

One To Call My Own

Whipping Boy

Fields of green, overgrown black birds,
My imagination is running out (of words)

I stick out my tongue
Sniffing at the same old tree
(season) started and we gotta stay free

She's the breeze that blows my sails
Keeps me cool and

Wags her tail and seals my fate

How she comes, whit satin shoes
Her hair's all shaggy and I'm starting, starting to
dream
Down one way street
We got collared by the canine police police
(Now I'm wanted (wandering)) in the city pound
My heart's been lost to a bloodhound

She's the breeze that blows my sails
Keeps me cool and
She gives me shade
Wags her tail and seals my fate

She's one to call my own

She's the breeze that blows my sails
Keeps me cool and gives me (dreams)
(dried up she gives me shade)
Wags her tail and seals my fate

She's one to call my own