

Matter Of Fact,
He Drains On To This Very Day!



WANTED!

Aloysius Lipschitz
Was a dirty bandit
Meaner than a rattlesnake, more lethal than a hawk
When he commanded "gimme gold!"
You might as well a'handed it
Or do without your getalongs so everone'd gawk
Until, that is, he saw what
He reckoned was a goddess
High upon a stagecoach, willowy and pale
But with a mini-Gatling gun
A'lurking in her bodice
She ventilated Lippy from his head unto his tail
Later down at Nellie's place
They laid him out and mummied him
Foreseeing kinky usefulness (as long as he was dead!)
They lugged him to a blacksmith
Who tapered all his ventaloons
And he would be their colander for many years ahead