

Imani Coppola "Pigeon Penelope"

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A trip today,
About seventeen times.
I was walking down the street,
Saying "Keep in line, keep in line"
I wandered for about 17 feet.
Found my destination,
It was right across the street.
The park was nice,
The bums were chilling.
I dime for advice,
That was you.
I was willing,
To hear a chill bum having something to say.
Besides, here's a cup,
Give me money while I lay.

Perched up in a tree,
Spread your wings,
And then chose me.
You see.
'Cos I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
Eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.

Eyed the bird,
Then my friend appeared.
He said:
"Imani how you feeling? 'Cos you acting kinda weird."
Mind went blank,
I couldn't explain.
Came up with something fast,
To prove that I was sane.
"It's that thing above me, not you sir, don't worry."
A bit disturbed,
Left in a hurry.
Hand shake,
Kiss on the cheek.
"You need some time, I'll see you in a week."

Perched up in a tree,
Spread your wings,

And then chose me.
You see,
That I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
Eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.

Down came your little package.
Knocked me right off my feet.
If I could I swear I'd kill you.
Sugar cube's sure taste sweet,
With a pigeon.

Perched up in a tree,
Spread your wings,
And then chose me.
You see,
That I was feeling fine.
Pigeon Penelope,
Eventually you will leave me alone.
It's just a matter of time.

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