

Fischerspooner, Tone Poem

<In the sanctuary
Of private rhetoric
When a bustling crowd intrudes
Where rival ship meets no incentive
To impale its reckless course
(1?2?3?4)
Where all is lulled
To peace and quiet
Is of all places
The most appropriate
To illuminate
The sparkling fires of love
And receive in turn the electro-darts
Of sweet devotion
Doo doo dee dah dee doo doo
Sparkling fires
Electro-darts