

Falkenbach

"Sing Harpy"

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The harpy was the tops
Whose hair contained some
red
Thin white skeleton
Just too good in bed.
He mother
from the circus
Put her on junior show time
Her father
was much worse
Can't put why in this line
And in the
little village
She was without malice
She left the moors
behind her
And the beige heather
Packed her placky*
bag
With blocks of brown cannabis.
She took a lousy
wednesday
Turned it into cold spring
She got taller by
the minute
She could sell you anything
And the morning
after
I was quite astonished
She gripped me like a
hawk
Her talons were quite famished
Ascend harpy
Sing
harpy
Descend harpy
Give me harpy

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