

**Richard Shindell****"Parasol Ants"**

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The thief is down  
Flat on the ground  
Face on cement  
A crowd gathers round  
His old black coat  
Thrown over his head  
The crowd's all hushed  
Cause it looks like he's dead

He's got a limited view  
Just one patch of light  
Shining down  
On a curious sight  
Parasol ants  
In a perfect line  
With bright green leaves  
Raised up high

And he is God and those leaves are sails  
He is God and his breath is the gale  
He is God with time to kill

He is God and he can do just what he will

But God is bored  
So it's, what the hell  
He let's go a gust  
Just to watch them flail  
The ants go flying  
In disarray  
Those bright green leaves  
All blown away

(Chorus)

But God's got problems  
He's busted, but good  
He ain't nothin'  
Just a well-known local hood  
The ants keep coming  
They pay him no mind

They've got leaves to move  
They just march on by

(Chorus)

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