

Beans

by Brock

You can stand on your head and spit nickels
Until the moon turns blue,
I'll still think you the craziest girl alive.
May not know much about red or green or you
But I know how many beans make five
Yes, I know how many beans make five

You can stand and shake your enraged fists at me
Until hell freezes and the seven seas too,
I'll still want my palms on your skin.
I surely know nothing of the future, the past or you
But I must leave the house to win.

I'm flabbergasted and I'm downcasted and I love to feel this way.
My mind is floating and extremely doting and I don't know what to say.
I am King Obsequious,
Yes, I am King Obsequious.

You so nonchalantly let me smell your lips
Until all the three little pigs flew,
I still envy everyone who makes you laugh.
I don't want to control the ocean, the ocean the tides or you
Just know it's empty, full or just half.

I'm flabbergasted and I'm downcasted and I love to feel this way.
My mind is floating and extremely doting and I don't know what to say.
I am King Obsequious,
Yes, I am King Obsequious.

You can sit in my igloo and watch my grass grow
Until the snow turns to dew,
I still melt when you flash me your smile.
I may be powerless against the sun, the stars and you
I'd die to try your shoes for a mile.

I am flabbergasted and downcasted and I love to feel this way.
My mind is floating and extremely doting and I don't know what to say.
I'm repressing and doubly obsessing and I just can't deny,
I'm distressed and under duress and I will tell you why.
I am King Obsequious,
Yes, I am King Obsequious.