

44 & 66

Greg Brown

44's a BMW; 66's a Yamaha,
44's just like mother; 66 owns Omaha.
44 & 66; 66 & 44,
What a piston; what a bore, 66 & 44.
66's a long old jet plane, goin' to a folk festival,
44's a hot jazz player, yeah; and his belly's never full.
44 & 66; 66 & 44,
You got to push what you can't pull, 66 & 44.
66 is modern poetry; 44 is modern art,
66 ain't got no mystery; 44 ain't got no heart.
44 & 66; 66 & 44,
Flick your Bic at the right door, 66 & 44.
66's a brand new baby bouncin' on his grandma's knee,
44's a long old coffin, open arms for you and me.
44 & 66; 66 & 44,
Say goodbye and close the door, 66 & 44.
66 is Waylon Jennings, and he can't find his cologne,
44 is Nelson Eddy, and he's crying on the telephone.
44 & 66; 66 & 44,
Outlaws don't dig to be poor, no, 66 & 44.
66 is just a number; 44 is just a gig,
66, apprentice plumber; 44 still wants to make it big. 44 & 66;

66 & 44, Add 'em up, you get some more, 66 & 44.