

## **Memorial Day**

In the red Redondo sand  
underneath the blaze of May,  
my brother found a severed hand.

I was playing on the strand  
between the blissful blue of bay  
and the red Redondo sand

when I heard a scream so grand.  
I ran to see with no delay -  
my brother had found a severed hand.

It must have been from a distant land  
of cruel barbarians far away  
from the red Redondo sand.

We were alone, the shore unmanned.  
So we fled and would not say  
that my brother found a severed hand.

And so I'm sure you understand  
why we never went back to play  
in the red Redondo sand  
where my brother found that hand.