

John Woog Johnson
6464 Dillon Drive #106
Pueblo, Colorado 81008
719-214-0674
johnwoog@undertoad.com

“Random”
(by John Woog Johnson)

Fumbling, grumbling, I just heard something, it must be the clicking of a lock
Staggering, stumbling, stock market tumbling, why do you suppose they didn't just knock

Lion, cryin', hopes are diein', and I'm really feeling kinda weird
Trying, plying, sure I'm lying but the truth's so near to here my dear

Milky, silky, everyone felt he, could make it in the end
Ladders, flatter, on a puff adder and now my leg won't bend my friend

Crinkle, single, get out and mingle, the rain is due at three
Whompin', chompin', after the drop he looked a lot like me, don't he

Hairy, scary, you say you double dare me, even though I'm in the lead
Pound it, round it, you shouldn't make a sound, it'll only seed their need for greed

Liars, pliers, there's clothes in the dryer, and my love's down the block
Donuts, go nuts, everyone who showed was dancing in their socks on the rocks

Fire, dire, gonna play a squire, need an ax with brass jacks
Lumber, under, the rumble of the thunder, tripping down the hall and slipping on the wax

The sun, a gun, the hot cross buns, everyone was headed for the door for sure
Thinkin', blinkin', no time for winkin', I'm bored, gored, adored and tore up

We're through, the crew, don't know what to do, the tsunami's rushing to shore
The sand is grand, but I'm living on the land and I won't go to the beach no more

You pull the wool from the back of a bull, runnin' down a street in Spain
A mind is fine but it gets to be a grind when all your feeling is pain, insane

Ripe, tripe, let's talk about my life, groovin' on a sunny afternoon
Monday, Sunday, we all knew that one day this song would be through, didn't you

One more thing, goats got wings, the rhino plays the horn
If you got a buck then your in luck, so just be glad you were born

Copyright © 2013