

RUN ME RAGGED

5-8-16
(#45)

1. Run me ragged for-a this thing and-a that thing
and for everything and nothing, then for more.
Run me here-&-there for one thing, then for 20 things
till it's worn me down to my core.
Havin' me-a runnin' this way and-a that way
and every other way nonstop night and day —
It's plum worn me out where I don't want this life of strife, anymore.
2. No time for dinner, runnin' this way and-a that way
— breakfast two days ago still-a waitin'.
But no time to even think food, or even drink food
even late for things I'm still anticipatin'.
Every new day brings a time debt, where I can't find yet
how to unbury myself from yesteryear's.
I'm late for last month's appointment to cry the ointment of my soothing tears.
3. Wear me ragged runnin' this way and-a that way,
no time to go, but no time to stay.
Got me goin' like I'm wired up, and all fired up,
just gettin' started at the end of every day.
It's no bed of roses, but Holy Moses !
I can't even find the time to pray !
It's gotten so bad I missed the train to take me to today, yesterday.

[INSTRUMENTAL – WITH A FIDDLE]

4. Runnin' ragged doin' this task, wearin' that mask
and more hats than I could count in a year.
Runnin' to-&-fro from that one to get the next done,
I need to be there before I got to here.
This havin' to be everywhere, has got me nowhere
as a cuckoo clock's runaway slave —
the sole appointment I can ace, in 1st place, at this pace is . . . an early grave.
The one appointment I can ace, in 1st place, at this pace is . . . an early grave.

[END]

Written: May 8, 2016 [N, G, M]