

The The, ShrunkenMan

Say it

Say it

Say it!

(he can't say it)

He's just an imperfect man

Trapped in an imperfect body

Ain't happy or sad, lonely or sorry

Mr. Slo-Blo

Mr. Yo-Yo

Mr. See which way is the wind gonna blow

Hangs from a wire, fingers on fire

Drifting higher and higher

He tried to be smart to catch out his own heart

Cruel to be kind as he cut out all the soft parts

But some days in little ways

Love seeps out in the things he says

And all he really wants

Is to feel grown up again