

An Ode to Chattering Tikis By THOMAS MURPHY

I dance the motion of a belabored walk
I karate chop my left arm
I karate chop my right arm
I motion with a pelvic thrust

It doesn't take much to put you in the dust
Someone that no one can trust

I'm running now
Faster and faster I go
The lights in the gym are flying by like a strobe

It doesn't take much to put you in the dust
I'll call you wonder lust

Its quiet now
Once again I have proven something

Somehow you want to be ahead of me from every start
It doesn't take much to put you in the dust
I'll call you wonder lust