

H.L. Dowless

Dear Didi,

Didi,
I know you've long lost this number,
I knew you all too well.
I still think of you when it lightnings and thunders,
I wonder what story you have to tell.

The time we spent together was too good,
So,
I always figured we both were doomed from the start.
Maybe somehow in a better life we'll be understood,
When we both can play a much better part.

I met you one Saturday night,
We moved so gracefully on that dance stage,
I made the effort to take each step right,
Our cheerfulness was such an elegant rage.

The time we spent together was so delightful,
The days and the weeks briskly flew,
Of decent company we both were so rightful,
In spirit I felt we both somehow grew.

Then the night fell,
And the thunder rolled.
When the demon rang his mission bell,
He then seized both of our young souls.

But the seeds were planted deeply inside,
And the bud soon silently grew,
The one who in wisdom and excellence would have thrived,
The beautiful flower you so ruthlessly slew.

I've wondered o'er the years,
O'er the woodlands and wishing wells,
Thro' the fears and long shed tears,
What story might this bud have to tell?

I've drifted through many lands,
I've been married a time or five,
I've walked barefooted through Oriental sands,
Still searching for a space in which to thrive.

Two is The Most Lovely Number

Two is the most lovely number that you'll ever see.
Two makes a healthy heart skip a beat.
Two is the most lovely number that will e'er give you a kind treat,
Two is the perfect number for people like you and me.

Two is far better than one,
Cause when the clouds hide the glowing sun,
Two can still have so much fun;
Cause with two,
Honey,
Good times are never done!

Two is the most lovely number you'll ever see,
Cause two can make one and become three,
But sometimes more than three
Can be way too hard to feed;
And one can only be one
Without any kind of fun,
And never two or three.

One could never sing such a cheerful song,
Cause one will forever be alone,
Walking with his head hanging down at the beach,
Gazing miserably at the water surging o'er the sand
And his feet;
While two are laughing,
Feeling so happy,
Walking on so merrily past him.

One can only expect to lose,
Where two are much more likely to win,
Since one only has his own game to attend,
And two can get an extra thought in.

Two almost always feels so fine,
At nighttime,

In rain,
Or in sunshine;
While one remains in gloomy melancholy,
With his head hanging down gazing at his feet.

One is surely the saddest sight
Anybody will ever see;
Plodding along on the dreary evening sidewalk downtown,
Wearing his faded dress coat
And a great big frown,
Carrying the same kind of monotonous sandwich
He always loves to eat.

Two is the perfect number for you and me.
What might it take for you to ever believe?
Even when there's lightning and thunder,
Oh
Two is the most lovely number.

Only one remains asunder,
I say
Two is the perfect number.
Us two make the most lovely number,
Babe,
Us two make the most lovely number.
I'll say it until I wind up in the grave,
Two is the most lovely number!

Down in 'Bama-lamma Town

Come sunday morning we'll be headed out to the fields,
Checking on them purple budded luxury crops
And the fine new yields.
Jug of rum 's behind the seat
And out of sight,
We'll finally quit our hard working
And lay out till midnight,
Unless we all go to jail for getting in a fight;
Down in "Bama-lamma town
Looking for a piece of hind!

Just after dark we'll ease up into the woods
And check on Uncle Clegg's beautiful new still,
The kegs are just a thumpin'
And the lightning' is nigh-'bout fit to kill..
When our stems stand up straight in the air,
We'll throw 'em good 'n hard to them painted up whores
Like we haven't got a care;
When we make it down to 'Bama-lamma town
Looking for a piece of hind!

Well
Miss Georgia Mama
Will be a running that Dark Den fancy house,
Wearing a Swedish dress and that infamous thin French blouse.
She'll line 'em all up
Maybe twenty and four,
And if we don't like any she'll find us some more;
Down in 'Bamma-lamma town looking for a piece of hind.

With our guns strapped on our sides,
Son
we aint taking no damn junk,
But we'll all be ready to step in time to the latest hometown funk.
We ain't got no blues
Or no fizzlin' short fuse,

All we want to do is raise some hell
Race around
And get all crazy loose;
Down in "Bamma-lamma town searching for a piece of hind!

There is this one certain bar
We all burned down to the ground,
Soaked the wood beams in the basement with hydrogen peroxide
Late at night when nobody was around.
It shall be all of us
Who they'll wish they'd never known,
'Cause when the fire broke out we were all long gone;
Just-a-down in "Bama-lamma town
Searching for a piece of hind!

Have me a preacher's daughter
Who is a big old boot-a-coot
With a pair of silken dancing shoes,
She's got a monster set of jugs
and son
I just can't lose.
So
Hurry on over and don't be late,
There's four more here like her
That'll let you pull your knife
And cut that cake,
Just-a-down in 'Bama-lamma town
Looking for a piece of hind.

Now
We'll surely make the good juice fly
All the way up high to the midnight sky,
When we make love
We want to make sure the street cameras can see it
From wires up above.
Now get on over
And don't you dare ask why,
'Cause
If you ain't here
Then you can't ever try;

Down in 'Bama-lamma town looking
For a piece of hind!

When They Lay Me Down

When the day arrives that they lay me down,
into a realm of eternal dreams I'll go.
As I lay inside that space void of all light and sound,
incessant peace shall be all I then know.

When that cathedral's pipe organ plays,
those somber melodies shall be haunting and loud.
Images of woods,
fields,
storms,
rouge,
and dreary grays,
shall vibrate inside every dark shroud.

When they place that veil o'er my pallid face,
the barrier before my eyes shall be sealed;
and all shall then move at a melancholy pace,
whilst I pass o'er fields of tulips and buttercups
locked away inside a box of cypress wood and steel.

When all those people gather round,
there no tears shall be shed for me;
for inside esoteric spaces I will be found,
as I roam through epochs of mankind's history.

When they finally get me there,
my immaculate corpse they will at long last see;
as I slumber without any needs or cares,
yet silently weep at their mortal lives of misery.

When they toss that final shovel full on,
skies above shall darken and storm.
They shall declare aloud as I lay there all alone,
Something about this ceremony was not the norm.

When I have lain there ten thousand years,
my dried bones will yet remain in perfect place.

No pain,
no weeping,
no more grieving tears,
as I slumber in a dream-like occultist space.