

Sing! Harpy

The Fall

The harpy was the tops
Whose hair contained some red
Thin white skeleton
Just too good in bed

He mother from the circus
Put her on Junior Show Time
Her father was much worse
Can't put why in this line

And in the little village
She was without malice
She left the moors behind her
And the beige heather
Packed her placky bag
With blocks of brown cannabis

She took a lousy Wednesday
Turned it into cold Spring
She got taller by the minute
She could sell you anything

And the morning after
I was quite astonished
She gripped me like a hawk
Her talons were quite famished

Ascend harpy
Sing harpy
Descend harpy
Give me harpy