

River of Inconsistency

Circle the wagons around my throat then let me float down your river of inconsistency, don't deserve all the Indian burns on my heart from the beginning of this plus infinity, fool me once I'm a dunce with my broken hand in the cookie jar, school me twice with less sugar than spice, avoided my tiger stripes and my own advice, and left me here deeper south and just as far, the frog is dead without a peck and his tarnished crown survived the wreck to lead another pulsing neck to what I once time upon believed that I could carry to three times a lady's song, but it's done, it's overplayed like a one hit wonder, which I think, I ponder, I struggle to conceive, who is bleeding more, and which perfect voice do I believe.