

You know I like a laugh

EXIT

You know I like a laugh to fade
You know I like a laugh to fade a split second after it
Accidentally left the house
It accidentally left the house, for it forgot the conditions weren't acceptable for an ambulation
More like an ambulance.
Didn't like ambulances.
Never did. Never will.
So back in it goes.
Indoors
Inwindows.
Inwalls.
Inwinds.
Inwindwindwinds. Blowing so hard the heart so hard. So hard it hurts.

EXIT

Another one left the building.
Drenched. Wasn't that foreseeable
The tide is up today, isn't it.
The tidy house it once was.
The tidy house it once was.
This floor is made of
This floor is made of a particular material I call fl-
I call ****wonderful****
Try it.
This flood is
It's

Oh *look, look*. Oh *look a thing*.
A decoy, look! De
Coy
ote that hasn't left the room for so long. So so long.
It howls and I go "chuckle". I go "chuckle, did you just hear that?"

Comes swimming with feet that have a knock on every door effect
ively rather large and larger.
Lively and cute af.
knock KNOCK
Who's there?

Did we used to call things?
Did we used to come?
Did they ever come?
Did they ever come over for cream tea?
yap yap yap yap yap

Did we use to call things?
Did they ever come?

*You know if you wanted to play Santana's El Farol to this, that would sort of be ok.
It's a suggestion.*

What you just heard I suggest could have been one clown onto another.
Two clowns.
) or (or ((
you decide.
You could also play Mozart's Dies Irae Dies Illa.
Which translates as Wrath wrath Wrath wrath

Here is a little tale.
I call it Mornington Crescent.

There is little a tail I despise more than Mornington Crescent.
The tail is the conclusion of the figure of the cat
Alogue the things.
List the things wrong with it.
In your head.
Catalogue the things and index them properly.

In your head.

The trail I despise most is that of drunken *p.o.s.h.o.e.s* leaving the pub just round the corner from where I *first* met the *first* creature I *first* briefly devoted my *first* life to.

Thirst of the Banker.

Burst of the Thanker.

(come backstage I show you how it's done)

How can those two t.h.i.n.g.s be equally valid results?

I apologise for this ugly sentence

I apologize for this ugly sentence.

Summoned to the court

Tail was stepped on but you mustn't. How? Not here. Must not howl.

Summoned to report on the quiddance of things.

It is thusly:

Why is England the wettest country?

Because you, Her Majesty, have reigned for years.

Water water everywhere

What? Her every wear

Able item is displayed before me as a suggested impermeable t.h.i.n.g.

I nod and shake my head. Both.

She goes: both?

I go: both.

I go broth

El Farol would sound good to this.

I sneaked a sip from your guard the other d-

She goes BrOTH?

you you can can not not have have

The tale is the conclusion of the figure of the cat's

Cradle and it is called Two Crowns.

I want to fuck both of them but can only do one at a time and here is what's wrong.

You have to be given a fair chance at a duel.

Meet me at Mornington Crescent

I puke.

Epilate and Epiloge

*the Indiscernibility of Identicals,
and the Identity of Indiscernibles*

Both unnecessary

Both done against my better knowledge. False. I have given up judging so all my knowledge is equal and I must act accordingly:

Crown and Clown.

the distinguishing feature that proves that both are, indeed, two t.h.i.n.g.s.

R/L

*If you want to sing two tones simultaneously your tongue will have to come to terms with
slipping into a comfortable
position right between the Are and the El.IE.*