

## **Residents**

### **"Bouncing Benny"**

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Seeing that his eyes were empty under half closed lids,  
Made it all the more disturbing knowing Benny hid  
A bump that looked like clods of dirt inside some sickly  
lung

That barely peeked beneath his shirt and twitched like  
Toto's tongue.

For fifty cents inside a tent adjacent to the rest,  
The weaker soul could hide their eyes while Benny  
bared his chest;

He rubbed the bump with oleo and little bits of meat  
And stroked the shape as it extended down towards his  
feet.

Bounce Benny bounce Bouncing Benny  
He would put a record on then go into a trance  
Until he heard his mother's favorite polka then he  
danced;

The record player went too fast but Benny didn't care,  
He simply bounced around the room while people  
stood and stared.

Benny really only cared about one single thing -  
He collected magazines called "Women in the Ring";  
He kept them all in plastic bags and everybody said  
That Benny talked to them at night before he went to  
bed.

Bounce Benny bounce Bouncing Benny  
I need someone to wrestle with she'd have to wear a  
hood,  
And hold me in a hammerlock if she was feeling good.  
She'd probably have a ponytail that stuck out from the  
back

And I bet her eyes would shine - right when she  
attacked;

She might be kind of mean some times and act like we  
weren't friends,  
But when the match was over we'd be buddies till the  
end;

I've got to go! I've got to go! I know that she is there -  
Waiting in a ring for me to hug her like a bear.  
Follow that dream Benny follow that dream...

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