

## Hallo-Wean by Col. Alonzo Fugate

The night has come and gone once more  
The little goblins flown away  
But still I'm lying on the floor  
So full of sorrow and dismay.

I told myself that I'd be good  
I told myself that I'd be nice  
I told myself that I'd not eat  
One piece of candy (It's my vice!)

All through the night, I kept my word  
I did not eat one little piece.  
Instead I ate, though its absurd,  
5 BAGS of yummy and sweet treats!

A night of chewy crunchy binge  
A night of pure and simple bliss  
But now I only groan and cringe  
Remembering sweet chocolate's kiss.

My scale will groan, my scale will cry  
A screeching, jolting old machine.  
But those high numbers do not lie  
And so I start my Hallo-WEAN!

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<http://www.alonzofugate.com/>

<http://www.nosepickin.com/>