

Grow Up

May 78/10

G

Hal and Morgan on Hallihan's Hip supped the god + made her slip
and how she did fall

Bell is Betty in Burlington too she rears the roques into the sun
and how they did both

Boys! Girls! Come on now, ^{Kids,} the time to grow up!
Girls! Dolls! Slap happy Sammys, Machine gun Wholls
Don't try to figure it, master I wrote it
On June the lead from the air on the mead ~~does~~ does still.

Horace in Siboe would put down his life for his
The mob could seize the hind, must be a trucker or a tank
Jance in burlop would spit in the face
But she was in ~~with~~ of the darkest ~~the~~ racist she ~~slight~~ the base
Come, Please! Must one or the other be down on your knees!
Gentle Ladies! a face is a face is a face is a face,
The gallant the gallant the pale the ~~gally~~ ~~they~~ are all in the ~~the~~ ~~much~~ + the ~~much~~ ~~gally~~
The faces of people the faces of dogs
The faces of ratives faces of cops
Hands of the hammer and branches of trees
Cups in the many hands caps on the knees
The letters of words ~~and~~ floors of ~~ad~~ or ~~fat~~
Tulips in bloom or a weed on tomb
The acorns of building the hot and the dirtly
The boy and the killing the numb + the witty
and spiraling herent of the galaxies
Count em - count the galaxies
Coming from ~~the violent~~ ~~spleen~~ ~~you~~ ~~sneeze~~
Bunk Bunk Bunk a few

Boys girls! ~~the~~ time to grow up,
Bombs that go boom and hearts that go cold
Nestly strangers are warm in ~~the~~ it all
Each had his hunger and each growing old ~~for the time being~~
But at least in the pot we can simmer and mold
Bom! Girls! etc. White somonous dinner's fleeing