

## Floetry

### "The Ol' Beggars Bush"

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Stuck on limbo bridge Then laughs through the chaos  
of it all Gets up off his chair Spins a jig to my despair  
Where below me ol' Nick grins He can't wait to count  
the times where I went wrong Underneath the bush, lay  
a beggar out of luck On his lips, was a taste he forgets  
His hopes were filled with sand That he watched fall  
through his hand So go and bow your head and weep  
Every grain, was a lifetime of regret For your world  
won't change while you sleep Yeah, go and bow your  
head and weep For the summer that was lost, now is  
gone Fertile Mrs. Moore had thirteen kids Till her ol'  
man jumped leave on a ship But still looked good But  
by Christ she understood She never read a book That  
the meanin' of life Starts in bed So go and bow your  
head and weep Yeah, go and bow your head and weep  
For your world won't change while you sleep For the  
summer that was lost, now is gone I hope that bastard  
is beneath a head of stone Killer Kilbain kicked me  
senseless everyday For all the madness I now crave  
Where I'd dance upon his grave While the scars that  
remain are still a curse So I'm stuck on a limbo bridge  
Where below me ol' Nick grins Then laughs through the  
chaos of it all Gets up off his chair Spins a jig to my  
despair He can't wait to count the times where I went  
wrong Yeah, he can't wait to count the times where I  
went wrong

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