

Clutch, Wishbone (Demo Version)

For Thanksgiving we had tatas, succotash, and rutabagas.
Then came turkey from the oven, broke the wishbone, covenants were sealed and set.
In the morning fish fell from the sky. I would not tell a lie to you.
And the black snakes, they turned to rainbow hues.
They sprouted wings and flew up to the Moon.
The weather cock, he tumbled down from the roof,
He announced that the black snakes were especially rude.
"Now I got no place to call my home!"
With a shrug he turned around and headed down the road.
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 ham bone to the dogs and went to bed.
In the morning the weather cock returned to share what he had learned from the Earth.
"It is a round place with deserts and oceans, housing as many winds as one might wish!"
We was 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, no two ways about it with a broke wishbone
ON THE LOSING END
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ON THE LOSING END
For St. Patrick's we had cabbage, corn beef stew, egg salad sandwich.
Then came whiskey from the basement.
Danced all night into the dawn and held our heads.
In the morning the worms attacked the town, St. Patrick came on down and prayed.
He expelled them into the Netherworld, and they were never heard from again.
The weather cock returned to roost on top of the roof.
"The April winds are near," he said, "I fear they are cruel.
But I'll let ya know which way they blow."
He looked above and said, "Oh no, the comet has come."
On the losing end of a wishbone, and I won't pretend not to mind
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