

Mathilda

Little Comets

Oh decry,
With these two fingers I can show you why,
That I'm restricted,
When you kiss me so promiscuously,
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,
Oh delay,
Without these shackles,
I can show the way,
To make you obfuscate,
And push aside utensils,
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,

When all this commotion,
Dies down she'll deliver,
A subtle soliloquy,
Straight to his pillow,
Which frowns as she strikes it,
With fists that insist,
The light of their fridge door,
Was always a metaphor,

I'm bewildered,
So please explain to me,
Right now Mathilda,
How all the friction in your diction,
Leaves me staring at you,
I'm still screaming go-tilly-go,
I'll decide,
With these two fingers,
I can show you why,
Despite my lethargy,
And mispronunciation,
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,

When all this commotion
Dies down, she'll deliver,
A pointed soliloquy,
So full of agony,
He'll be embarrassed,
And walk on the terrace,
Whose slate floor he always found,
Seemed like a metaphor,

Aaiiii...

P-r-o-m-i-s-e-s,
The promises,
P-r-o-m-i-s-e-s,