

# Picture Book

(Richard Lamplough)

I keep this picture book to bring me luck,  
It's meant for kids I guess...  
And kids that have never quite grown up.

Why's the wolf always such bad news?  
He seems okay if a touch confused.  
Why's the king such a sad old fool,  
When the fresh young prince always seems so cool?

Why do dragons die and not the heroes?  
And why do mermaids hide beneath the sea?  
It's all just meant to be,  
A bit like you... like you and and me.

Throughout the turnmedowns and broken hearts,  
I started fitting in... in fits and starts.  
And I still live for our Promised Land,  
I couldn't give more...  
Although you couldn't give a goddamn.

Wooden boys with strings should tell the truth now.  
I tell my friends you'll love me come what may.  
But we don't kiss I say,  
My nose gets in... gets in the way.

Couldn't bear to just be friends,  
Shouldn't be the way this picture book ends.

The genie of the lamp he gives three wishes,  
I'll make his life straight forward and hassle-free.  
My wish one two and three,  
Are all for you... for you and and me.

Promised Land

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