

Scent of a Mule

Phish

Kitty Malone sat on a mule
Was riding in style
When suddenly, like the sound of a buzzard's breaking
Kitty felt laser beams being fired at her head
She said, "I hate laser beams
And you never done see me askin'
For a UFO
In Tomahawk County"

Well she kicked the mule
And it walked the path
And the aliens fired from behind
Till she stopped the mule
And she kicked the rump
And the big old mule took a big old dump

R: Scent of a mule, you better watch out where you go
Take your laser beams away
Scent of a mule, you better watch out where you go
You better stop that laser game
Or you'll smell my mule

She felt the fire against her neck
And it saddened her to feel it burn
When suddenly, like the sound of a breeding Holstein
Kitty said, "Stop, we ain't lookin' for fightin'
In Tomahawk County."

A little guy from the UFO
Came on out and said his name was Joe
She said, "Come on over for some lemonade
Just follow me now with the whole brigade"

R:

They walked into her cabin shack
They had never seen a southern home
And they liked it, better than their UFO
They liked it, they really liked it
They said, "Here's a place of elegance
Here we shower ourselves in lightness"

R: