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"hey, hi uncle claudia"

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hey, hi uncle claudia

i hear yuh moved t san bernadino, don’t know if that’s true
so i’m sendin this letter t nashville. they’ll burn it there.

hey! don’t worry bout suzie, she can’t get into no more trouble.
yuh see, she died yesterday.

well, we was gonna go on a trip but as soon as we backed onto
the driveway, the phone rang. we decided t cancel the trip so
we’d be round t answer the phone if it rang again. i lost somethin
on the way but i don’t know where t look for it. after all,
we’re goin to mexico. can’t really remember what i lost, either.
well, if yuh find anything let me know. if yuh don’t i’ll assume
you’re a thief.

yuh know, when yuh stop an think, there’s a possibility that
there’s a fact or two stuck where yuh ain’t looked yet. try the
closet. there’s always somethin hidden in the closet.

oh, before i forget. granny died last week. yup, smashed
her cycle right into a hill. man, can yuh believe that? i laughed
for almost a day when i heard it.

i hope it’s you readin this an not some secretary

a fan,
quasar the roving gypsy