

My feet were on the floor unstable under the table,

And I had to work out which brand I was wearing for its label;

Things were plain and simple, but not as easy as they may seem,

For I was at school thinking of love and it all was a bad dream.

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I had my feet firmly planted on the floor and sure of a reasonable score,

For everything I wanted I wrote down so that I could make even more;

I have to have my feet in a comfortable position to be smart enough,

But I kept keeping them back and crossing them, so I could write as such.

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So they're back in a comfortable position, firmly planted, steadfast and true,

But as I moving them back and forth, I was nearly driven mad in the mind;

For all the nervous thoughts in my head were put there by people being unkind,

And it makes sense in the mixture of everything to have people true and kind.

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So that's it I guess, as I fairly address being unstable under the table,

But, I scratch my head to understand my head and sent someone a cable;

I know my nose and I rose I 'spose to propose another a table,

And things were good by hook or crook and that's the end of the fable,

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So to be stable with my feet under the table, my pen became unstable,

I address this mess I must confess, because it's like the Towers of Babel;

So all in all it was a wonderful wall, of words down on the paper,

Like the earth would quake and shake with a church watching the caper.

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As a candle goes out in the wind that sinned and blew another taper,

The angels were of the bread and wine, on line written down on the paper;

And after all God blessed this horrible mess of unseen things above,

Down under the table things were stable, because words were written in love.

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Signed,

Put your first foot forward.