

My Mouth and My Brain

*By
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*My mouth and my brain were out in the rain.
They thought me insane, but let me explain.
I have something to gain out here in the rain.
I'm catching a train to the country of Spain.
"But there is no train that goes to Spain," they tried to explain.
"You'll need a plane to go to Spain.
That should be plain to a person that's sane.
'Cause a train cannot go from the mainland to Spain over an ocean of rain."
But planes are a bane to my mouth and my brain.
'Cause my friend Cane was slain in a plane.
Lightning and rain brought down that plane into an ocean of rain.
So, I'll have to refrain from boarding a plane.*