

HEY, CUPID

Where is the stupid Cupid guy?
I'd like to take his little neck
And twist it all the way around
His little bow; he's made a wreck
Of me, that mischief-making runt.
Three times I heard that silly "twang"
And each time only me he hit.
If I had my way, he would hang
So high for all he's done to me.
I'd stuff his arrows down his throat
And tie him up and gag his mouth
And in a leaking, sinking boat
I'd shove the rascal out to sea!
But, I'd be gentle with the brat
If only when he shot his bow
His arrows wouldn't be aimed at
Just me alone, but that he'd start
To shoot into another heart,
The one he made me set apart.

— *David L. Hatton, 1967*