

Pick-A-Little

That woman made brazen overtures
With a gilt-edged guarantee
She had a golden glint in her eye
And a silver voice with a counterfeit ring

Just melt her down and you'll reveal
A lump of lead as cold as steel
Here, where a woman's heart should be!

He left River City the Library building
But he left all the books to her

Chaucer! Rabelais! Balzac!