

Robert Earl Keen, Farm Fresh Onions

Truth is all I'm looking for From town to town And door to door
Happiness is nothing more Than Sunday at the zoo
Ridin' high inside the wires Is the sum of all my desires
Earth and rain All I want is love for me and you Farm fresh onions

Big and round Sweet and real Good to eat and they appeal
To anyone who wants a meal It's sure to fortify
Kiss the stars and sweat the ears It appears that all your fears
Won't bring to you those happy tears It feels so good to cry Farm fresh onions
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions.

People moving everywhere, planes are falling from the air,
Take a good look in the mirror, the mirror on the wall,
Overwhelming to the mind, too confined, but still inclined,
To stay the course until I find the onion in us all Farm Fresh Onions.
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions.

Thinking straight into the sun where, at its core, the onion won
Wants you to know there's never none, there's no need for alarm.
Where millions, billions, zillions wait; proliferate their blissful state
To welcome your arrival date, the day that you buy the farm fresh onions.
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions.
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions.