Slingshot Professionals

Kelly Joe Phelps

Calculated entry in the class of circumspection
Reasoning, bargaining the last few drams of spirits
The serum of one's foolishness, oh, and truth be told in a cold pint head
Sixteen ounces of pure warlord dripping down the side of the glassYeah, we're marching 'cross the family's land with bagpipes and drums
Oh, the skirts are flying high, me boys, let's bust 'em in the shins
No matter nothing knowing, nothing owing, save the garden, save
Of a crooked, hobbled, garish man, oh, sundown in his eyes
Oh, in his eyesFifty year old walking stick worn through the lion's head
Carried proud like a saber on a limestone statuette
Oh, the littles can't decide which to lust for, which to desecrate
Imagination sits still with marbles in a drawerLotta slingshots, song and dancing, blasting out lead paned windows
Then the wing whipped curtains sway this way like giant Mockingbirds
Those damned lads and lasses have forgotten how to play
Hard pressed to find one, hard pressed to find one
Who ever learned how to sing

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