Cause You're Weird

Isolation sickness drips from saddened eyes
Burning flesh like acid, draining insides dry
Hoping that the ‘morrow brings a sweeter day
Hoping that their tongues will rot when they smile and say
You’re so weird.

Switch around the eyeballs, looking deep inside
Searching hard and straining to see what they find
Maybe it’s what’s happening deep inside the brain
Maybe to them they are right when they smile and say
You’re so weird.

Telling acid tongue boys to go and lick some sand
Maybe weird is standard in some other land
Packing brains and insides in a velvet case
Travlin’ there and through new eyes turn to them and say
You’re so weird.

Opus 33 (1969)
CAUSE YOU'RE WEIRD

WORDS & MUSIC BY ROBERT J. MARKS II

(COPUS 33)

I - SO - LA - TION
SWITCHIN' AROUND THE TELEVISIONS

SICKNESS
EYE BALLS

DRIPS FROM SAD-DENED
LOOK-IND DEEP IN

TURNING ACID
TONGUE BOYS

AND LICK SOME

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BURNING FLESH LIKE
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SAY SAY SAY YOU'RE SO WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD TO CODA

YOU'RE SO DARN WEIRD

CODA

REPEAT IMPROVISE