

January 6

The Gourds

Waiting for the lozenge to clear yer throat
So you can stand up and say all the words you wrote
All along the fences, all along the lines
Yer gumption's fading and the honeysuckle's dyin'
Honeysuckle's dyin' and the birds all cry

Rain around the houses, rain around the limbs
Everything yer hating is everything you been
So pass around the roses, shiny up the bell
How dry I once was there ain't no tung can tell

Twist another ashbone, make it phat and loose
Apply the isopropyl and play that ol' gray goose
All along the fences, all along the lines
Yer gumption's fading and the honeysuckle's dyin'
Honeysuckle's dyin' and the birds all cry