

## **Francis M. "Pen & 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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