

## Fiery Furnaces, The "Mason City"

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Came a card marked Mason City  
From my forwarder  
Shut the door, don't let my dad see  
Read aloud, Dear sir

Understanding you account an upright gentlemen  
Aetna Life agreed and lent  
By the way, my fee is two point six percent

Write again the Riceville widow  
S-A-S-E  
I would guess they'll be turned out though  
I'll still make my plea

If the Dunlay heirs cannot be seen to care  
Then the Banker's Trust will surely think it fair  
To not give extensions, as they musn't dare

Write Des Moines on several matters  
And I near anoint  
Ladle thick the pleasant flatters  
And then comes the point

Mr. Nelson wouldn't like to hear it said  
As he's too proud, so I do it in his stead  
He shall need an extension, so it read

Take the Oregon Short Line to Salt Lake  
Take the Pere Marquette, take the Michigan Central  
To West Madison for Christ's sake  
Forgemen, Molders, Blacksmiths, Boilermakers  
None on the make  
Up for shade on Crumb Hill  
Get something to make my hands still  
But now, wait

How are you my nabs  
Little tender footed crabs  
Meet my knuckle duster

You geeched that gazoon's gow

Tried to break into the bow  
Go wipe your nose

I'm just hanging out with some noler knockums  
Just passing time waiting till my stack comes

Prussian who got jackeded  
My snapper till your knockeded  
Get on the snam

The chivman wants your chip  
Better dummy up then go dip  
You're out of turn

I learned that the lowest form of life is the buffer  
nabber  
Even worse than the dicer stabber

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