

# Robin's Complaint

## Boiled In Lead

Beware of the women who grind up men's hearts  
They chew the four chambers and spit out all the parts.  
They paint their faces with such Byzantine arts  
And leave you used up in the morning.  
Beware of the women who promise blue skies  
There's tornado warnings in the back of their saof eyes.  
Like a weather forecaster, practiced in their lies  
They'll leave you a disaster in the morning.  
Beware of the women who open like fields  
You can plow all their furrows and count up all their yields,  
But then John Deere comes by with his newfangled wheels  
And leaves you with the children in the morning.

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