And couch the rabble rouser's nest

we will take a day of rest and we will all be heaven blessed

we will gather 'round to dine

pass the time with wicked rhymes
toasting in dandelion wines to hear their mealy fluous chimes.

We toast the fallow furrows that we sow.

And we toast the monies that we owe, owe, owe...

And we toast the creditors we daily face who topple down with grue-some grace.

gruesome grace

And we toast the 'ristocrats with blood of blue.
'cause we know that our collars are that color too.

And we toast the artisans of antediluvian crafts with yarn and glue.

We do, we do.