

A nice heart and a white suit and a baby blue sedan,
And I am doing the best that I can.
All the eunuchs, they were standing in rows
Singing, "Please stud us out just as fast as you possibly can."

Sad song, last dance and no one knows who the band was,
And Henry, you danced like a wooden Indian.
Except this one mattered and I felt it had a spirit,
And I shot the story because I didn't hear it that way.

And it's hard to be a human being,
And it's harder, as anything else,
And I'm lonesome when you're around,
And I'm never lonesome when I'm by myself.

And I miss you when you're around.
And I miss you when you're around.
And I miss you when you're around.

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