

PIRANHA PLANT'S PATTER SONG

The Dandy walks across the stage in profile / his smile twists in a sickly grin / bent upwards after some childhood tragedy snuffed out the best in him / The Dandy dresses in a suit & tie & tips his hat above a crowded street / he turns to reveal his smile crooks & the audience wonders if they can trust him / The Dandy sings a in a fast tempo about his childhood / the boys were mean to him & poked fun at the way he smiled when they slipped off their shirts to sail across a silver sea / The Dandy is a lonely character but you wouldn't guess & as he sings his voice rings across the stage to reach children in the back rows who want to know why the man in the tattered suit seems happy / he's down on his luck but sports a carnivorous plant in his lapel & when no one watches he whistles show tunes to the fly traps he grows that are for sale for a dollar each & I invite you to ask him what makes their syrup to those who fly nearby so sickeningly sweet / what tragic life he must have had to get up every morning & collect fresh meat for his pretty little flowers / the children don't want to stare at men in suits that must have looked good centuries ago but they can't take their eyes off as he feeds more flies & beads of sweat to his tiny charges sprouting out of planter boxes inside a rusted radio flyer / the same little wagon he used to pull around while selling lemonade & trinkets to the parents of his recess bullies / they wished him well as they bought his wears while slipping silver coins into a tin can / give The Dandy a dollar for a flytrap if you have one to spare & he'll tip his hat to you & offer a wink alongside his trademarked smile.