Throw Down Your Rose

Crawling out your Uncle's alley I eat your flowing flowered robe The warmness of your pet Italian And his pet's pet plastic crow

With that I'll younger you
Until you do
Uncle too
To do you

Throw down your rose.

As the long light night lingers
The bright white starts to glow
You scratch your scabby scratching fingers
Knowing Uncle only knows

With that I'll dip your ear In flat warm beer Uncle's queer Queer beer ear

Throw down your rose.

As your purple pregnant passions Cheerfully chew up your soul Midget minds will waken Uncle And he'll never sleep no more With that I'll bite your back

Around your fat
Until it's black
Fat black back

Throw down your rose.

Crawling back to Uncle's alley
Feelin' my meatball muscles grow
Nicely nourished by emotion
And your flowing flowered robe
With that I'll pinch your head

Watch it get red
See it dead
Dead red head

Throw down your rose.

Opus 47 (1971)

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