Whatever Wakes McCool

Primitive Radio Gods

Quite a surprise.... What an ingenious device.
Boredom encompassesmy time. I don't know what I should do.
Indulging a moment of your time. Seldom the breeder of lies.
But you won't believe that it's true.They take to the sky.
Southbound Pachyderm.Pinholes through cardboard at the sun.
Passing the bucks by one by one, leaving nothing in return.
Watching the majsety blow past. Speculating which will be the last.
Savoring my piece of pie.And there is no reprise.
They take to the sky.
Southbound Pachyderm.

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

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