy from whim  
You're all blocking the door won't you please let me in

Oh you unfortunate few  
Stuck in your special space  
I'm here on my own though I'm not alone  
It feels like a miserable place

At first you remember but then you forget  
And once I'm forgotten you can't get me back  
I'm knocking the door but nobody hears  
I'm banging it down won't you answer it please

And nobody's asking for more  
Nobody's looking for anything  
Nobody wants me to say a thing  
Nobody misses the missing

Ascend or Descend  
Upon a plot with the same ending  
My timing's no good  
But it saves me from troubles ahead

But you might not be figured with eyes  
Might not be figured with ears  
Might not be something to figure at all  
Until you are actually here

I've gone back on my words which constantly change  
I believe what I mean at the time that I say them  
I'm climbing a wall of infinite height  
I couldn't go through, though I try as I might

They're telling me fictional distractions  
Fictional stories  
I have heard enough of these  
Is anybody missing me?