

OldWhat'sHisName

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I missed seeing OldWhat'sHisName
Wheeling along in his chair.
With a look of desperation
And a smile that said I don't care.

He's gone now someone said
And I felt that queasy feeling...
The one I know you share.

Died a few months back
Buried I know not where
Lord You know Oldwhst'shisname
The onery cuss, and
appreciate You grant him a little slack
And hit mute button on his potty mouth cracks, and maybe a cushion for that pinched nerve back.
I'll bring Blackie's muzzle when I'm called up, that'll clamp his jaws real tight shut.

He's a good'un Lord so hold him tight...

signed
YouKnowWho