

Nearly Old Friends

Horse Feathers

Disgusting speed
For every word a dirty deed
And so they say
Take a week or month
But you need more than a day
For it to go away
But it couldn't be
What it never was

No war was waged
A year in silence
No penance paid
With a dirty tongue
Something wicked's bound
To this way come

Then we'll see
If we both have to crawl from the bottom
It's there we meet
Eye to eye and bent on some bedlam

The coast was clear
Turned out to be a cynic's year
With a dirty tongue
Something wicked's bound
To this way come