

MEET ONE SUFFERING FOOL!



My customers tell me that I have a knack
For fixing all things, from the front or the back
Plastic or lumber or steel or fine leather
Tearing stuff down and then right back together
I've learned to read blueprints, I've mastered the art
Of walls that need plastered or just torn apart
Of ceilings or basements, a hot day or freezing
Headache or back pain or coughing or sneezing
But now only lately, you've all had to wait
Because on my honor I swear here of late
There's a crimp in my clump and a cramp where IT grew
And leg number one seems much older than two
There's one thing for certain this time 'round the track
The pull's awful full on the crick in my back
I stumble and splat (it's the lurch in my gait)
And my belly swings backward each time I shift weight
I'm a guy who could "fit" anything you can name
But I freely admit that I'm new at THIS game
And I pray as I suffer askew in my rack
For something to buffer this knick in my knack