

None-too-smart to buy books,
None-too-pretty,
It's kind of a chore to look at
Doris's hands when things go wrong in her little life,
And they show her her face.
There are things she doesn't talk about,
There are things she only tells her mom,
There are things she never tells anyone.
There are things in Doris's life,
But then there are in everyone's...
Then she opens her little mouth,
She sings her little song and like a flag
It folds out across the city,
And it goes:
"The fat man becomes an ice-skater...
Maniac becomes a stepfather...
I watch a policeman's mouth -
Out comes an honest word."
Miracles happen when Doris sings,
Couples in love stop dead in their tracks,
Dishes clatter to the ground (unbroken),
Politicians die.
She watches as her son becomes an imbecile,
Watches as her son becomes a vegetable,
Watches as her son becomes a senator,
Watches as her only son becomes an imbecile
(and it makes her cry).
She waves her little song like a flag,
It goes across the city.
Miracles can happen,
But I'm in love with her, so... *Brandon Matuja