Passing through Scranton
with my big baller hat on,
Megatron
Snackin’ on popcorn
Chilling with my snufflehorn
While climbing up the Matterhorn,
the snow covered summit was seen in the distance.
It’s sad – he just missed it
let slip through his fingers each small moment
The one thing he desired the most
Was to land the pepper flip
But it was a disaster and it landed on my friend’s head
Who had a giant sweatshirt which was red
Peter Piper picked
the sea route, hunting hidden gold
running for the paths to treasures untold
through thick and thin, through wet and cold
he wished he’d brought his towel
South, beyond the wide margin
Beyond the lines I once drew
lies some truth that once was true
within my worn out leather shoe

I traveled far and wide
Yet not along the straight and narrow limbs stretching beyond –
The terminus that marks the boundary of my being
The vision that defines the meaning of my seeing
I could grind to that
Except you have no rhythm
It’s in your soul but not in your feet
It’s in your head but not in your bed
It’s of your heart but not of your part
That your mind is lost to the eternal dark
Without a decisive journey on which to embark.
I lose pieces of myself going down dead ends
Life sucks… it’s a standard horse.
Here’s a monkey instead.
He’ll make you cry
You know I like it.
You know I loove it. <3