

Francis Dunnery

"A Pen And Ink"

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Went to the store to buy me a pen
The pen wouldn't write so I traded for a hen
The hen wouldn't lay so I traded for a ray
The ray wouldn't shine so I traded for a vine
The vine wouldn't swing so I traded for a ring
The ring wouldn't fit so I traded for a hit
The hit wouldn't run so I traded for a gun
The gun wouldn't shoot so I traded for a flute
The flute wouldn't blow so I traded for a hoe
The hoe wouldn't heave like holes in a sieve
Like folds in a sleeve and I think it's time to leave
So don't underestimate the power of the pen
Because the power of the mind translates into the pen
And if the power of the pen comes from w/in
Like the power of the mind that makes you think
Just think will this pen ever run out of ink?
The pen kept gliding on a piece of paper
The hand was guiding it 'cuz sooner or later
Thoughts would emerge everytime I get
The urge to write on a pad all the thoughts I ever had
We write the right rhymes so don't try to bite mine
In spite of this you still write to spite
We write the songs that make people sing along
You write for a fee and make a lot of enemies
You dig for the dirt get cash for the trash
How much would it cost for you to kiss my ass?
Because the pen is mightier than the sword
Heavens to Betsy, oh, my Lord!
If you believe, you shall receive
And if you deceive, we will besiege
Because the power of the mind translates
Into the pen And if the power of the pen comes from
within
Like the power of the mind that makes you think
Just think, will this pen ever run out of ink?
Yeah? Use a pencil

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