

Do your math!
Eat your clams!
I always hated the L.A. Rams.
Climb up on the roof,
(To watch the police ?)
As a shadow wanders across your room.
(Get the wind back?)
(I want a paper towel?)
Wishing you was Roseanne Cash and I was Roger Crowell.
Groom your trees, groom your shrubs,
Pounding pictures in a labored pose
Conspiracy to keep me under wraps, I signed the document, well
I guess my ass is grass.
Stoke a candle, thumb through a book, a autobiography of an infamous crook.