

Black Bells (Make Me OK)

Fruit Bats

Stars are shining in the western sky like a million alligator eyes.

Black bells are ringing, frogs are singing Sister Ray.

The air is sweet on the prairie tonight, smells so good it makes me cry.

So see'mon now, make me OK.

Coonskin caps on radar readers' service station constellations.

Gone down where the dirt goes red!

Pigeons sing When Doves Cry and It's Almost the Same Thing,

So see'mon now, make me OK.