

## Bucket, Forks And Pock

Alice Donut

Hot steam rising from the door, by the tar road.  
Crawdads kicking in the dirt.  
Serious cleavage in pink motels.  
(The) preacher's emptying his bucket.

(Chorus)  
Forks in the road  
Pock marks in starch-white shirts.(2x)

Carcass rotting in the yard, by the motel.  
(The) Bayou's washed it on the shore.  
Maggots turned up butterflies in the deep south.  
Here I am running from the pulpett.

(Chorus repeated endlessly).