

I've alternated my meager flock  
To the shores of the Baltic Sea  
The teeth of time have stowed the rhyme  
Of how things should be

My cave, my house, my turning wheel  
My little docking pup  
The march of Colonel Forbin  
And his fleet hound called McGrupp

The grime of countless workdogs  
Has collected in my sink  
I tie my nose with spandex hose  
Before I get a drink

While on frozen warthogs  
With its poison in our minds  
The ferns that spot our children  
Are encased in orange rinds

All times and seasons are the reasons  
That people and their clans  
Have stowed the Famous Mockingbird  
With glue and rubber bands  
They writhe and cry in agony  
As Rutherford the Brave  
Chokes Tela and the Unit Monster  
Managing to save

The spotted striper's multi-beast  
And thereby cheat his grave  
I'd like to get his autograph  
But he looks too much like Dave [4-6 x]