

Dream Street

"Solitary Shell"

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He seemed no different from the rest
Just a healthy normal boy
His mama always did her best
And he was daddy's pride and joy

He learned to walk and talk on time
But never cared much to be held
And steadily he would decline
Into his solitary shell

As a boy he was considered somewhat odd
Kept to himself most of the time
He would daydream in and out of his own world
But in every other way he was fine

He's a Monday morning lunatic
Disturbed from time to time
Lost within himself
In his solitary shell

A temporary catatonic
Madman on occasion

When will he break out
Of his solitary shell

He struggled to get through his day
He was helplessly behind
He poured himself onto the page
Writing for hours at a time

As a man he was a danger to himself
Fearful and sad most of the time
He was drifting in and out of sanity
But in every other way he was fine

He's a Monday morning lunatic
Disturbed from time to time
Lost within himself
In his solitary shell

A momentary maniac
With casual delusions
When will he be let out
Of his solitary shell

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