

Phish, Mcgrupp And The Watchful Hosemasters

I've alternated my meager flock
To the shores of the Baltic Sea
The teeth of time have stowed the rhyme
Of how things should be

My cave, my house, my turning wheel
My little docking pup
The march of Colonel Forbin
And his fleet hound called McGrupp

The grime of countless workdogs
Has collected in my sink
I tie my nose with spandex hose
Before I get a drink

While on frozen warthogs
With its poison in our minds

The ferns that spot our children
Are encased in orange rinds

All times and seasons are the reasons
That people and their clans
Have stowed the Famous Mockingbird
With glue and rubber bands

They writhe and cry in agony
As Rutherford the Brave
Chokes Tela and the Unit Monster
Managing to save

The spotted striper's multi-beast
And there by cheat his grave
I'd like to get his autograph
But he looks too much like Dave