

Gourds, Ladies Choice

Flyin down this hill on my schwin
Well I guess this is where it all begins
Go in sandburg come out like ray charles
An odor of jasmine for yer flowers
Sometimes on my bicycle rides
These pleasantries fall from the trees
Little quixote's fished out like floaties
From the bevy of yer choice

Ladies choice

Flyin down this hill on my schwin
Well I guess it all could have ended then
Unlike consternation's quagmire above
The streets firmly paved ways
Coupled with speed and gravity
And the craniums tendency
To leak vital information
All over the road to recovery