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)
BITTER LEMON

HAVE YOU SEEN THE YELLOW?
HAVE YOU SMELLED THEIR FOUL OFF-
HAVE YOU SEEN THEIR TIR-
HAVE YOU SEEN THE YELLOW

HUNCHBACKS SIT AND TRY TO TINT THEIR
FEN-SLUE BREATH THAT WATERS ALL THE
BLOOD-SHOT EYES FROM WHICH FLOWS PLAS-
HUNCHBACKS SIT AND PLAS FICIZE 10-

SHADES AND DIS-CUSS DIS-CHORD COLO-
TEARS THEY SAY THEY'RE SOUR-FY FOR THEIR
AND WITH CLOSED EYES SAY WHAT IS

KIDS AND ALL WHO MAY PASS BY
NOT AND THEN MUMB-L-LE WHAT IS

HAVE YOU SEEN THEIR FLOWING FI-IRE WITH
HAVE YOU HEARD THEIR IN-ANE MUMB-LINGS WHICH
THEN THE CALL AN-OTHER LOVED ONE AND
SOON THEY'LL EAT THEIR GOLD AM-BROS-SIA AND

FLAMES OF PROMISE THICK-ENED RED
STAB HIM IN THE HEAD
THEY'LL PAT THEIR
THEY'LL PULL THE
Children on the back and stab them in the knives out of their kids and let them run and hunch-back plastic tears flow cause their kid is yellow poison toad-stools got in the mushroom head play dead pie