I Wish

King Missile

I Wish I had a story to tell
I Wish I knew the story of the cardboard man,
Or the Talking filmcanister, Or the Spoon that Moved
I Wish I knew the one about the wise guru
Or the honest Lizard
I wish I knew about the dog that dressed like a cat,
Or the mule that walked like rock
Or the tornado who swam like a statue of Carmen Miranda
I Wish I knew all these stories or had the inclination to make them up
I Wish I could sit on soft pillows and drink molten lava
I Wish I could make love to the sky
I Wish I could eat the corn of Joy and Sorrow
I Wish the sky was green and my body was bright blue
I Wish I could talk sideways and backwards
I Wish I could drive the tractor of Innocence and return the the life I never knew
I Wish I could drink chocolate champaigne
I Wish I had that Fax Number
I Wish I nothing could mean something and that everbody could have everything
Some wishes come true
Some of this wishes will come true
Others, are destined to become dreams deferred,
Shriveling up like grapes with sun tans,
But all is not lost,
No, all is not lost, not yet
I Wish I had 3 eyes, but of course, I have 3 eyes
I have clavoyant paranoia
I have precogant disetence
I have many other ways of seeing at my disposal
I have a garbage disposal, dinner plans and dog bisquets
I have many many options and a strong sense that freedom comes with in
But I shall never find it
Freedom is lost, Failure is just around the corner and the only thing that
Consoles me is the sound of my voice, and the fact that I don't cut myself
Shaving as I used too

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