

Bars

"Get Along"

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When the big one talks; huge, heavy, deep voice.
When he walks his feet rise six feet off the ground.
Seems indestructible and intimidating.
When he's in deep thought
You just can't tell what he's contemplating now
But the small one's smart.
Some would call him wiry.
To him it's art, and his pallet's colourful.
This man is proof that looks can be deceiving.
Confident of victory, the fun for him is in conceiving
how.
They both want it, need it, love it.
It makes them feel like they belong.
When these two meet, it's back in the alley.
Neither of them strangers to the venue or the clientele.
They are unaware of any negative consequences.
Their one concern is impressing those in audience
tonight
With a fight to end all fights.
With so much in common, you'd think that
They both could get along.
They both want it, need it, love it.
It makes them feel like they belong.
With so much in common you'd think that
They both could get along.
Why can't they get along?

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