

Oak Cliff Bra

Edie Brickell

Sittin' on the front porch
In Oak Cliff
With my bra
Watchin' some cars go by

A lady with a baby
With only one shoe
Walks by
Baby on her shoulder
Has his mouth open
More than his eyes
Where's his other shoe?

A little bird is bathin'
On the driveway
In a puddle of old rain
A station wagon honks
And swerves and almost
Hits a squirrel
The squirrel gets crazy eyed
And zippers back and forth
Across the pavement
Talk about close calls