

# Son Ambulance, A New Dress For Maybell

My poet my brother the wicked child  
Who wrote his verse to tame the wild  
His song was terrifying true &#039;cause all that love had gone  
The ink that sweats beneath his eyes spoke of pain where comfort lies  
And I watched him pen a perfect sonnet even as he cried

Oh, merciful love of mine  
Would you be so kind?  
It should not hurt but if it does to leave this wretch behind

After the winter returned her linen gown  
She asked &quot;My lord, why am I plain?&quot;  
With no fair smile and by my sword unsatisfied was slain  
The crowning nymph that she would have all bloody and bare with violet hair  
It was enough to convince Maybell that she was but a maid

Oh, beautiful friend of mine  
Would you be so kind?  
It should not hurt but if it does  
To leave this wretch behind you  
Oh, yeah  
Oh, no  
Oh, yeah  
It&#039;s all, it&#039;s all, it&#039;s all I could afford