

Tie Die !

Under my collar ... a beastly menace lies ...
its purpose, quite plainly, my early demise!

And yet, I must wear it, at least eight hours a day ...
for a low place in society, what a high price to pay!

Is there no way to release and surcease ...
a change in the custom, to give life a new lease?

Perhaps some day ... long after I'm mold ...
man will win out of this strangle hold.

Until then we suffer ... we itch and we gag ...
all because of that slim little rag.

So citizens revolt ... and cast off your ties ...
I can promise you this: A better world will arise!

Craig Nelson 1973