In the Clear

Cap'n Jazz

Canine exhales my steam faced spit bath
Tippy toed
noses nippy cold touch
I'm looking up through gnarling gashers,
Through drooley jowls peering into my peer
Canine ate seven sick five year olds
Baretoothed brawls lost what they unmindedly kick
We shrug and barely bear hug
Grapple down to the ground
It's the same ground grounding us
the same ground grounding those that ground us
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, Lost
"Time to move on", they say
I'm sorry, but you gotta go
I'm hoping once I'm a big kid and I look down at the ground,
It'll seem further away
Canine ate seven sick five year olds
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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