

# Buffalo Tom, Tangerine

Breathless from the coffee I drop my newspaper down  
And left my eyeballs to read about some other town  
Your blueberry flu and message at breakfast was nice  
But when you shoot your mouth off expect to pay the price

She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
She's a soul fillet  
Just a little haiku  
To say how much I like you  
And sap your sex away

Your tarpaper skin and visible beating heart  
Your words on the paper sure gave me a start  
Your huckleberry flu and one plus one is you  
So if I can't be me, well I might as well be with you

She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
Need a soul fillet  
Baby cry your eyes out  
Baby dry your eyes out  
Burn your life away

When the day came to an end you bounced right back again  
Watch an evening news show the L.A. blues again  
Your California sunshine sure gives me a sweat  
And your tangerine nectar's a taste I won't forget

She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
She's a soul fillet  
??? cry your eyes out  
Sister dry your eyes out  
Burn your life away

It's just a little Haiku  
To say how much I like you  
It's just a little Haiku  
To say how much I like you  
It's just a little Haiku