

# The Mango Song

## Phish

Spasm waiter dropping to his knees, sees  
Slander on wrap paper ties  
Lifting up his head he feels the sunlight in his eyes  
Grasp a kettle top and shoot the breeze, please  
Ramble while slop scraper sighs  
Tossing in his bed at night he'll dream until he dies  
Operations at the sink  
The dribble liquid visible beneath his troubled eyes  
Feels it tilt and start to slide  
Mask a pretty hopper's foot with squeeze cheese  
Dangle some grape apple pies  
Tranquil and serene until he runs out of supplies  
Your hands and feet are mangoes  
You're gonna be a genius anyway  
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