

# John Prine, Onomatopoeia

Forty-five minutes  
Forty-five cents  
Sixty-five agents sitting on a fence  
Singing, hey brother  
Look what we got for you  
We're gonna rope off an area  
And put on a show  
From the Canadian border  
Down to Mexico  
It might be the most  
Potentially gross  
Thing that we could possibly do  
Yeah, little buddy gonna get your chance  
Make them pubescents all wet their pants  
We'll record it live  
And that's no jive.  
Hold it! Stop it! No! No! No! No!  
Bang! went the pistol.  
Crash! went the window.  
Ouch! went the son of a gun.  
Onomatopoeia  
I don't wanna see ya  
Speaking in a foreign tongue.

Knock! Knock! Hello!  
Can I come in?  
Gee, that was a wonderful show!  
Oh, you haven't gone on yet?  
Well, how was I supposed to know?  
Hey! We got a great date  
It's really downtown  
We're gonna get the Grand Canyon  
To do the sound  
It's a boxing ring  
But it might be the thing  
To really put you in the dough  
Listen little brother, don't ya get us wrong  
Why we even know the words to your song  
Just say I do  
And we'll lay it on you  
You! You! And me! Me! Me!  
Bang! went the pistol  
Crash! Went the window  
Ouch! Went the son of a gun  
Onomatopoeia  
I don't want to see ya  
Speaking in a foreign tongue.