Amos Tori, Toodles Mr. Jim

Amos Tori
Miscellaneous
Toodles Mr. Jim
Toodles Mr. Jim
you cherry picker
toodles I say, so long
hear that your grave's a little warm you stickler
sing 'em all your happy song
it's today
today Sunday
by your grave.

I say toodles Mr. Jim
you cherry picker
taught me so well
how to spell those red in
and
and
hey
you know she deserved that nose
splattered and swattered blood in my hands
not a nice day for your little girl
but you came to my aid instead.

Now, now it's toodles Mr. Jim
you cherry picker
build that ladder well
teach me just where those boys can climb
when they've got a spell.

Toodles Mr. Jim
you are my sweet favourite neighbor of them all
of them
girls go to their parties
I don't care
cause I'm with you
still

That was Toodles Mr. Jim.
Mr. Jim died
two weeks ago
and he taught me how to pick cherries
and I punched his daughter in the nose
because she was mean
Mr. Jim was good.