

The Tomato Says I Do

Who'll be Frankenstein's bride?

Not I

says the corn.

I'm already engaged to the sun.

Who'll be Frankenstein's bride?

Not I

says the wheat.

The wind is my devoted husband.

Who'll be Frankenstein's bride?

Not I

says the mushroom.

Can't you see I'm a fairy's footstool?

Who'll be Frankenstein's bride?
Not I
says the grape.
I'm already wedded to the vine.

Very well, I'll be Frankenstein's bride
says the tomato.
I'll walk him down the aisle

providing of course
that his blushes
were genetically modified.

