

## The Tainted Wind Of Caprice

*Ah! precocity of spirits,  
Seeks the salts of fool emotion.  
Waste no water for your teardrops,  
There are others in the ocean!*

You may sob your little heart out  
And present it on a platter,  
So that we may all examine,  
What on earth you think's the matter.  
Never mind,  
My little poppet,  
You will sing and dance again.  
There's another who will listen,  
He is equally insane.

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Seeks the salts of fool emotion.  
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There are others in the ocean!*

You are young and yet you're weeping  
For affection that was fleeting,  
Raised upon capricious moment,  
And destroyed upon new meeting.  
Never mind,  
My little poppet,  
You enjoy the short repining  
And are equally inconstant,  
Your inviting smile shining.

*Ah! precocity of spirits,  
Seeks the salts of fool emotion.  
Waste no water for your teardrops,  
There are others in the ocean!*