"She's Fer E'eryt'ingin'", by Duryl

Now... a... fair so I says she's fer e'eryt'ingin'..
Fer big crowds adinnin' at Bob's openingin'...
Fer 'uge wheels aspinnin', giddy eveningin'...
An' apply lips grinnin' while yer 'air ye's wringin'...

Oh yer t'irs' an' yer 'unger t' fair she'll appease,
Fer t'ere's ale t'ere an' cider an' 'ot an' colt teas,
Slushies, fluffy can'y, sal'y taffee t' please,
Inside out corn an' drinks made from lemons ye squeeze.

Aye... t'at... fair as ye's 'eard she's fer e'eryt'ingin',
Fer sum couply twinnin' or wee kiddie bringin',
Fer alls is akinnin', 'aggy 'ouse aclingin'.
An' blue ribbon pinnin' when fat caddle kingin'.

Oh t'ere's piggies an' ponies an' bunnies t' pet.
T'ere's golt marks, ticket stubbies, an' stuffed toys t' bet,
An' sum prize fer big snackers what don' get upset,
But t'em creepers an' crawlers ye'd likely regret.

T'at... fine... fair ain' ye 'eard she's fer e'eryt'ingin',
Fer t'at darlin' Maudie who deals anythingin',
Fer queues what ain' t'innin', yet folks is still singin'.
While fellers try winnin' from shellers what's stringin'.

Oh t'ere's kewpies, lobster, an' ain' quite yet bacon,
Lizards an' chippymunks an' dangly kraken,
Fer neckies an' trunkies and birds lads is achin'.
An' sum shiny dragon's still t'ere t' be taken.

But... t'at... fair we all know she's fer e'eryt'ingin',
Fer big 'ammer swingin' seddin' bells a dingin',
Fer liddle knee skinnin' while 'igh bouncy springin'...
An' sum 'orsey clingin' atween apple flingin'.

Oh t'ere's golt t' be won, aye, wit' t'ree funny dies
An' a ladder when climbt what'll earn ye a prize.

An' sum big branchy tree what t' careless despise
Like t'at fearsome lass wit' irresis'able eyes.

But... now... she's o'er ain' no more e'eryt'ingin'...
No big crowds adinnin', no more openingin'...
No wheels aspinnin', no giddy eveningin'...
Until nex' beginnin', jus' memories o' singin'...

Revision #1
Created 2023-05-08 23:51:51 UTC by Maldred
Updated 2023-05-08 23:52:25 UTC by Maldred