

Four Pounds in Two Days

Lambchop

They say you walk around
As if a ghost had crossed your path
And turned into a reading material

And as it happens to be chosen
From the torn or taffeta
You're frozen in the contemplation of a win

Okay, that was maybe a little heavy
On the word play
But as first thoughts go
They were mostly to the right

And as you register an itch
Or the things that makes you sweat
To accuse the weights and measures of a lie, a lie