

I've got myself a writer's block,
It's heavy as can be,
It sits right here, can't move an inch,
It's rooted like a tree.

I shout at it to move and budge,
To send it on its way,
I'll long be dead and turned to dust,
When it'll end its stay.

I'd like to compose thoughtful rhymes,
That'll warm the sad and cold,
But when I search for things to write,
That block's the only soul.

Oh if I had but something near,
My pen could do what's next,
But all I've got's this block right here,
So I'll sit on it and rest.