

I thought it must be right and nothing was wrong,

But just how wrong I was I had to write to be long;

The teacher said put your hands on your head,

And she had written it down and wanted it all led.

The pen was in blue ink and the pencil was lead,

And that was a bit grey because the black print was read;

I felt a bit hungry and had no room to be dead.

People read and write and the things must be said,

As if it all is all right and I really use my head;

It doesn't really matter if things go all wrong,

Because wrong can be written and made right to belong.

Well if it was left up to me id scratch myself right,

Where I would not belong and not have in my sight;

I write to be read and am right to be right,

Because I write what I've written and must be read to be right.

My heads like a kitten who stays awake all night,

Just beating and eating and sleeping till day light;

For my dreams are like nightmares both good and both bad,

And that tells the story of something terribly sad.

So next time you see me you people who write,

Say what yo mean and tell me to listen just right,

For my heart is the earth in a backward kind of way,

That keeps beating and hearing and is here all of the day.

Signed,

Get things right