

Imani Coppola, Pigeon Penelope

Pigeon Penelope

A trip today,
about seventeen times.
I was walking down the street,
saying "Keep in line, keep in line";
I wandered for about 17 feet.
Found my destination,
it was right across the street.
The park was nice,
the bums were chilling.
I dime for advice,
that was you.
I was willing,
to hear a chill bum having something to say.
Besides, here's a cup,
give me money while I lay.
Perched up in a tree,
spread your wings,
and then chose me.
You see.
'Cos I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.
Eyed the bird,
then my friend appeared.
He said:
"Imani how you feeling? 'Cos you acting kinda weird."
Mind went blank,
I couldn't explain.
Came up with something fast,
to prove that I was sane.
"It's that thing above me, not you sir, don't worry."
A bit disturbed,
left in a hurry.
Hand shake,
kiss on the cheek.
"You need some time, I'll see you in a week."
Perched up in a tree,
spread your wings,
and then chose me.
You see,
that I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.
Down came your little package.
Knocked me right off my feet.
If I could I swear I'd kill you.
Sugar cube's sure taste sweet,
with a pigeon.
Perched up in a tree,
spread your wings,
and then chose me.
You see,
that I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.