

Clutch, Wishbone

For Thanksgiving we had 'tatas,
succotash and rudebagas.
Then came turkey from the oven.
Broke the wishbone.
Covenants were sealed and set.

On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.
On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.

Christmas Eve we ate at Aunty's.
We had some ham glazed with honey.
Rolled the Yule log on the fire.
Threw the hambone to the dogs and went to bed.

On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.
On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.

In the morning the weathercock was heard
asking what he had learned of the Earth.
"Is it a round place with deserts and oceans,
housing as many winds as one might wish?"
We were standing by the gate.
He said, "Oh my, it's getting late!"
Then he took off flying to the south
with a black snake in his mouth.

You can shake it, break it, or glue it whole,
but there's no two ways about it with a broke wishbone
on the losing end.
You can shake it, break it, or glue it whole,
but there's no two ways about it with a broke wishbone
on the losing end.

For St. Patrick's we had cabbage,
corned beef stew, egg salad sandwich.
Then came the whiskey from the basement.
Danced all night into the dawn,
then held our heads.

On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.
On the losing end of a wishbone,
and I won't pretend not to mind.