The Skeezix Dilemma

Tourniquet

Silly childhood game – Uncle Wiggily
I cower in abject horror
Approaching space number 109
Home of the gaunt and haggard shell of the Skeezix

The emaciated figure
Harboring the greed of a thousand
Invading, thriving, ascaris whittles away
The self confidence of young minds
Casting doubt that they will
Ever reach the finish
To see for themselves
The segacious Uncle Wiggily

His mission now is complete
The arboreal king of misery and woe
Skeezix reposes high on a knotty forest crag
And the child still tries his best to
Stay in the game
But with insufficient, no volition
Plotted course of demolition
Goes through all the motions
Musing caveat emptor and
A predetermined failure

He draws a card and all his fears come true
Advance to 109
That's what you have to do

When Mr. Skeezix becomes Mr. Jones
Or you, or me
Just think of what it does to wreck
A child of two or three
They know and feel much more than
We will give them credit for
And all they want in life from you
Is love and nothing more
When painful eyes begin to cringe
When you walk through the door
Remember children are a gift of love
Sent from the Lord

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!