

## Eisley "Ten Cent Blues"

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Dear orthodox,  
I can't control my feelings,  
And who hit me?  
I just might be  
Coming round the bush  
And my stilts, they began cracking  
Subsequently pushed

And I looked to see that it was she  
Just some abandoned little crook like me  
Adieu, adieu, and fare thee well  
This was the ending, please

Oh, whoa...  
I was attached on bended knee  
But I declined my leave

But who could blame  
A fraction of her being?  
She is cheesy, she is scrawny  
With her uncanny styling  
I'm teasing, she is pleasing  
She just has no wit

And I'm sorry I don't have her face  
And I'm probably gonna lose this race  
There is no doubt she's such a mouse  
With such an abstract grace

Oh, whoa...  
There is no cure, I am sure  
For these ten cent blues

And then she chose to dissect me  
And I was casted into poverty  
But I did not agree with her  
She said, "Now, you've got nerve,"  
But I don't care if I'm granted  
For all these things  
If I were one among this crowd  
Would you call that defeat?

In a way it's making me crazy  
In a sense that it's making me stronger  
A likely chance, and it's probably proven  
In the end we'll all walk away

Shaking hands on the doormat  
I salute you, sir  
A stranger and a happy fit  
I'm glad I'm part of it  
And that I saw it all

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