

Honeydogs, Cut Me Loose, Napoleon

When the fields are cracked and dry
and all the crops are dead
Don't tell me that it's raining, when you're peeing on my head
I've got reliable sources giving me a clue
They're the tired horses that are dragging you
Found your hand in my pocket and an ear in my mail
You're the worm in silk clothing that ate his own tail

Saw you out last night sunglasses in a bar
Everybody knows. . .
With your Ringling Brothers make-up on your trapeze
Everybody's scratching from your circus fleas
Found your hand in my pocket and an ear in my mail
You're the worm in silk clothing that ate his own tail

And I can't ignore you
I'm getting happy for you
You took my breath away now
I want it back
Don't say I'm in the red when I'm in the black
And if I can't ignore you
I'm getting happy for you