

The Birthday Party "CAPERS"

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What has not got my heart in it, shall we be dubbed sir
names?

With a million blither tongues, mounting bristling guilt
frames

In the fake ache of the gloom loom, slippers slap me
alive

The hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly
types

So we 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 clock lock
brought this one?

Just when things seemed so [Incomprehensible]

Like my tooth face, like my out-do

Capers, capers, capers

Capers, capers, capers

Oh, a streak, oh, 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 add ups till I do not, are we balanced?

We're in business

Idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's, all legs and
amour

I had a dreadful die hood, die hard, drunken, sunken,
monk-heart

Oh, I had a wonderful die hood, thanks to my fa, fa,
family

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