

# Guy Clark, Cold Dog Soup

William Butler Yeats in jeans  
Got up to play guitar and sing  
In some join in Mission Beach last night  
At the door sat Tom Waits  
In a pork pie hat and silver skates  
Jugglin' three collection plates Jesus Christ

Townes Van Zandt standin' at the bar  
Skinnin' a Hollywood movie star  
Can't remember where he parked his car  
Or to whom he lost the keys  
Full of angst and hillbilly haiku  
What's a poor Ft. Worth boy to do  
Go on rhyme somethin' for em' man  
Show him how you really feel

Chorus

Ain't no money in poetry  
That's what sets the poet free  
I've had all the freedom I can stand  
Cold dog soup and rainbow pie  
Is all it takes to get me by  
Fool my belly till the day I die  
Cold dog soup and rainbow pie

Ginsberg and Kerouac  
Shootin' dice and playin' Ramblin' Jack's guitar  
With the cowboy paintin' pickguard on it  
And they sat in the back and drank for free  
And rhymed orange with Rosalie  
Now there's a pride of lions to draw to

Chorus