

Shelby Sifers, Half-Naked And Knocking

Hold your flashlight to your fingers boy,
draw a circle in the soil.
Tie your tent up to your rooftop,
don't come down.
We can navigate this backyard,
Go to the fencepost, laws of gravity.
Keep the world inside this sandbox
where everyone is nice to me.
There's no thought to making war,
so why don't we make some more.
I will be your duct tape covered milk carton periscope,
you'll be my german submarine.
I'll show you things from my three angles,
you'll keep me dry beneath the sea.
Now we're laying just like outlaws,
now we're laying fashionably low,
mixing moonshine in the outhouse
out west in California.
And we sing, "Oh";
Yeah we've all been down before,
half-naked and knocking at some prairie dog's door.
Oh when will you come back to me?
The yard is full of weeds
and I'm feeling lonely.
I have big jobs and your big plans
have gotten in the way again.