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## Gourds "My Time, Yer Time"

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Folds and folds of hurling whirling words come spilling out yer hole

Dont intellectualize yer eloquent vomit when you rise Now peter had paul don't have it I have it have it said i In this rolling glowing growing stolen place that don't belong to me

It ain't funny you say ok I had it up to here with you

This giddy little lifetime yer time my time don't agree with you Some temper axes in the fire some sharpen knives upon a stone Some chop up veggies in the hobart some use the bloody robo coup

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