The Mango Song

Phish

Spasm waiter dropping to his knees, sees Slander on wrap paper ties Lifting up his head he feels the sunlight in his eyes

Grasp a kettle top and shoot the breeze, please Ramble while slop scraper sighs Tossing in his bed at night he'll dream until he dies

Operations at the sink
The dribble liquid visible beneath his troubled eyes
Feels it tilt and start to slide

Mask a pretty hopper's foot with squeeze cheese Dangle some grape apple pies Tranquil and serene until he runs out of supplies

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