

## Jonathan Coulton

### "Overhead"

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Once in a while I go out of my way  
To kill you a little  
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say  
Your monkey, your middle

You see me overhead  
As I go by  
You talk so cold and dead  
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way  
To kill you a little  
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say  
Your monkey, your middle

You are my overhead  
It makes me cry  
You buy some folding bed  
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way  
To kill you a little  
I'm sick of your smile, your nothing to say  
Your monkey, your middle

You fall heel over head  
And though you try  
You just get old instead  
And still you wonder why

Once in a while I go out of my way  
To kill you a little  
/ ]

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