

Tiny Tim **"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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