

# Pigeon Penelope

Imani Coppola

A trip today,  
about seventeen times.  
I was walking down the street,  
saying "Keep in line, keep in line"  
I wandered for about 17 feet.  
Found my destination,  
it was right across the street.  
The park was nice,  
the bums were chilling.  
I dime for advice,  
that was you.  
I was willing,  
to hear a chill bum having something to say.  
Besides, here's a cup,  
give me money while I lay.  
Perched up in a tree,  
spread your wings,  
and then chose me.  
You see.  
'Cos I was feeling fine.  
Pigeon Penelope,  
eventually you will leave me alone.  
It's just a matter of time. Eyed the bird,  
then my friend appeared.  
He said:  
"Imani how you feeling? 'Cos you acting kinda weird."  
Mind went blank,  
I couldn't explain.  
Came up with something fast,  
to prove that I was sane.  
"It's that thing above me, not you sir, don't worry."  
A bit disturbed,  
left in a hurry.  
Hand shake,  
kiss on the cheek.  
"You need some time, I'll see you in a week."  
Perched up in a tree,  
spread your wings,  
and then chose me.  
You see,  
that I was feeling fine.  
Pigeon Penelope,

eventually you will leave me alone.  
It's just a matter of time. Down came your little package.  
Knocked me right off my feet.  
If I could I swear I'd kill you.  
Sugar cube's sure taste sweet,  
with a pigeon. Perched up in a tree,  
spread your wings,  
and then chose me.  
You see,  
that I was feeling fine.  
Pigeon Penelope,  
eventually you will leave me alone.  
It's just a matter of time.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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