

MY INCREDIBLE HUNK OF PULCHRITUDE

The construction guys get all pumped up
When they see her on Lex checkin' out each store
They have no idea that some women walk,
But my sweet thing, she stalk,
And they're scoping out a carnivore

Chorus

*It's too bad that they'll never get a shot
My baby just ignores the multitude
She only has time to think about herself
My incredible hunk of pulchritude*

She knows I get confused at times
By the metaphysical, the preternatural, becoming and being
She says I should look at things the way she does
Which makes sense 'cause it's her eyes that are seeing

Chorus

*She lets the world protrude in her own particular way
She's never overwhelmed by the magnitude
I'm the only one who can cause her any pain
My incredible hunk of pulchritude*

I found myself involved in a new dawn miracle
So she tried her best to still my pleading factions
But I have hung with them for so long
I guess I've gotten used to thinking in fractions

Chorus

*She didn't want me to be alone with myself
You know she really scorns the solitude
She doesn't need beliefs when we're together
My incredible hunk of pulchritude*

She would never stoop to understand
The trans-conceptual, the proto-seminal or
These dysfunctional rhymes,
Instead each day it's just another shot of
The usual, the critical, the geo-mollecular zag of the times

Chorus

*There will probably never be an end to it
The strategies for choosing our own servitude
No, all I have now is all I have
My incredible hunk of pulchritude*

Chuck Casey
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