

April March

"The Land Of Go"

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Come with me, honey,
To the land of go.
Ain't stoppin' nowhere,
Ain't goin' slow.

There's wheat and thistle,
In the land of go,
And many gristle,
By the fire's glow.

You'll feel so woozy,
Come along with me.
The Earth looks juicy,
Underneath your feet.

Hoot owl and possum,
Will guide you there,
Past yawning chasm,
And hornet's lair.

Down by the corn wall,
On a morning glee,
Here come us singing,
While the backhoes cree.

You'll find your quarters,
Underneath a tree.
Just hang your chainmail,
In the salty breeze.

Touch not the dial,
On the radio.
Its set for laughter,
Anywhere you go.

Won't you come with me,
To the land of go?
Just put your hat on,
Cuz it's time to go.

