## Bitter Lemon

Have you seen the yellow hunchbacks sit And try to tint their shades And discuss discord politics And suck on rotten eggs.

Have you seen their flowing fire With flames of thickened red They pat their children on the back And stab them in the head

Have you smelled their foul; offensive breath That waters all the eyes Of everyone who stands around And all who may pass by

> Have you heard their inane mumblings Which promise soon someday They'll pull the knives out of their kids And let them run and play.

Have you seen their tired bloodshot eyes From which flow plastic tears They say they're sorry for their kids And have another beer

Then they call another loved one And stab them in the head And yellow plastic hunchback tears Flow 'cause their kid is dead.

Have you seen the yellow hunchbacks sit And plasticize ideas And with eyes closed say what is not And then mumble what is

Soon they'll eat their cold ambrosia And then they's start to die Cause somehow yellow poison toadstools Got in the mushroom pie.

Opus 27 (1969)



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