Brakeman's Ice Skates

Its daddy laid a track · a railroading son
Needed a stack of money · So now a brakeman
He got icy on boxcars · Sometimes it snowed
Standing up there · Crapping pants drinking smoke
Got handed up now and then a cup of hot water
They heated up front with a wood burning fire
Not a DAMN second of time watch to sleep
A knapsack on his back would have food to eat
Limber and waiting for orders for the stop
He barged on the boxcars as a stream hop
Smuthed out chain links on his boots for skates
Turned hopping to sliding while waiting to brake
Like I said would never leave even filling his pants
But on the boxcars tops he'd slide and dance
This fellow carried rocks soon and a sling too
Passing water for floating on an icy afternoon
Hitting targets with rock spitting and chunk bark
He'd piss, stand solid, throw well into dark
Some thought Danny Dagg the ice skating bloke
Would laugh up a town if he dressed like a ghost
Tiner idea was to knock out a window in
A house while skating up there white as a cloud
He was done up with flour rags and lantern mouth
Breaking 6 panes his ghost fun to town
Well, doom hit that place from that skate show

The churches filled up to heaven they'd go
Brake life wasn't for skating Danny learned
So he took off the links and just crapped,
braked & burped

Fixing and Mixing Cracked Skulls

LONG BIRTHS DEEP IN WOMENS SAT
THE COMING OUT THE HEADS BLEEDING CRACKS
DRAGGING CLOTH SKIN AND SCREAMING GHOSTS
SO THAT CUD MAGIC AND PLACE BIRTH BACK

ON A TORN OFF ROOF
FROM AN EASTERN WIND MONSOON
THE LARGE HOUSE GRAZED ON BLEW IN
SIX BULLS STOOD FAT AND LOOMED

THE GRIN ON THE HEADS ROUND THE NECK
THE STOMACHS WERE FIVE EACH PER
CROOKED EYED LOOKING DOWN
ADVICE SPELLED OUT ON ARM LEG SORES

MIXED LIME BREAD FEED AND DEATH SAUCE
PUSHING INTO THE MUDGED OUT BRAIN
SOFT SKULLS MENDED WITH TONGUE AND FINGER
BUT IN THE SHAPE OF POTTERY MAKED

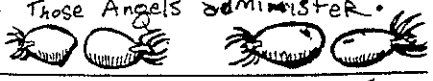
BODIES TOGETHER AND LIMBS MIXED AROUND FUR
AND WALKED TO THE DRUM OF THE DEAD
AND WHEN THAT BEAT JUMPED OUT
IT WAS ON THEIR OWN THEY FED

PREGNANT WITH NEW STOMACH UNDER THE OLD
A COLOR APART EACH HOLDING DISEASES AND MOLD
THE HEAD TOUCHED BY FLIES AND CROSSED RED HOARDS
EACH WITH COW WISDOM ARMS THOUGHTFUL FOLD

FLEEGHS HATCHED AND THE HEADS EMPTIED
THE SKULLS SAT AND WHISTLED UNDER GOLD FUR
THE STOMACHS AND HEADS THROWN INTO ENEMIES TENTS
RUNNING BIG EYED SCREAMING A CUT INTO A WHIMPER

Hannah's Medicinal Tick Collection

It's a tough Tooted virtue that makes tick collectin
spirit. The mind catches flame again another
passing out to her merit. In the east its
bleeders and leeches that make for better
dreams
Out in the west we count on wristlet tick
medicinal drinks. with a wrist ringed wit
ticks and the back head padded straw,
The ticks are making purred honey they're
sipping poisons in a slow draw, Hannahs
old tick collection is for hearts a wonderfu
ease As beautiful as jewelry red tick hone
plucked from unhealthy viens
A stark mad crazy fool took off the straw
padded hat, ere the ticks had finished thi
work the passout made head flat
Listen to Hannah she can touch your lif
life with healing treatments!
The only asking is ticks for red tick hon
and none can claim being cheated!
Sometimes when falling over you can he
a heavenly bugle in your ear
Get that hat on your head and
Let Those Angels administer!



Fall Off the Wharf

Nothing pains me more as lonesome wingy
Who has no arms & carries water bounce
Yes, mouth filled up and shoulder slung water basket
Man pad cook, ax, axe and the other wheeled over it
Wont cook for himself a new rigging chickets
Takes off the parts body propped on a picket
Disarrolls of hell sent to above, to fetch water
Swallowed a little lack time now has biggest bladder

Wingy wingy wingy wingy wingy wingy wingy!
Music sweetly pushed him out to the other shore
The largest drink of all the stern drinking of the wharf
Solitaire is the game playing cards with his mitts
Rabies is a good chance for the souls spin his audience
Poor pocket change your jewel and charms
To carry your water in badness and pain
Break cornacopia tangy leaked crud
High with hoe sebright & be-silvered wear, pet
Rides that jaunts up stout and strong
And a team or a chassis that steers the bridles on
Stayed steady stove oxing pushing us shore to shore
Wombs or heaven is hard death breath
Horse pucked it off the chart
Was on the way out, a lady, stabled for
Heaven may be real as the womb cursed sorrow

Cooking Stove Beast

I comes my and the cons come more The men sit around and cuss
Wife covers ears children scare near No one said such a fuss
The cash needs us fed with a thick feather bed Bring one over to eat
Panther piss and lady sweat. Drinks passed around to crawl on knees
One day we come off stove still crackling hotter than a bowl of chile in red
The men carouse about piss the fire to calm out the stove screamed and waiting
I chased round the house down stairs wood and ash paint the walls
Threw up our stairs I heard there screaming out threatening my legs
It come to more the evening was more bitch iron front a church steeple
I got it cheap bitch as it is from poverty stricken holy people
I could smell the piss on the iron from top and burned up bloody hearts
I want that beast a punch and a quiver I thought about and I didn't start
So I grabbed up the axe and hopped out the window
The body cushioned my fall
I loomed up as the house was choking screaming the window too small
I surmised that I should run out and find a big pond or lake
I stripped down naked now and front the house for a chase
I found in the door punching a hole for the pipe to push through
The stove screaming wailing wanting to fry my ass I make blood stew
I ran high and low it was from yellow to red iron hot
Then over the sound. Then birds pond singing and wet wood rot
I hopped in the drink cold but the stove hopped in too legs went red
The boiling water and thunder claps almost blew off my head
The ranch alone daughters barn home smoking to the bone
Neeth later more hands to help asking of the red hand paint floor and
Where's a stove?

the Swoon Skirt Accomplishment

[illegible] accomplished a lot for everyone, so it too will be
[illegible] accomplished nothing alive big fat as I can think better as I can think
With setting out today I think useless isn't enough
Time spent to build a swoon skirt that's only worn a get on and another to take off
Early sewing the morning together with firewood and scrub
The wives a coat a broad spring hardened by frying soup and blood
Knife and leg hide boots worn out over hot iron graves
Reaching to the grave and [illegible] the board silas prayers and pain
Affairs so of plates and cups loudly clank ringing out
In the old days coat that drag down for touching the ground
Into a door I've got to stand up put up the chute and button
The alarm is astound an oak coat in heaven will sound wood trumpets
Goats are dead goats are dead goats are dead
I will stick them on get myself needle and thread
Wing punch holes in a ring around their curved rock,
Fan [illegible] the year away that lost year that I've never known
The skin is a mast to which the swoon skirt I've sewn

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