

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