## The Gourds

dance around the hi-fi mama there be no derision your reticence is gonna let me down ya gotta pull on out of your coma Moss the jackal with a soldering iron you know he's quite the wizard the fumes inhaled brings on the madness bounce around his turntable hey you know it won't be too long have to run it's a pity hey you know it won't be too long it'll all be for your benefit hot liver in the ice chest now bring a good price on the black market pulmonary pounding on the asphalt we'll be shuttin' down the ventricles well it was purchased in a lavatory if it made its way to me sittin' next to it in the cockpit hand to hand on the bamboo airstrip all my bootleggers in our panty hose bunched around the ankles just some kinky astigmatism or an exquisite gel put away your heater mama before you hurt somebody and keep the taps clean babushka so i can keep runnin' the juic е