

# The Luring Well

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## SONGS

Prelude

Take Me Back

Putting A Hand in a Pocket (No Reason Other Than)

The Luring Well

Cat's Sad Tale of Woe

Rabid Dog Skies

Bully Bully

Teacher Preacher

Pray to Smirksour

Fair Headed Waltz

The Rain the Park and Other Things

(by the Cowsills)

Untitled XII

Gone Away

## CHARACTERS

Gus & Errol

Feral Cat

Rabid Dog

A Bully

Smirksour the Teacher

the Albino

## PRELUDE

### INSTRUMENTAL

## TAKE ME BACK

Take me back to the well  
Take me back to the well  
Take me back to the well  
I gotta get under your spell

Cold depths of the well  
Coal black sickly smell  
Gotta get back to the well  
Maybe then I can break the spell

Cold bars, no stars, three by five, don't want to be alive  
I'll never smell salt seaweed shores or hear  
The city engine roar, my penance  
Is served time

Pushing them the well  
Was judgement, death, farewell  
An urge we couldn't quell  
Thus we were compelled

A trundle gurney please just put a noose around my neck  
I call to much attention when  
Fathoming the grandness of  
Life and death

A fall into the well  
Prepense heaven or hell  
Bid the evil farewell  
Never heard a single death knell

In this cell I contemplate the verisimilitude  
My perverse satisfaction misconstrued  
My death will be a whisper  
At this unctuous world

We were just two blokes, two friends, in 1932  
Our small town thirsting in depression  
I think back before we slid  
Gus and Errol, one undid  
By the other's hand guided  
I say God help me all!

Put myself in the minds  
Of the people I maligned  
How they were inclined  
And thus that is my fine

### PUTTING A HAND IN A POCKET (No Reason Other Than)

Past the  
Jimpson weeds and locust trees  
We climbed the fruitless cherry tree  
Surveying light of tallow dip  
Above the placid town

We began  
Humming useless melodies  
As townsfolk milled sententiously  
Onward we sauntered cecity  
To our destiny

At the cross  
Road we paused feckless and weak  
from taking turns kicking a stick  
Like caught in some mystic oblique  
Pondering course and ground

To the right a  
Sleepy grazing widow's farm  
The Lady Peshin's good luck charm,  
We sometimes worked to shore the yarn  
For a cottonwood dime

To the left  
Stickley's penny holler grim  
With barking dogs and woeful hymn  
Phantoms we'd sneak to shim a scrim  
Dodging satyric eyes

Yet that day  
Off the pathway  
We meandered  
Askew

Cricket's tremolo  
Under hanging boughs  
To a meadow  
Verdigris

Thought it was a dream  
Bright sun daylight's gleam  
Onto a circular  
Fabrication

Rocks concentric bands  
Surround a wide chasm  
Jet obsidian  
And pure

We gathered  
Rocks and sticks and pocket lint  
And boulders big as adult fists  
Anything that we could lift  
Down the hole it went.

### THE LURING WELL 1

Silence  
As if the depth of the well were sucking  
Everything to

Darkness  
Like heaven trembled and shrunk from  
This hole

Suspended  
Expect a splash or a thud Instead our ears  
Are left with

Luring  
An unconscionable heave that renders our souls  
Taught and strained

#### *INSTRUMENTAL*

At our feet  
A poisonous Copperheaded snake  
Threatened to snap, it's instinct slaked  
We pinned it down with a stake  
And threw it down the well

*Silence...*

What goes  
down well  
doesn't come back  
Doesn't really end  
It just goes away

There are things  
In this world  
that should go away  
just go away...

### CAT'S SAD TAIL OF WOE

Listen to my tail of woe  
It's certainly sad, I want everyone to know  
I'm just a pussycat, long-haired and ratty,  
I hide out in tall grasses and claw at who passes

Lady Penshin feeds me tuna  
I think it's made me a little loona  
I prefer chickens, they run like the dickens  
Feeling my teeth, I'm hiss'n', they're kickin'

So don't you  
kitty kitty, kitty kitty, kitty cat me  
I'll show you superiority

I may be  
Itty-bitty, itty-bitty, itty-bitty  
That explains my cantacerosity

But if you  
Snu-goo goo-goo, squee-jee gee-gee, cutie pie me.  
I'll will scratch your bleedin' eyes out!

Zoe-dee-doh....

Gus and Errol come to shore the yarn  
Up in the arbor, at their faces I claw  
Settin' their coats down on the hay  
Marking territory, on them I urinate

So they trap me in a wicker basket  
Soon to realize it'd be my casket  
Frayed light goes dark, I become weightless  
Everything cold, they'd done something heinous

They didn't  
Kitty kitty, kitty kitty, kitty cat me  
They showed me superiority

I may be  
Itty-bitty, itty-bitty, itty-bitty  
I paid for my cantacerosity

I wish they'd  
Snu-goo goo-goo, squee-jee gee-gee, cutie pie me.  
Instead they threw me down a bloody well!

*Silence...*

## RABID DOG SKIES

I am a rabid dog  
I don't have much to say  
In the holler I barked  
and bite and salivate  
Angry I see red skies  
Those boys drag me to die  
They threw me down a well  
That's all I have to say

*Silence...*