

## Birgit "Capers"

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What has not got my heart in it shall we be dubbed sir  
names  
Wither million blither tongues mounting bristling guilt  
frames  
In the fake - ache of the gloomloom slippers slap me  
alive!  
The hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly  
types  
So we can catch and thread a minstrel bleed a tower  
down to it's ankles  
So we can't go up or stay up find the thumb dumb in  
your ear brain  
Get unfunny! such as choirs do why the clocklock  
bought up this one  
Just when things seemed so paperparent like my  
toothface? like my out-do?

Capers... capers...

Oh a streak, o'treacly ink-inks tied my knees all up in  
elbows  
Erase that lapsing smile tub lose the slip of the small  
soap-fellows  
Account the addups till I do-nots are we balanced?  
we're in business!  
Idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's...all legs and  
armour  
I had a dreadful diehood diehard, drunken, sunken,  
monk-heart  
Oh I had a wonderful diehood thanks to my fa, fa,  
family

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