**Hickey Lickey**

*December 1, 2011*

hickey

licky

slickity

split

gone to

live

until i

quit

rickaty

rickaty

rickaty

rack

more than

one way

to skin an

old cat

don’t give

a flying

fuck

about the

law

remember every

train

wreck

i saw

what do you fucking

think of

that

touch me

push me

you

pull back

a

stump

kiss me and

hug me

you’re over

the hump

giveyou

my shirt

laugh till

it

hurts

let you

pick wild

cards

and name

the trump

thank

goodness

for women

and

men

dogs horses

and

children

old guns

from with

a man walking tail and

quiet

gave his word

and then

you know it

was right

no waffle

or s—

so come

walk

beside me

or sleep

in my

bed

let’s trade

a few

moments of

truth

from

our -----

help me

live true

and free

will you

load

when

the

feds

with them

jack ass

and hueys

come to

take

so names

see it’s sad

the

whires of

our eyes

the smoke

of our

guns

hold the line

never break bone or rod

so sorry

they came

to herd

up the

sheep

bet crashed

the wrong

came

steppin into pep

bought a quiet room

no fame for

a tomb

but a more

touch of

the man

woman and child

who live

free and die

its always

the same