

THE THE THE THE THE BEFORE WE GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER LET ME GIVE YOU THE LOW DOWN GATE

e r P
 n l
 n a
 i D nd Iso e t
 as you I was
 told to walk the
 straight and narrow
 to reach my gaol. But
 one bright, grinding and
 sharp bite I found in
 my smother's eyes.
 And I know it's the fas
 But to me verbiage don't stink. hion to word stingy CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK
 Like the fair IBM used to think it I love to roll in words to LINK LINK LINK LINK LINK LINK LINK
 And I ain't afraid to splash in on all fours in fat Balzac INK INK INK INK INK INK INK
 After a generous lifetime of putting up with enormous fake moral KINK KINK KINK KINK KINK
 I don't think a chew from choicely need be so sucked SINK SINK SINK SINK SINK SINK -
 Ok! Ok! So I opened the bright gates, the everlasting doors. CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK
 CLINK. So? Is it my fault? Rochester? Well! Is it my fault at all? ALL ALL ALL ALL
 ALL that stuff that was in there? Gaudi hot on all that abstrusilated pure golden wall?
 Was miles and miles of laudi, laudi light encrusted haughty, piles of gaudy smile tiles?
 No Popes. No Inmans. No Brahmins. No Lamas. No Rabbis. No. No fake pure angel smiles.
 Can I help it? Is it my fault? Ovidi Nasonis? Paradise is so non-full of non-dolor moral WHORE CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK
 Go in back of this white page rack- if you will please CLINK far enough to go profo undly back,
 All there is behind every thing is a great big less than nothing brink drink of absolute n o light wrack.
 All there is, all you see, friends, pork bellies, amiable non-entities, is bright star wink on no light black.
 On this poor white sheet brink CLINK please don't just see a flaming cascade of just plain good taste gate.
 ☞ !Perhaps the smo othest assemblage! Way! Way! down around th e spot that's hot! ☞
 ☞ !Ever to sing pleasure's mirth! Woo! !Ever assembl ed here on earth! ☞
 See a Self al one on a vacant Woo! rack indulg ing in Self worth-
 And hear one charming, winged non-flying, Porker explain
 Haltingly in the main hock what is in the pen of each refrain.
 Or, like the sweet, milk large breasts of love's best, our dear Mae West,
 Sense the gates of p eace, joy, and light CLINK delight as your eyes sink in the rest.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back of that is star CLINK One fat star flat on its CLINK croaks there's no law against screaming Refrain right into the end stroke choke. Thee. The. The. That's sooner or later we all come to the burden in the end we must CLANG, folks,