

## Ladies Choice

## The Gourds

Flyin down this hill on my schwin  
Well I guess this is where it all begins  
Go in sandburg come out like ray charles  
An odor of jasmine for yer flowers  
Sometimes on my bicycle rides  
These pleasantries fall from the trees  
Little quixote's fished out like floaties  
From the bevy of yer choice

Ladies choice

Flyin down this hill on my schwin  
Well I guess it all could have ended then  
Unlike consternation's quagmire above  
The streets firmly paved ways  
Coupled with speed and gravity  
And the craniums tendency  
To leak vital information  
All over the road to recovery