

## Of Montreal

# "An Epistle To A Pathological Creep"

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He'd explain to you but it would take too long  
Why he is right and everybody else is wrong  
He'd endeavor friend to make your mind correct  
He'd try but he thinks it would take too long too long  
It's probably simple math  
that keeps him on his elevated path  
While talking to him it is very rare  
to sense that he's acknowledging you're even there  
Or else he'll speak as if you should be taking notes  
But fears that you might steal  
one of his brilliant quotes  
There's no idea that you could add  
that he wouldn't claim to have already had  
He used to be a really decent guy  
before his insecurities enslaved him  
Now his ego seems to be raging uncontrollably  
Destroying every friendship that he's ever had  
I don't even like to think about him it's so very sad  
Only a boy of three would dare act so egregiously  
Now the kind of places he's most often found  
Are rife with pedants running topics into the ground  
And the company that he is known to keep  
Are all self important bores  
that put you right to sleep  
Yes I'd rather be hung  
than hear them discussing Carl Jung

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