

## **The Process**

Patrick Goble

Holy fucking shit! He wrote another fucking song  
Why does he keep on writing them when hope has long been gone?  
He may not be Gaga, Miley, Jackson, or the King  
But let me tell you why this bearded fuck has got to sing

Twenty-four/seven, 3-6-5 days of the year  
In his mind the music plays 'a blasting in his ears  
A-B-C-D-E-F-G, the notes now play themselves  
And on the staff, the notes they dance like bearded fucking elves

It's just his process, how he makes himself/(sense of) this wreck  
It's just his process. Send him a motherfucking check

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He'll write a fucking song for every dick that's ever lived  
Pop, blues, rock, funk, dance, and trance—the man just wants to give  
Now open up your ears to him, you silly fucking sod  
And blast his jams from noon till night so loud you'll wake up God

Early in the morn when normal folks are getting up  
He's pounding keys and riding strings like monster fucking truck  
Eighth notes on his Cheerios and quarters in his tonic  
He's regular like fiber man and shits a philharmonic

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