

The Luckless Inventor, or, Back to the Drawing Board, or, I Know I'm a Genius and That's All That Matters, or, So Much for Great Ideas...

He fancies himself an Edison;
finding a million ways
to fail,
yet eventually reaching success.

But hasn't reached success yet,
and he's definitely had his fair share
of failures.

Because
no one wanted a combination toothbrush-lighter
with flame retardant bristles,
or set of automatic toenail clippers,
or the pooper-scooper comb.

And nobody wanted a machine
that predigested food,
removing the hassle of chewing meals.

And absolutely *no one* wanted
a back massager
that doubled as an interchangeable
stainless steel cutlery set.

But he's got a feeling his luck is gonna change

Because this new invention,
this technological marvel
combining practicality with style,
it's going to be his ticket to fame.

His sheer genius is almost too much for him.
It amazes him that no one's thought of it before
And it excites him whenever he thinks the money he will make.

Oh the money.
There will be so much of it
He'll need another house to hold it all.
And that other house?
It'll be made from the extra money of course.
The money that couldn't fit inside of it.

Oh the money.
The beautiful money.

Yes, he will be rich.

And why will he be rich?
What is this magnificent invention that will change the world?
This revolutionary product of months of intense labor?

Why it's a combination
Lipstick-pepper spray contact lens carrying case
With rechargeable batteries.

Yeah, he can see the money house now....