

# 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...