

Craig's Brother "Womanneed"

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That happy updraft that wafts me hither. Spurned by man nor beast. Draws my love-a-bubblin' in there. Into that hot pool of Womanneed. Like the rud of two sticks wooden. This Womanneed is old as fire. The burnin' lure of that kissy puddin's. The ancient curse of mankind's desire. Oh Womanneed. I got the faith. Oh the power that flows so sweet. From the tower of salvation. To that hot pool of Womanneed. As Jacob said to Isaiah. In them biblin' days of yore. Man that babe is a tomata. Oh my Lord I'm longin' for. Like the funnel of the tornado. Like the whirlpool of stromy seas. My head spins to the serenado of that wanton Womanneed.

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