

A Story From Tom Bitz

Kaleidoscope

I met a person recently on a train, it was going south
I very shyly tried to speak to her but the words, they stuck in
my mouth

"Come here," she said to me, in a voice I could hardly see

"Pray, tell me what is it with you? Why are you looking there at
me?"

I spoke to her without thinking, I said, "I love you, I do believe!"

She slapped my face with both her hands and asked me if I would
leave

I screamed, "Oh no, I didn't mean that, but then again, yes, I
think I did!"

She said, "Ok, Tom, come over here," and she opened up the lid

Of the suitcase that she was carrying underneath her arm

From which she took two little bottles, I knew I'd come to harm

She made me drink the liquid and my head began to reel

I soon found myself upon the floor, I could not see or could not
feel

When I came to, the train I was in, it had made its final stop

And as I opened up my eyes, there before me was a cop

He said that I was drunk and without money, pride and ticket to
go

Then they ran me down the County Jail, oh, what else could they
do?

I tried to explain about the lady who was with me on the train

But they all stood round and looked at me like I was insane

I begged for mercy and forgiveness and for a cigarette too

But they gave me six months hard labour, oh, what else could they
do?

While in jail, I met an old cowboy, who said he liked me fine

He made me steal a horse for him and I got extra time

Well, the moral of this story, I expect you all can see

If you must fall in love, then take your time, don't do it

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Too easily