

## Bellybowl

Ferron

Babe you are my bellybowl  
My soft shoe shuffle  
I come behind  
I follow whole  
For me there is no other

I look into your eyes so deep  
I see how I may need you  
I waited for the truth to ring  
I only felt it blowing

O aren't we a stylish class  
Devoid of spirit wailing  
We've not used leaves  
To wipe our ass  
Tomorrow we'll go sailing

Ah, drink the water  
It tastes like wine  
And wine can smell of money  
Though money may snip the  
Kharmic line  
It turns our force to honey  
Honey for our cup of tea  
And honey for our toddies  
And honey for our minds so free  
And honey for our babies