3/4 Reruns of Today 186

March 31st for the blessed the curst
For the antenal wirls in their sway
The brokers are rich but the son of a birth
Is confused and is pointed away
The misery gage draws a crowd is the rage
The Salvation Army's stills at work and at pray
and for all of their gumption and endless assumption
The sum total of what they await
is just reruns of today

GFBb7 Eb
The clerk feels his back, kid steps on a tack
Lovers in motels are sweating in sheets
Families are winding out tales that are binding
animals fearing and looking for eats
Conferences gathering bodies for blabbering
How to improve, save, to mend and defeat
Earl Nightingale howls see the Presidents jowls
all there is oh so sorry to say
is more reruns of today

Marble slides from the thumb bread is broken in crumbs
The trolley goes wallowing down the hot streets
The Cityss crawling the countryside falling
The oceanus are hauling round tons of debris
The earth is so smooth it seems not to move
The sun is at home in its own galaxies
The galaxies fade in their Spiky Parade
and we drink lemonade as we we watch the display
Of these reruns of today