

Worst of All...

Darren Michael

If I'm goin' crazy, that poet's dead wrong.
Mad Mellon clackin' them bones by the side of this road.
The Gatorman is chewed his fingers to the quick
And Ol' Red cries wolf at the top of his lungs.
I've found no forks
(Nor silver spoons.
They'd be a blessed sight!)
Ya see, all along these choices been tough.
Singin' come natural, tunin' don't.
I can see too clearly how everyone else do it
But I git tired easy.
Besides, I got this Gawd-awful feeling!
If I don't keep talkin', everybody gonna shut up,
'Cause I too picked that road less traveled by
And if you ask me, it's mighty quiet out here.