

# **Bonsai Man**

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He tells his family that he really loves them, but then he seems to put his work above them

No Zen... in the Bonsai Man

The most important thing in life, ain't money and it sure ain't his wife

It's a long cold night, with the Bonsai Man

It ain't that he's small, in his stockin' feet he's almost 6 feet tall

Deep inside he's hasn't grown, he figures passion's rap is overblown

His responses are always canned, he thinks that life is anything but grand

The epitome of bland, the Bonsai man

He don't vote in any election, at the restaurant he'll take any selection

No rejection, from the Bonsai Man

Instrumental

He goes through the motions at home and work, his reactions always just knee-jerk

Even when he's in a throng, it always seems he don't belong

He gives new meaning to sore thumb and some folks think he must be dumb

His face just stays deadpan, the Bonsai Man

There's no rapport with him, so you can just ignore in him

What you can't understand

Like what the reasons are for his pall of gloom

And why he's locked himself inside this tomb

Ask his opinion of world affairs, all you'll get is a blank stare

He don't care, he's a Bonsai Man

Instrumental

He wasn't always this removed, he used to think that there was lots to prove

But when his angel puppy died, something snapped deep inside

Now he just visits life with neither love nor hate, peace nor strife

His emotions just a sham, the Bonsai Man.

A sapient door jamb, the Bonsai Man.