

## Cavern

Phish

Your time is near, the mission's clear  
It's later than we think  
Before you slip into the night  
You'll want something to drink  
Steal away before the dawn, and  
Bring us back good news  
But if you've tread in primal soup  
Please wipe it from your shoes

Just then a porthole pirate  
Scourged the evening with his cry  
And sanctuary bugs deprived  
The monkey of its thigh  
A dust arose and clogged my nose  
Before I could blink twice  
Despite the stuff that bubbled up  
I gave some last advice:

The flesh from Satan's dogs  
Will make the rudiments of gruel

Deduct the carrots from your pay  
You worthless swampy fool

Exploding then through fields and fen  
And swimming in the mire  
The septic maiden's gargoyle tooth  
Demented me with fire  
I drifted where the current chose  
Afloat upon my back  
And if perchance a newt slimed by  
I'd stuff it in my sack

Soon I felt a bubble form, Somewhere below my skin  
But with handy spine of hedgehog  
I removed the force within  
Suzie then removed her mask  
And caused a mighty stir  
The angry mob responded  
Taking turns at grabbing her

The foggy cavern's musty grime  
Appeared within my palm  
I snatched Rick's fork to scrape it off  
With deadly icy calm

The brothel wife then grabbed a knife  
And slashed me on the tongue  
I turned the blade back on the bitch  
And dropped her in the dung]

The crowd meanwhile had taken Sue  
And used her like a rag  
To mop the slime from where the slug  
Had slithered with the bag

In summing up, the moral seems

A little bit obscure...

Give the director a serpent deflector  
A mudrat detector, a ribbon reflector  
A cushion convector, a picture of nectar  
A virile dissector, a hormone collector

Whatever you do take care of your shoes