

Stitch up the nets but the patch won't stay  
As the nail beds rest in the calico hay  
The Fiji Mermaid dressed in macrame's  
Wading road in the fork and a bend  
In the spoon tern cut short as a shadow at noon  
Melting like wax as that once full moon's  
Now waning ersatz acts an insufferable bore  
'Sharp Shots' dull as a harlequin's sword  
When doing as you please doesn't please you anymore

Stick of the match as the paraffin show  
Drop a nickel to watch the asparagus grow  
'The stone in what shell?'  
You sure like to know now don't you?

A loom in the heir as the medicine came  
To the nest of the mare of the mystery claims  
But you'll miss having someone to blame  
For your sadness, now won't you?

Well maybe there'll be a bakery hiring  
We'll knead a little dough to get by  
(Groan!)

Did you come knocking on my door  
Or did I come to yours?  
Whose ship came washed up on whose shore?  
And from what ocean floor?

There wasn't much to her dress  
and I felt stuck in my body like a horse in  
quicksand...

Didn't you come knocking on my door?