

Wolfe Tones, The Firey Furnaces

Pick up your trumpet,
your plastic pretend trumpet:
blow me your horn today
Pick up your tambourine,
your Fisher Price My First Tamborine:
jingle and jangle today.
Plug in your keyboard,
your symphonic sound samba Samsung:
pick out a tune today.
Turn off your radio
shut away your stereo
put away your discman
and play me a tune today:
I rub the peg-paste and the chalk in.
scrape and the wolf-notes start to grrr.
I did a donkey's back with fixed frog
and I martellato the slur.
Through an open wound you watch the guts go,
cut cross the cat line, thick and thin.
All overspun and resigned-up a slow stick trills me, trills me:
She varnished all around her F-holes;
blue tape take aim, but the arms are too low.
Legato look and sawing detache:
but you want to bust your bow.
Bow down and wipe off, snap the case closed.
Madame Professor says Well done.
But an electric stroboscopic frequency meter'd say otherwise.
I scratch harmonicas in half-position;
I pinch my e-string rat-a-tat;
I double stop on any open string;
screw my G on up to B-flat.