

ms. warning and mr caution  
quarreling in their morning cottage  
about books they bid on at there local auctions  
whether or not the other knows what the plot is  
the alarm goes off at six w/ the covers they use  
mr.'s unemployed and the other's recluse  
waiting for the asteroid he says ''what's the use''

aware of the repairs he's supposed to do  
scared to tell the wife that he has no clue  
about screwdrivers or wrenches  
or how to build benches or fences  
he clenches fists in frustration  
hes losing his patience  
at the long lengths it takes him  
to build or rail  
or hammer in a nail  
his tailor  
suited him for failure

tired of her premonitions of danger  
he measures and plans and tinkers in anger  
rushing in her room to show his invention  
tripping through the door with proud intentions  
falling to the floor it sparks and smashes  
suddenly they stand facing smoldering ashes

ms. warning and mr. caution  
together by their burning cottage  
with al of the neighbors watching  
they see that they've been holding each other hostage  
Doesn't matter who's the fault is  
Things will change regardless  
ms. warning and mr. caution  
together by their burning cottage