

Noe Venable, Dear Carlyne

Can't you just see
Flies' eye mirrors and bull's eye red
Can't you just taste
Blue brain juice from a tikki head
"there's money in the desert
We'll be lithe and sly
And make it groove our way
I like the desert
I heard dear carolyne say

And don't you just dream down easy
As a "for you baby, first time's free
And don't it just seem
Like your wheel of fortune rolled over me
There's somethin bout the desert
It don't speak english but we understand
Somethin bout the desert
From the car's front seat
You squeezed my hand

Dear carolyne

You are sour cream in a rubber dress
A wet dream in a newfound mess
You're a day come apart
In the sky's messy open heart
There's black holes in the desert
Where the slickbacks pay in cash
And trash the place
Black holes in the desert
Looking out from carolyne's face

Dear carolyne

Waited forever
I come back alone
I pull the lever
Like carolyne showed
Pioneer casino in reno nevada
Where a couple of kids like us
Could make our fortunes in an hour

Dear carolyne