

# Wckr Spgt, Lifting The Tissue

Back at Tarla's camp  
We made promises  
To keep in touch  
Feelings were hurt by her husband  
Who hit Mr. Chilk  
In the face with a bottle  
Tarla said, "Oh Mr. Chilk! You are a mess.  
My husband has been to the Mansion I guess.  
He's always been nice, except for more recently.  
One trip to that House can strip one of decency."  
Mr. Chilk put his hand to his face on his head and said,  
"If you don't lift the tissue my scabs will be dreadful."  
And Tarla reached into her box full of virtue  
and pulled out a Handful of colorful tissue.  
"It's tissue to skin how I must lift it gently  
for if I'm too hasty I might make a dent stay."  
Oh tissue times two it's a difficult pod  
Who shall decide on this delicate issue?