

## **The The "Shrunken Man"**

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Say it, say it, say it  
(He can't say it)  
He's just an imperfect man  
Trapped in an imperfect body  
Ain't happy or sad, lonely or sorry

Mr. Slo-Blo, Mr. Yo-Yo  
Mr. See which way is the wind gonna blow  
Hangs from a wire, fingers on fire  
Drifting higher and higher

He tried to be smart to catch out his own heart  
Cruel to be kind as he cut out all the soft parts  
But some days in little ways  
Love seeps out in the things he says  
And all he really wants is to feel grown up again

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