

# 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 t&sup1;know 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