

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Farm Fresh Onions

Truth is all I'm looking
From town to town
And door to door
Happiness is nothing more
Than Sunday at the zoo
Ridin' high inside the wires
Is the sum of all my desires
Earth and rain
All I want is love for me and you
Farm fresh onions

Big and round
Sweet and real
Good to eat and they appeal
To anyone who wants a meal
It's sure to fortify
Kiss the stars
And sweat the ears
It appears that all your fears
Won't bring to you those happy tears
It feels so good to cry
Farm fresh onions