

I Want This Cyclops

Destroyer

Two French sisters on a DC-10
Sped from Dallas. Just imagine them:
Peppering their respected speeches with
Commas and cupids
And I-Don't-Wanna's, I-Don't-Think-So's.

It snows here in Sasquatch Country
Where the criminal element runs free.
Two singular eyes spied them,
A cyclops second goes by them,
When, upon their arrival, they say
(in a dispirited-but-comely way),
"I want this cyclops."

Two French sisters on a DC-10
Sped from Dallas. Just imagine them:
Peppering their respected speeches with
Commas and cupids
And I-Don't-Wanna's, I-Don't-Think-So's slow.

It's slow here in Sasquatch Country
Where the criminal element runs free.
One singular eye spies them,
A sloppy second goes by them,
When, upon their arrival, they say
(in a dispirited-but-comely way),
"I want this cyclops."