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handsome and clever and he went cruising
into a crazy dream
two were a hundred million whos
(while only himself was him)

two were the cleanest keenest bravest
killers you'd care to see
(while a stuttering ghost that maybe had shaved
three times in its life made three)

brawny and brainy they sing and they whistle
(now here is a job to be done)
while a wisp of why as thick as my fist
stuck in the throat of one

two came hurrying home to the dearest
little women alive
(but jim stood still for a thousand years
and then lay down with a smile)