

Dear Ephesus, Blue Day

The little people in my head.
They push me down and make me mad.
I can't stand the way they look.
Some blue meanie stole my books.
But I'm OK some bad days.
Make no sense till they go away.
Mailman runs from my dog.
Hoping his day is better than mine.
Well he better run faster.
A giant pigeon eating at my brain.
Catastrophe in the sewer main.
Philosophy as to what seems smart.
They bought the wisdom right at K-Mart.
But I'm OK such great minds.
Joined their forces to stop mankind.
But I don't know seems so weird.
I hope it will figure itself out soon.
Well it better figure faster.
Sick of feelings I just hate.
Blue the color in my way.
I must be special because they told me I was.
But they flipped out when I said Elvis lives.
I could have swore I saw him hanging out.
With those great teachers of the modern thought.
But I'm OK some strange days.
Make no sense till they go away.
Questioning man complex world.
Hoping you'll be remembered for this.
We'll see of any of this lasts.