

Gazebo Tree

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That sky is a-shine with sheen, those eyes are a green machine
Spare me your whining
In my rainy gazebo tree
Deep in my silver pit

The walls are all thick with it
My, but you slay me
In my rainy gazebo tree
Bless my baby eyes, don't you know Jesus died?

I'm better off inside
Strip and you lose your hide
What's in that thermos man?
Your female's a garbage can

So you haven't filled her up
OK try to fill my cup
It's moonshine from cactus
Well, I guess it can't wreck us

Spare me your moon shining in my rainy gazebo tree