

SPANISH BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER

Friends among and around us, here to sing the saddest sad song, please welcome...the songbird, the catmom, the amazing...Monica Martin.

WHEN HE RETURNS

Monica Martin!

O pilot of the pulpit why flutter your rice paper scriptures? Why flounce in your vestments?

Why buck and wing when you can just sing?

No need to bejewel the rod, no need to bedazzle the staff.

Why raise a prayer for superman when alls you need is a friend.

Your double secret sacrament is just a grape and a grain.

Sometimes the chalice is just a bottle.

Sometimes the choir is just a few too many coats of varnish.

Brother, set aside your anointing oils and go straight kerosene, scratch the match and let'er burn.

SHOT OF LOVE

Shoot your shot, they say. Take your best shot, they say. You only get one shot, they say. Which shot do you say? [I NEED A SHOT OF LOVE]

[shout out to J.P. after]