

## The Sherry End

## The Streets

Til the very end  
We'll be just as friends  
I've known you better  
You've seen my worst  
So let's invent worse

When a good night flounders and it's over  
How good it was I tend to know  
By adding up or rounding down  
The evenings count of jokes

Me and my hilkshare are trying that team deciphered by  
other gangs  
That's the thing I love about my fine brothers in slang  
If it's got a funny story which mentions me  
It's not for others in ear splash  
It's ours, it's mad, it's many hours spent laughing at  
events past

We smirk or outsmart the quirk that will spark  
the word which we will laugh at  
it sparks around the crowd this work of art which we  
have found

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I love the craze of the latest phrase  
Amazing mungrels of conjoinment  
Crazy paving saying are a joy to say with mates  
And girls all love the lingo  
They curl right up and bingo  
They go that extra smile  
And they go that whole damn smock  
I mean it though a joke from that one like that one was  
wrong  
It makes no sense really  
Shorten to a word and then to a nod  
That is friendship to me  
The secret handshake of three mad mates  
It makes me pleased to share traits  
In understanding absurdities that mean our brains play

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