

Gourds, Fine Leather Truck

Whippoorwill won't ya listen
To my roaming story
We started out frying
Up a morning glory
I tell you 'bout the things ya like t¹know I found
& how the moon woke us up with a jigglin' sound
In my fine leather truck

So I rolled up my dirty red pants
Took my shoes off
Crossed my legs when I danced
I did the hyena, the milkman and the fox-trot

We smoked our last then headed for the pine knot
In my fine leather truck

Then the rain came down
& soaked us all up
Could not keep the technology
From suckin' us up
Spiderman was all I could remember then
We crossed the walls
& left that ugly town
In my fine leather truck