

Unexpected grudgers' wailing

**Oh, what a damn poor desk I am,
a victim of disdain!
Oh, what a damn poor desk I am!
My hinge-joints cry with pain!
All that tossing and that turning
just makes my veneer start burning.
But they don't come to a stop.
Pity 'bout my tabletop.
Oh, what a suff'ring under them:
Oh, what a damn poor desk I am!**

**Oh, what a damn poor car I am!
I'm feeling so upset!
Oh, what a damn poor car I am!
But there ain't no regret!
All that giggling and that cooing,
let alone their other doing
on my quite worn out back-seat
drives me mad and them in heat.
Oh, what a suff'ring under them:
Oh, what a damn poor car I am!**

**Oh, what a damn poor bed I am!
I'm goin to go insane!
Oh, what a damn poor bed I am!
Please, where can I retrain?
You should know that I am hating
all that turmoil and that mating
nuzzling on the counterpane.
Lamentation is in vain,
Oh, what a suff'ring under them:
Oh, what a damn poor bed,
oh, what a damn poor car,
oh, what a damn poor desk I am!**

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letzte Strophe nach einem Gedicht von Robert Gernhard