

Open Mike Eagle "Freak Flag"

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I'm not a fan of Sinatra
I busted out the waiting room
With a glance at the doctor
They caught me at the ocean
Holding hands with a lobster
Other hand full of vodka
Rubber bands in my pants
So I can dance in the aqua
(Gotta dance is the mantra)
Aqua Man is a monster
Both the cops and the robbers
Are dropping tabs on the pasta
So don't eat the tortellini
It's pork and bean-y
It needs a little pepper
And seventy-four zucchinis
I'm more than peachy
So you can grab a fork and eat me
And my organs weekly
Since I'm becoming bored and sleepy
(I'd rather be in orbit spinning)
Uncork the Henny
Its almost four o' clock
And I'm ready for Mork and Mindy
The show is very orphan friendly
I need the comfort
To feed the hunger
Because there's strength and speed and numbers
(So heed the thunder)
And watch the lightning 'cause it's frightening
And so exciting when you see the light before the
striking

This is for the bums
Tuberculosis victims with the water on their lungs
This is for the punks
This is for the meek
This is for the geniuses that don't know how to speak
This is for the lame
This is for the herbs
Social lubrication in the handiness of words
This is for the small

This is for the weird
People who know better than to follow what they hear
This is for your fears

My poetry is kept
Where I'm socially inept
And so the fingernail of small talk
Is pokin' me to death
I'm supposed to be an extrovert
But I've observed
That I prefer to hide behind having a lack of nerve
He's sort of an attractive turd
A taller midget
But walked with his head tall
So he got all the digits
He never had the gall to talk of his appalling visions
He saw the laws of physics twisted when he closed his
eyes
And so he tried
To teach himself to vocalize
What his open mind told him to write in them broken
lines
Unorganized quantum physics
Language banging leaps
Awkward angles reached danger
Sprinkled in his tangled speech
Son of a preacher man
Dancing like Peter Pan
Sucking on a thermometer
To see where my fever lands
Should I call the doctor
Or just dial the reefer man
Either plan's decent
I just wish to breathe again

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