

you file me with the libertines  
I fold in line  
my monthly dole of magazines  
beaming bistro shine

in my ladle is your plum  
and my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs  
of your cutesy falling crumbs

I saw you at the snazzy din-din  
you made me sad that I watched  
I must say you truly packed 'em in  
nearly dearly debauched

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