

Leo Kottke, Turning Into Randolph Scott (Humid Child)

CHORUS

Turning into Randolph Scott
Some things never change
Dried-up, extraordinary -
Alkalai on the range

Once she was a humid child
nodding toward a place
sleeping in her vegetables
legumes for a face
Once she was a humid child;
Now, she aint

CHORUS

Carrots where her eyes were, bright
Orange, where she'd blush
Brussel sprout-conditioned fists
dropped string beans in her socks
Once she was a humid child;
Now, she is not

(guitar solo)

CHORUS (end with repeating "mmm-mmm")