

## Annuals

# "Complete, Or Completing"

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Well I know  
I ain't spoken of love in  
A coon's age.  
But I can't help it now.  
Just helping myself to  
Whatever I can.

I chose  
The softest  
Kind of dove  
To chase around,  
To place bound and stout  
In a pose  
Of arrogance, and loneliness,  
Of cleanliness.

Silence all the clocks tonight.  
It's show time, with drinks to spill.  
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds  
To send you back home with peace of mind.

Well I pace myself  
When marching  
Because I tangle up  
My legs if I don't  
Slow down,  
And look at my woman;  
Remember that everything is round,  
Complete, or completing.

Silence all the clocks tonight.  
It's show time, with drinks to spill.  
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds  
To send you back home with peace of mind

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