

# Grant Hart, Teeny's Hair

Teeny's hair hangs down gently to her shoulder  
She doesn't look any older  
Than she did when she was young  
There is a room filled with the stolen Mona Lisas  
De Milo's broken pieces  
That's where the pictures are hung  
When he arrives all of the men with badges trust him  
Take a Spanish door through customs  
It's no crime, it is no crime  
Ascending the stairs  
Where you accept the Legion of Honour  
And the mark of Cain is upon her  
For all time, yes for all time  
Take my knights away  
Sweep all my horses off of the table  
Tell me strategies if you're able  
Show me how the game can be played  
We go to the place where all the re-named roses gather  
And the bearded ladies lather  
To be shaved, oh to be shaved