

Testimony of a Husk

In the town of Brimbin, our bodies have rights.
In regard to this matter, I wish I'd thought twice.
My legs got attorneys and walked separate ways,
Since I sat on my butt fourteen hours a day.

My arms were crossed at my lack of to-do,
So my fingers and them flipped off to some new.
I smoked a few ciggies and gobbled some junk,
So my lungs went on strike while my stomach was sunk.

Then there was beer, causing kidneys to fight,
But without any arms, I didn't have might.
So sat as a blob with nothing to do;
I thought with my mind, "What if?", and stewed.

Then it got pissy because of the former,
So it took a vacation and went somewhere warmer.
Oh what I could do if they hadn't revolted,
But given the facts, I too would've bolted.

Now plopped as a husk I lend you this warning,
Make use of your tools or end up in mourning.