

**Sally**

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**3:57**

***More cooking, Cheri?***

Reaching back behind a cup  
palm tops flat on counter top  
Sally grunts and hops on up.  
Butt lands between bags of dill and capers.  
Holds a carafe in the air  
o'er the shiny white tile floor  
and her feet lightly beat on the wooden cabinet door.

"Know you can't stand priests and mass, but

Toast the hostess anyway."

Sally offers Bill a glass  
scans his eyes like she's just searching closely,  
on an alter, for an icon  
of her face rough-carved in wood  
while his nose inhales cloves  
in the wine...sure smells good.

Oh Sally, Sally,

Please be my girl

You've been cookin' too long in the kitchen.

Oh Sally, Sally,

Please be my love

It's your lambchops that I've been missin'.

Falling up, the bubbles whirled  
eyes blink and start to tear,  
thin ribbons of pasta swirl,  
Bill snatches a fresh fish head, and waltzes.  
Legs akimbo, Sally knocks  
the refrigerator door.  
Bill grabs ass, sends his glass  
on its way to the floor.

Minimum of technique here  
as the entrees blindly grope  
elbows smear in spilling beer  
Sally's anchovies are slowly sliding...  
Buttons flick, sauces drip  
percolating to the ground  
a kicked shoe arches through  
clouds of steam without a sound.

Oh Sally, Sally,

Please be my girl

You're marinatin' too long in the kitchen.

Oh Sally, Sally,

Please be my love

It's your pork buns that I've been missin'.

Sally rocks on garnished tile  
Bill's head's inside the cabinet door  
the shoe clicks on a mixer  
while guests gawk from the kitchen door.  
The whole troop stares at the soup  
some just laugh, some aghast  
while they consummate in consume...  
with the egg beater on FAST.

Oh Sally, Sally, Please be my girl  
Tenderizin' too long in the kitchen.  
Oh Sally, Sally, Please be my love  
It's your brioche that I've been missin'.