

Kinky Friedman, Miss Nickelodeon

(Jay Wise)

Kinda like an Indian beatin' on his mandolin
Lucky Paul and his Asian friend,
Smilin' back from the place they're in.

Hero's mother hides in Austin waitin' for a loan
Preacher's teachers boogie down in Saigon,
Tryin' to make it on their own.

Injun ladies with their cement hair,
Snub Ulysses on the stair
I believe he's up there sellin' kitchen wares,
Tryin' to make it back to Sweden.

Ah, kinda like an Indian beatin' on his mandolin
Lucky Paul and his Asian friend,
Smilin' back from the place they're in.

Glad to see you on the mend,
Oh, Miss Nickelodeon,
Guess you got the stuff I could not send,
Roll it over again.

Trip in from 43,
A magic boy, his dog and me.
On a run to eternity
Not carin' what it's costin'.

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