

Fall

"Don't Call Me Darling"

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[first two lines whispered by Brix]

Don't call me darling

Don't call me darling

Harbouring [audience]

hates this

wants this

she hates this

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

The long black hair

of wretched blue [bottle?]

darting all over

to no avail

I got zero tolerance

My head full [paggerel swamp]

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

People hate beauty

I cannot fathom it

They smell of old [pallid]

voices thick with

Bouncing Jackson

with stupidity

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

[[Don't call me darling

Soon there will be dancing

around the queue strippy

high and cheap

why do people hate beauty

I cannot fathom it

a bouncing...

>>Don't call me darling

>>Don't call me darling

..brown suit...

>>Don't call me darling

..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..bouncing...
>>Don't call me darling
..why...do...people...hate...
>>Don't call me darling
>>Don't
>>call
>>me
>>darling

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