

Mr. and Mrs. John Barleycorn



A couple of great deceivers
Masquerading in all walks of life,
Desiring to addict rich or poor,
Young to old, husband and wife,
There is no color line or religion,
Nor intellect they cannot enter,
While hoping Mr. and Mrs. Moderate
Will someday slip off center,
Around the clock, they never let up
With cleverness and guile,
Disguised as euphoria and fun,
Hiding a disease with a come-on smile,
Like a rattlesnake in the home
Constantly ready to strike,
The John Barleycorns watch and wait
Hoping all tasters will like,
Promising a high to low feelings
Is false as false can be,
With depression and death the route
Promised for you and me.