

## **Herman Düne** **"Metal Mash"**

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It all comes down to this:

A fragment, a piece

Whatever you do or say

It only makes a difference to-day

Won't you be a doll and open a jar of pickles

If I were you I'd take off your shirt and use it

I'm afraid I've torn both my ankles

But I have something to say before I totally lose it

She waters her eyelashes often enough

To make them grow dark and salty

Now she's smooth, groovy and tough

But we'd all be home if it wasn't for the party

Now when I die, I wanna die in a plane crash

I know they don't happen so often

But dying quickly, in the fire and the metal mash

Sounds like destiny, and almost fun

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