

The Sherry End

The Streets

Til the very end
We'll be just as friends
I've known you better
You've seen my worst
So let's invent worse

When a good night flounders and it's over
How good it was I tend to know
By adding up or rounding down
The evenings count of jokes

Me and my hilkshare are trying that team deciphered by
other gangs
That's the thing I love about my fine brothers in slang
If it's got a funny story which mentions me
It's not for others in ear splash
It's ours, it's mad, it's many hours spent laughing at
events past

We smirk or outsmart the quirk that will spark
the word which we will laugh at
it sparks around the crowd this work of art which we
have found

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I love the craze of the latest phrase
Amazing mungrels of conjoinment
Crazy paving saying are a joy to say with mates
And girls all love the lingo
They curl right up and bingo
They go that extra smile
And they go that whole damn smock
I mean it though a joke from that one like that one was
wrong
It makes no sense really
Shorten to a word and then to a nod
That is friendship to me
The secret handshake of three mad mates
It makes me pleased to share traits
In understanding absurdities that mean our brains play

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