

Lambchop, Four Pounds In Two Days

They say you walk around
As if a ghost had
Crossed your path
Or turned into a reading material
As it happens to be chosen
From the torn or taffeta
You're frozen in the
Contemplation of a win

Ok maybe that was alittle
Heavy on the word play
But as first thoughts go
They were mostly to the right
As you register an itch
Or the thing that makes you sweat
To accuse the weights
And measures of a lie