

# Gourds, County Orange

Our little friend  
He didn't want to wear  
His white buckled shoes  
Nor was barefoot  
His speed  
He didn't like grocery store feet  
He was a fussy little kid  
When it came to footwear  
But on Friday he could wear whatever he damn well pleased

The jive ass trickery  
That makes this anything  
But what it is  
Dressed in county orange or city gray

Got rubber sandals  
Just to be safe

Metaphorically speaking  
We find our little friend  
Back in his white buckled shoes again  
The Monday if you will  
Of our Friday  
Spent in tailored bliss  
But if you strip the myth  
Away from the man  
It's just one to six months  
Of Mondays for our little friend