

# Gourds, January 6

Waiting for the lozenge to clear yer throat  
So you can stand up and say all the words you wrote  
All along the fences, all along the lines  
Yer gumption's fading and the honeysuckle's dyin'  
Honeysuckle's dyin' and the birds all cry

Rain around the houses, rain around the limbs  
Everything yer hating is everything you been

So pass around the roses, shiny up the bell  
How dry I once was there ain't no tung can tell

Twist another ashbone, make it phat and loose  
Apply the isopropyl and play that ol' gray goose  
All along the fences, all along the lines  
Yer gumption's fading and the honeysuckle's dyin'  
Honeysuckle's dyin' and the birds all cry