



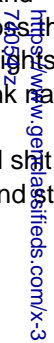
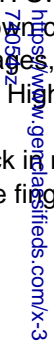
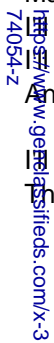
by "Cheesy" Dopey Dimestore-Swift
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Oh yes, I confess, I'm a miserable clown
Rejected by Taylor Swift, I'm beaten down;
Sniv'ling and sobbing and drowning in tears
Counting the bubbles in my stale warm beer;

Wishing and hoping to be on the scene
 I wish Taylor Swift in my green;
 I wish my fortune was waiting for fate
 I wish that all, yep, I wish I knew my fate.

Maybe I'll follow T. Swift's touring band
 I jump in my clown car, I'll criss-cross the land!
 Mine out to stages, will gay spotlights blazing
 And upstage Her Highness with twink navel-gazing!

I strut like a cock in my leather and shit
 Then give her the finger, all stinky and stiff;



I'll go back to Goodwill, get my old gig back
Cuz I'm just a clown, and a lyrical hack;