

## Spoonful James

### "Williamson's Garage"

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There's something there in Williamson's Garage  
I think it's me trying to start a fire  
With autumn leaves and gasoline  
The flames leapt up to bite my sleeves  
It's only a painting  
But not too pretty a picture

Into my home, a real native boy  
Full blooded brave, a kind of show 'n tell  
I showed him off to my Great Aunt  
He told me off to my white face  
It's only a painting  
But not to pretty a picture  
There it hangs on the wall  
A thousand words I know them all  
The frozen bird, a hockey puck  
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh

Murder of crows gathered on the power lines  
Murdering crows - The Blue Max will be mine  
To bring them down I take my aim  
Then I reload and shoot again  
It's only a painting  
But not to pretty a picture  
And there it hangs on the wall  
A thousand words I know them all  
The frozen bird, a hockey puck  
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh  
Move on to Van Gogh...  
Move on to Van Gogh...

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