

Partridge

Pears

Never had anything but bad bad feelings, falling off all rupe and reeling, go long!
Cynical mess inside an empty bedroom, king came first and I'm the heirloom, what's wrong?

A wall plug, broken bottom pron, unhappy right where I belong.

Rolling down a hill.

I'm thick with indecision, conscience guarded, likely rot in prison, maintain!

Exchange of second hands a sort of ugly cousin, partridge in a pear tree I always was and I remain, a wall plug,
broken bottom prong, unhappy right where I belong.

Aforementioned sourness aside; I dug these trenches in which I reside.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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