

If Time Flies While You're Having Fun

If time flies while you're having fun,

Let's live a boring life,

Not dance it up with frills 'n such,

Like love or lust or vice.

Since having too much fun with you would wear me that much quicker,

best I shouldn't start at all,

or else, once started, simmer.

Since in your company my blood is boiled-over hot,

and since the good times, had and spent, are all but half forgot,

it's best we save ourselves a frantic, hurried rush through life,

and instead keep our distance up, and our embraces iced.

'Cause in the longing after love, I'll live a year in minutes,

and holding you in my mind's eye, bring you along within it.

Dear Boy Are You Weeping?

Dear boy, are you weeping,
While the hard of heart are sleeping,
and in harsh melancholy
continuously steeping?
Don't hide your eyes,
untuck your chin,
and loose the bite upon your cheeks;
I'll show you where the tears come from
that make you feel as if you're weak.
A joyous pain is sadness, a pleasure to endure,
for when it doesn't come to you, you'll want it that much more.
There is a fate that's worse than tears,
the destitute will grant:
When sadness fills your heart for years –
you want to cry but can't.
And, what's more, for dryers eyes
a grown man doesn't long.
Though children think tears make you weak,
men know they make you strong.

She Says

She says she's got a lot of love

To give and get in kind.

She says she spreads it with her legs,

And with her heart and mind.

She says love's not a two-way street,

More like a 4-way stop.

She says love's home is in the sheets,

And sold in every shop.

She says no one could hold all hers,

Although she's never tried.

She says "love" is just a word,

At once said and satisfied.

All this and so much more she's said,

But I don't pay it any mind.

I've learned that love is dumb and deaf,

Not only being blind.

The Woman Makes the Man

The woman makes the man,
In birth and in conception.
But so do Women make him,
With wisdom and reflection.

For of the Women I have known,
No man has found his equal
In soothing tone, nor careful word,
Nor lack of will deceitful.

Though it be true a woman scorned
can equal man in rage,
no man can his heart's equal find
according to his age.

May no man thus belie himself,
Of cunning, strength, or wit –
For next to *Women* on God's Earth,
Brother, we ain't shit.

Into Marriage Be Not Duped

Into marriage be not duped,
Ye who love another true,
For in those golden bands lies hate,
And scorn, and ridicule.

That love which needs a solemn vow,
Or contract to engage,
Is love one's better left without,
For such love oft dies away.

But the Love that the unbounded have,
each day shared just by choice,
Is love which we should strive to have,
And once had, rejoice.