

I wrote down these words of dribble,
Which to me were more than scribble;
It depended on the salvation at hand,
And the love and possibility of whole new land.

It was a brand new idea that I wrote down,
As my pen just went anyway it wanted;
Now I know what it is more than real,
Something I read and wrote a new ideal.

This thing I wrote was a book called the bible,
I wrote it right but it was wrong to write it;
I had to write it because I thought it was wrong,
And it is not right to right it when it's always right.

Now what was written was right and wrong,
It was right but written in the form of a song;
It took a lot of money and it was far too long,
Now all that's left is the right to go bong.

So this page I write in this book that is written,
Is all about what I call a kind of scribble;
It does matter whether you're standing or sitting,
As long as what you write is fully committed.

So the answer to this poem about scribble,
Is not to question it but call marbles dribbles;
For if you lose your marbles with all this dribble,
You'd better go back and reread all your bibble.

Signed,

One more chance