

Buy A Ticket. To Yourself

Take your woe
Tie it with a bow
Place it in a row
Of Daffodils.

Exchange your time
For a shiny dime
Drop it in a rhyme
Of madrigals.

Put solitaire behind the dark room door
Dance to the patterns on the kitchen floor
Let the neighbors have their fun + don't
Keep score.

If you abhor what the ceiling has to tell
Take time out and buy a ticket to yourself.

Place a wreath
On your beers and grief
Give the punk and thief
What you've got to keep
And all your bills.

Unplug your house
Keep no swords or plows
Meanwhile in the clouds
There swim by the shrouds
Of pointless hells.

Now two-step to the ceiling fan.
With the birds & the bees you can-can
Why of course! You are no little man
You're a giant elf.

Dance along and buy a ticket to yourself.

Make your guilt
Into a paper quilt
Burning on a hill
That raindrops pelt.

Mix your fear
With a mouldy tear
~~Tickle~~ Tickle with a sneer
To a butterfly sail.

Mail your stamp collection to a cobweb grave
Hold your face and hear your fingers rave
Be your king, ~~castle~~ queen, jester + nave
Paint your dungeons well.

Go along and buy a ticket to yourself.

Put a pretty
Dress upon your pitty
Feed it to the kitty
with the business mail.

Mount Remorse
On a purple horse
Trotting off his course
in the farmer's dell.

Make paper dolls out of the
morning news
Forget that which you're bound to lose
The certain chord is not a hangman's noose
but a carousel

Ride along upon your ticket to yourself.

(Buy a ticket to yourself) Cont.

Jesus Christ

He was very nice

But his muttering was spliced

As if he could tell

Buddha too

Knew just how to groove

They said it's up to you

And you're up to it as well

Take your Bible and your magic wand
And compare to the glitter of a midday pond

You're the water that you're walking on.

How sweet your beaches smell

Where you're walking when you buy

A ticket to yourself.

Take a seat

Upon a bumblebee

To eternity for a spell

Melt into

Your shimmering blue

Green red black new

Yellow yellow's jell

You can make love when the day is done

Your reservations number only one

Which is plenty for the genie that

you are become

And how that someone swells

When that someone buys a ticket to

himself.

Insert your name
within a crystal frame
Singing in a game of ringing bells

Weight your loathing down with patchy clothing
Set it out a rowing to a waterfall

If your gripes take on the person of a boomerang
And you wish that you didn't or you didn't
give a dang

Hum the tune that the wandering minstrel sang
Ring the marshmallow bells
Sing along and buy a ticket to yourself.

Gargol bright balloons into black windmill
You're the silver spoon and you should be
thrilled

Just thank God you're what you are not
what you would have willed

So you might as well
Take time in and buy a ticket to yourself.