

Willis Earl Beal "Monotony"

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Monotony is so over me
It merge with me
It can't hurt me
Though it's empty, never windy,
I'm just strollin' around in monotony
In monotony
In the eye of a storm
it appears I was born
I had taken the form
at 12 o' clock in the morn
Never quite touchin', no,
But never touchin' the ground
Half full and empty, my cup,
Always just hangin' around...
They ask me "how do you do?"
I tell them that I don't know
They say to go get a clue
I ask them "where do I go?"
Could it be malaise?
Or am I depressed?
Just a life-long phase
I am not indirect
Don't consider me blessed
but don't consider me cursed
In this chaotic mess
I guess that it could be worse
I know it could be worse
Monotony is so over me
It merge with me
It can't hurt me
Though it's empty, never windy,
I'm just strollin' around in monotony
In monotony

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