

An Ode to Terry

Terry is a great guy
He would never hurt a fly
And yet he was very grave
When he shot sir o'Flave

A big gun it was
No one knows how he bought it
But they know it had fuzz
So they came and they got it

So big was the gun
That in its might
it blocked the sun
And everyone went white

So now you know
Where not to go
Its house 93
On South Avenue Tree