

Our Mouths Were Wet

Oh No Oh My

I paint the fields that your mouth sent
(I pay the rent)
I struck a deal with your boss, "Ten"
(My shaky legs)

How the fields are golden,
And all the flowers on her hair!
How my heart jumps through the air,
just as much as our mouths were wet.

I keep the years in a lunch pail.
(She sings real good)
I smoked the hill, Uncle German.
(I broke a heel)

I found you!
I found you on the way to meet you...