

Eisley, Ten Cent Blues

Dear orthodox,
I can't control my feelings,
And who hit me?
I just might be
Coming round the bush
And my stilts, they began cracking
Subsequently pushed

And I looked to see that it was she
Just some abandoned little crook like me
Adieu, adieu, and fare thee well
This was the ending, please

Oh, whoa...
I was attached on bended knee
But I declined my leave

But who could blame
A fraction of her being?
She is cheesy, she is scrawny
With her uncanny styling
I'm teasing, she is pleasing
She just has no wit

And I'm sorry I don't have her face
And I'm probably gonna lose this race
There is no doubt she's such a mouse
With such an abstract grace

Oh, whoa...
There is no cure, I am sure
For these ten cent blues

And then she chose to dissect me
And I was casted into poverty
But I did not agree with her
She said, "Now, you've got nerve,"
But I don't care if I'm granted
For all these things
If I were one among this crowd
Would you call that defeat?

In a way it's making me crazy
In a sense that it's making me stronger
A likely chance, and it's probably proven
In the end we'll all walk away

Shaking hands on the doormat
I salute you, sir
A stranger and a happy fit
I'm glad I'm part of it
And that I saw it all