Partridge

Pears

Never had anything but bad, bad feelings
Falling off all the ripe and reeling
Go long!

Cynical mess inside an empty bedroom
King came first and I'm the heirloom
What's wrong?

A wall plug
Broken bottom prong
Unhappy right where I belong

Rolling down a hill, I'm thick with indecision
Conscience guarded, likely rot in prison
Maintain!

Exchange of second hands a sort of ugly cousin
Partridge in a pear tree I always was and
I remain!

A wall plug
Broken bottom prong
Unhappy right where I belong

Aforementioned sourness aside:
I dug these trenches in which I reside

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