

265-1000
Flea markets

Flea markets, flee markets, the people you see
Leave me wanting to get up and flee
Runaway runaway runaway quick
Lest you end up with a flea market tick
Not a tick like the ones that draw blood
Or a clock on a wall that at midnight goes thud
But a tick like a twitch from the flea market crowd
Not unlike nascar but perhaps not as loud
A crowd that goes contra dancing and eats lots of kale
Or a crowd that sells tea cups engraved with a snail
These are the people from whom i must fly
Runaway runaway and if you ask why
It's because at the flea market the earnestness reeks
Of self righteous liberals selling antiques
Reveling in their flea market fare
Amazed I admit about this stuff they so care
And happy, so happy, makes me watch to gag
And so i will wave my flea market flag
And i'll travel to bars and hang out with the drunks
Or to social d concerts replete with the punks
But not to flea markets where the dust is feet deep
And the painful self righteousness makes me wanna weep
So runaway runaway runaway now
I know you are happy, i have no idea how