

The Residents, Hard And Tenderly

They called me "Mr. X, Indeed", the special ones that saw so deep inside the souls of those who were so lonely. I was down beneath the bottom, when my vacant staring caught them gaily parading up and down the street-followed by some stinking masses, freeing fumes and giving gasses to the brown and nearly worn out air. But they had that certain presence like the ether or the essence of the cleansing upper atmosphere. Laughing, loving, and without a doubt, they simply strode about the streets that other creatures left alone. I ran across, myself compulsive, with the feeling of a pulsing drum that pounded underneath my skin. A tingling in my tangled brain was screaming that this was insane, but it also told me, "Touch it," too.

"Stand aside," I told the masses, and with that I made my passage frome lonely to the only side. Openly they smiled to greet me, like they always knew they'd meet me somewhere walking up and down the road. I knew I must appear as someone far beyond the common come-on, so I could not say my nae was Ed. So I said, "I'm Mr. X who wants to come and who expects to help and guide your efforts to succeed." They laughed a little bit at me, and then said, "Mr. X-Indeed," and hugged me somehow hard and tenderly.
