

Adam Green, Bungee

She used to live
With an Indian chief
Who gave her the clappe
That he got from a priest.

Night after night,
I would lie with her pets
Like a mail order bride
In a box by the steps.

She went bungee jumping,
One fine day,
Off the cliffs of our friendship,
And at the bottom she stayed.

When they told me
That her body was found,
An astronaut drowned
In the Long Island Sound.

I tripped down the stairs in my basketball shoes.
And paddled downstream.
In my fathers canoe.

In the Kingdom of Bungee

The castle's been stained,
But the Kingdom of Incest
Still has a mighty fine name.