

Pseudo

Can't you see
I created you
Out of flotsam and dust
I put words on a canvass
And the next thing you know
You want cups of tea
And you're giving it some
Cockeyed; shameless

They said it would never happen
And maybe they wondered
Well you know something
Let them talk
Where were they when I sweated blood
over this ?
Lounging in life's gallery
On life's boardwalk

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