

September 4

Wrong wrong
The monkey song
Bomb bomb to make you
Rock in bed
I want your sole
I want your hole
You want my hole
You need my soul
Soul man Dee Cagney
Andrew Bob and Paul
Not quite biblical
I tell you all
This crowd is fine
I don't know any of them
That's known as comfort
Do you agree my dear
Don't forget the wine
Not mixed with water
These people are silent
They look like a painting
Heaven forbid
That one of them speak
Actually they babble
The Tower of Babel
It has a bathhouse
With Gregorian chants
Too stoned to know
Where his lemons are parked
Oh fuck me with that tune
And fly me to the moon
Nina Simone meets Kathleen Ferrier
Talk about glorious
There are voices
And then there are voices