

# Tiny Tim, Fourteen

Fourteen!  
Fourteen girls in baggy pajamas  
What if I'd gone to the south Bahamas  
Told me I had won the mystery prize  
Tied my head behind my back and blindfolded my eyes

Fourteen tons of golden ripe bananas  
The one I'd trade for my long lost bandana  
The one I won one time at the state fair  
With little pictures of James Dean slicking back his hair

Fourteen is not my favorite number  
At night I dream, I see fourteen spelled out in lumber  
Fourteen, I can't understand  
Fourteen, 'cause I'm just an ordinary man  
Fourteen, I can't understand  
Fourteen, 'cause I'm just an ordinary man

Fourteen men to witness my confession  
If I'm ever sentenced and die for my obsessions  
There's Fourteen songs all named Fourteen  
With Fourteen verses each that I dearly love to sing  
X-I-V is how the Romans said it  
In retrospect I'm sure they don't regret it  
Eventually their empire finally fell  
F-o-u-r-t-e-e-n is how we came to spell

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At night I dream, I see Fourteen spelled out in lumber  
Fourteen, I can't understand  
Fourteen, 'cause I'm just an ordinary man  
Fourteen, I can't understand  
Fourteen, 'cause I'm just an ordinary man  
An ordinary man, an ordinary man  
Fourteen!