

Tad bit lost

**My neighbours stop talking when I'm passing by.
A baby in a yellow pram begins to cry.
There's nobody I find to persuade to stay.
The beggar at the corner even turns away.
I am not worth even his accost.
I am a tad bit lost.**

**The dogs look upon me as a mangy cat.
The cockroaches go a long way 'round my flat.
Two pals of my youth even cross the road.
An exhibitionist sickened closes his coat.
I am not worth even his accost.
I am a tad bit lost.**

**Is it really just because my shirt is lenthwise striped
or, even worse, 'cause my horn-rimmed specs are badly wiped?
Did my pimple cream fail or my aftersha'e.
Well, I don't know! So I can't say!**

**My shadow hides behind the next apple tree
just as he dismayed becomes aware of me.
The leaves are falling down to get blown away
and the sedentary birds even quit their stay.
The sunny wheather 's completely changed to frost.
I am a tad tad tad bit lost. Oh, Mann ey!**