

Tim Tiny "Fourteen"

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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

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

An ordinary man, an ordinary man

Fourteen!

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