

~~C 9~~ ~~A Casualty of the Gold~~ ~~Ball~~ 1878

at some point in the past
the poor fellow got so lonely said
I can almost feel her
I can almost oh - oh - oh - oh
That's the way it goes

Oh God damn
I see you
and your
shorts
have tried
to flee you
with the new pluck
your clothes

A Casualty of the ~~Gold~~ ~~Ball~~

I am
one
of those

Oh Mercury dance over
With your mischievous eyes
then he fell to crying
He was getting oh - oh - oh - oh

A casualty
of the
~~Gold~~
Ball

So the story goes
A casualty of the ~~Gold~~ ~~Ball~~

~~Childhood~~ ~~memories~~ of sea adventures
and Parents who would slowly vanish
Then, ~~microscopic~~ ~~ream~~ ~~reality~~ ~~study~~ ~~plurality~~
oh mothers give up your children give up your parents
give up your brothers and sisters.
Too horrible to endure
look like little eyes like finger wires
the way the earth features

The crowd of people walked away
had eyes were open but had hearts
he had been - a casualty of the ~~Gold~~ ~~Ball~~

