

What The Matter Is.

All's well that ends well but where's that initial spark?
Have we lingered here so long that we're fumbling in
the dark?

We're both from different planets encircling
yonder skies

One can tell it by my manner and I can see it
in your eyes.

The quote that: "only fools rush in where
wisemen fear to tread"

Must be meant for those poor imbeciles who'll
be our next in bed.

We'll strap them with our yearnings
and punnel them with woes

And then ask God in heaven
where the hell that feeling goes.
I truly wonder sometimes

What the High and Mighty thinks
Did He in His craft of seven days
plan on needing as many drinks?

I'll tell you what the matter is
we've stopped learning how to play

And we take ourselves too seriously
to make it through the day.
I would suggest we become like children
in Life's Fascinating Yarn -
Do belly Flops, listen to The Pops
and go tumbling off a barn.

For through those delighted eyes
we'll see
As we whistle through the dark
That winding path down a Memory Lane
that contains our initial spark.



by

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