

Squirtgun, Mr. Orange

Drain the gourd with a muddy stick

Take the body out, spit the seeds at the land. Add powder for the bomb.

Find a human trinket and explode it with this line

"I'm an arsenal in fact and now your style is mine."

Take a look. What is left?

Mob of tears and ditch of weed.

Mr. Orange you've grown up sad,
and now your orchard's science blind.

Dig a hole. Jump inside. Peek out your fear.

Read about an iron hand. Pretend that he is near.

Drink a little vodka now, loosen up your brain.

Arsenals have random days, your weapons pour down rain.

Take a look. What becomes of uniforms and misery?

Mr. Orange you've grown up hard, and your is science blind.

Then the admonition comes.

You can't find your fuzzy feet.

The fist that strikes you is a shard.

Mr. Orange you're full of seeds.

You'll be here for a thousand years

Sick and tired. A lofty fruit.

Mr. Orange you paint up nice,
and now your orchard's still and pocked.