Lo, little girl. What's your rush? You're missing all the flowers.

The sun won't set for hours, Take your time. But Mother said, "Straight ahead," Not to delay or be misled.

Slow, little girl, Hark! And hush— The birds are singing sweetly. You'll miss the birds completely, You're traveling so fleetly.
Grand-mother first, Then Miss Plump... What a delectable couple:

Utter perfection: One brittle, one supple—One moment, my dear!

Just so, little girl—Any path... So Mother said, "Come what may, follow the path and never stray."

Many worth exploring... Just one would be so boring...

And
look what you're ignoring... Think of those crisp aging bones,

Then something fresh on the palate. Think of that scrumptious carnality twice in one day!

There's no possible way To describe what you feel

When you're talking to your meal!

(Howl)