INFLAMMATORY WRT
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

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arr. doublewuzzy

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Oh where is your inflammatory
to try your

Your text that would incite a light be lit

Our music deserving devotion unswerving cry
"Do I deserve her?" with unflagging
fer- vor Well no we do not if we can-not get o-ver it

But what's it mean when sud-den-ly we're spent?

(tell me true ) am- bi-tion came and reared its head and

went (far from you) E-ven moll-usks have wed-dings though sol- emn and lead-

- en but you dirge for the dead - and take no jam on your bread just a sup-per of salt and a waltz
through your empty bed

once it came to me and I wrote and hunched four thirty

But that vest, all light it burns out with the night

In spite of all the time that we spent on it, on one be dragged

ghost of a sonnet while outside the wild boars root without
po·e·tas·ter! While a·cross the great plains keen·ing love·ly and aw·ful, ul·late the lost Great Amer·ic·an no·vels, an· un·law·ful lot left to

stut·ter and freeze flood·lit (But at least they didn't

run, to their un·dy·ing cre·dit.)