

The Residents, Bouncing Benny

Seeing that his eyes were empty under half closed lids,
Made it all the more disturbing knowing Benny hid
A bump that looked like clods of dirt inside some sickly lung
That barely peeked beneath his shirt and twitched like Toto's tongue.
For fifty cents inside a tent adjacent to the rest,
The weaker soul could hide their eyes while Benny bared his chest;
He rubbed the bump with oleo and little bits of meat
And stroked the shape as it extended down towards his feet.
Bounce Benny bounce Bouncing Benny
He would put a record on then go into a trance
Until he heard his mother's favorite polka then he danced;
The record player went too fast but Benny didn't care,
He simply bounced around the room while people stood and stared.
Benny really only cared about one single thing -
He collected magazines called "Women in the Ring";
He kept them all in plastic bags and everybody said
That Benny talked to them at night before he went to bed.
Bounce Benny bounce Bouncing Benny
I need someone to wrestle with she'd have to wear a hood,
And hold me in a hammerlock if she was feeling good.
She'd probably have a ponytail that stuck out from the back
And I bet her eyes would shine - right when she attacked;
She might be kind of mean some times and act like we weren't friends,
But when the match was over we'd be buddies till the end;
I've got to go! I've got to go! I know that she is there -
Waiting in a ring for me to hug her like a bear.
Follow that dream Benny follow that dream...