

Box Office Poison

"Mr. Feeble"

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I met myself the other day
Standing outside the alley way
I hit myself with all my force
Which is when history changed its course

So it shall be said
So it shall be written
So it shall come to pass

I grew a garden the other day
But the garden didn't want to stay
It packed its things and it moved out
And died three weeks into the draught

So it shall be said
So it shall be written
So it shall come to pass

I went out hunting the other day
But all the antlers got in my way
They were attached to eyes of deer
Which quickly ended my career

So it shall be said
So it shall be written
So it shall come to pass

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