

Tism

"Leo's Toltoy"

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Please let me introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth
and taste-
But just like that first line, my ideas all come from
another place.
I'm gonna tell you a story, the main character? - well,
it's me,
And it all starts way back when I was in grade three.
I had the block's biggest marble collection; no, that's a
lie -
My neighbor Johnny had swapped three Jumbos for my
one cat's eye,
Then he told me that Jumbos were no longer the rage;
Which shows I was a fashion victim even back at that
age.
Anyway, I remember, it was the second week of term
two,
And just like normal I brought my marble bag to school;
But imagine the shock and horror! for, behind my back,
Everyone else in the playground had brought along
click-clacks!
How was it? By some mysterious mutual chemistry
They all knew click-clacks were in! No one ever told
me!
How was it that, in the space of one otherwise normal
night,
everyone came to school the next day, not a marble
bag in sight!

And now I'm in a rock band, and everything's the same;
Just when I'm honing my line in tortured artistic pain
You find out that tortured poetry ain't no longer the
thing -
Now everyone's playing Cajun - Zydeco - whatever you
call that thing.
I go off and buy the records, learn how to cook
Jumbulya -
Then everyone's dropping Ecstasy; the dance clubs are
on fire -
I start talking about Louisiana, everyone tells me to
stop:
Just like the coming of click-clacks comes something

called Hip-Hop.

Shakespearean plays are the quintessential expression
of human tragedy -

Can't understand them myself, but that's what my
friends tell me -

Anyway, the only genuine thought I've ever been able
to expound

Is that the world ain't a stage, it's a primary school play
ground,

And that some people are like the kids who knew when
to stop

Playing games like Ker-Plunk, and get into Battling
Tops;

Then there's people like me, who always seem to find
That after we've bought our baseball jackets, we've
been left behind.

I've come to understand that it's just like musical
chairs,

When it's groovy to say "groovy" and O.K. to wear
flares:

So the final piece of advice I give is that you should all
beware,

'Cos when you're in the jungle, watch it: it's a
playground out there.

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