

Ass Ponys, It's Summer Here

There are thirteen headless turtles
Hanging on a line
Their severed heads would snap a stick
And break your finger pretty quick
The blood is draining from their necks
And out into the grass
The flies are buzzing all around
A hatchet sticking in the ground

The river looks like chocolate milk
It's foaming at the banks
The snakes come out to sun themselves
You think you've died and gone to hell
I found one in the yard
So I gave it to the dog
She barked and got it by the head
And flung it round till it was dead
And it's summer here

Out behind the barber shop
The barber's burning hair
He lights it laughing to himself
He knows you can't escape the smell
The smoke is rising from the pile
And out into the town
It stings your eyes and burns your nose
And makes it's way all through your clothes
And it's summer here