

The error of the era was the era and error of the terror,

The terror the awful fellow was a fella who seemed to go yellow;

Now the yellow fellow who made the error of the terror was in an era,

And the error of the area was the heir of the air caught by the hair.

As the hare caught the air of the error the era was the hair of the fellow,

And the terror of the errors era was an airer for the clothes of the yellow;

Now the yellow clothes of the fellow were in error of where the era,

For the time had come for the hair to comb his hair without error.

But there was an error in the era that the hare combed his hair,

Unaware of where he was wearing his hat from his mad lair;

And the rabbit out of the hat fur like the hare had her,

His hair like the rabbit was there for that was further there.

Now the father of the hare and the rabbit kept it under his hat,

Just like the magician who tried very hard just to do that;

While the error of the error was a matter of eating your hat,

Which was not very nice and it was because it made you do that.

Well if you are in error but now you might just be in the wrong era,

Because time for the mad hatter and the hare and rabbit or latter;

Like the time for the air to go through that era and no error,

For the hair of that father is the magician who was a terror.

So now there is no error in who was the terror but just the era,

For the heir of the father was the magician who had the suns air;

And the sun made no error but the air of the era was the hair,

As in life you have to comb you're hair and a rabbit can't be a hare.

**Signed,**

**Interbreeding**