

Cake Bake Betty "Doves"

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And every time
We have to part.
I sit and shoot the doves
In my back yard.
I dig a hole
In search of kites.
I lose my grip
Oh how that string it bites.

And the dogs they dip my feet,
They make me watch the girls
The dancing queens.
I am not the one to blame
I am not the horse(!)
In this here game.

I found the broom
I found the crease
The waters warm
Hot with disease.

An Untimely demise
I'm still watching
The world through your eye.
Your insides were never my size.

In the car
In the drive oh.

I wrote your letters I knew your name,
I wrote your letters I knew your name,
I wrote your letters I knew your name,
I wrote your letters I knew your name.

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