

Mustard Plug, Too Stoopid

The first time I saw you you said you were drunk,
too much beer, or so you thunk.
A night of drinking had clouded your head,
and in another day you wouldn't know what you said.
You said you were sorry as you drooled on my shoe,
and I just laughed at one sight of you.
You couldn't walk straight and you slurred when you spoke,
and I thought it was just a joke.

I want to love you but you're too damn stoopid,
I want to love you but you're just plain dumb.
I want to love you but you're head's full of air,
you're stone dumb but I don't care.

Well the second time I saw you you said you were sick,
strong cough syrup and many of it.
Stomach cramps and a blistering fever,
I carved your thoughts like a butcher's cleaver.
You're ? you said it yourself.
You needed some rest, you felt like hell.
All your medication had made you slow,
but it was yourself, how was I to know?

The third time I saw you you hadn't slept a wink,
not enough Zs you just couldn't think.
You tossed and turned the whole night long,
and when you awoke the world seemed wrong.
It was much too early, your eyes were lead,
you said you felt like the living dead.
Sleep deprivation was the word today,
but how should i have known you were always this way?

The last time I saw you, you had nothing to claim,
you couldn't think fast enough to even explain.
I looked into you eyes and could see your teeth.
It's strange enough, what you're saying to me...
a rocket scientist you will never be,
you'll never be a master of philosophy.
But dumb as you are, I can plainly see,
it doesn't take a brain to see what you mean to me!