

Albino

Stephen Lynch

I wanted to write a song about the three loves of my life that have, you know, slipped away somehow. But I could only come up with two. I was in love with an albino,
Her lack of pigment seemed like fun.
Her skin, the whitest alabaster,
Her eyes as pink as pinkest bubble gum. Then one day, it snowed real hard,
And she disappeared... That's one.
Here's two! I loved little Agnus Johnson.
I met her at the old folks' home.
She'd call me up and say, "Hey, Stephen,
Come give old Mother a bone!" Then one day her EKG went,
"Beep, beep, beep..."
See how I did that?

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