

## Westie Can Drum

Pavement

Three o' three.. the seconds they are sequins And the minute string,  
ravelled 'round the mannequin Of formless space, a party line  
at last that we can All embrace and segue to the burning masses!

Ten to eleven.. don't question.. just get in I think that we are  
losing a way Westie you cannot drum

Half past noon, visualize a centaur baying At the moon.. his profile  
is a silver circle Brings to mind the portraits on the coinages  
and Lincoln's beard, and why's he got a horse's body?

(Griffin, a cruiser) you'll love her.. you'll lose her I think  
that we are losing our way Westie.. you cannot drum

Five nineteen, deluded like a Dixie-Crat.. I don't ya Clog latrine,  
and clean it like a Dixie-Crat.. And deck the halls with spirulina

Dry route to Devon So great, like Heaven I think that we are  
losing a way Westie.. you cannot drum No.. Westie.. you cannot drum