

Mike Mineo **"Eccentricity"**

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Well I do say that I don't believe
Your put on eccentricities
That drop the phonies to their knees

But I know what's real and what I see
Lack the need for imagery
Of what the self should truly be

Still you say your ups are down
The sky you walk with clouded ground
Shall crumble at the faintest sound

Then you turn to your crowd
As some remark you're so profound
The nagging thought drags others down
Is this deep or just eccentric

Now you pull upon the reigns
And whip the deer into the game
Of which they can't free their brain

From somewhere to the land of your's
With purple lined hardwood floors
And dreams that sprout from magic spores

Like Hamlet's act in Shakespeare's dream
Whose mind struggles with reality
But you, just want to be a mystery

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