

## Ladle

Cowboy Junkies

You file me with the libertines  
I fold in line  
My monthly dole of magazines  
Beaming bistro shines

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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