Capers

The Birthday Party

What has not got my heart in it, shall we be dubbed sir names?
With a million blither tongues, mounting bristling guilt frames
In the fake ache of the gloom loom, slippers slap me alive
The hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly typesSo we catch and thread a minstrel, bleed a tower down to it's ankles
So we can't go up or stay up, find the thumb dumb in your ear brain
Get unfunny such as choirs do, why the clock lock brought this one?
Just when things seemed so [Incomprehensible]
Like my tooth face, like my out-doCapers, capers, capers
Capers, capers, capersOh, a streak, oh, treacly ink, inks, tied my knees all up in elbows
Erase that lapsing smile tub, lose the slip of the small soap-fellows
Account the add ups till I do not, are we balanced? We're in business

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