

# Richard Hell, The Kid With The Replaceable Head

Too young to drink and too smart to think  
Attaches on his head with the missing link  
He&#039;s skinny as a snake and fast as a mink  
But he ain&#039;t for sale unless you add the kitchen sink

Look out, here he comes again  
They say he&#039;s dead, he&#039;s my three best friends  
He&#039;s so honest that the dishonest dread  
Meeting the kid with the replaceable head

When you live on a planet the size of a town  
You can&#039;t get your kicks by getting around  
Fun&#039;s hard to find on such familiar ground  
So you invent it: the mental it&#039;s better than found

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He used to beat himself up till he was sick and confused  
Dead tired and throbbing, half crazy and bruised  
Till he&#039;d be too worn out to keep being himself  
Now he can pick them at will from the heads on his shelf

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