

Desert Sessions

"Goin To A Hangin"

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My sweetheart is a yogi
The painter's still asleep
I'm stuck here in my scoggie
The smell is in trouble deep

The president's head is played
The garbage is pilin up
The schoolyard kids are playin
I'm on my second Coke

Nick's goin' with me
The neighbor's bangin
Don't make me a bug
Nick's goin' to a hangin'
Oh, honey please, won't you come?

The dancin' sweetheart's smokin'
Mercury is higher
I'm scared to death but fallin'
Now Jupiter is on fire

I wish I had a dollar
For every dream I've had
The cat took off her collar
Now I need to calm her down

Nick's goin' to me
Guitars are playin'
You can hear them strum
We're goin' to a hangin'
Oh, honey please, won't you come?

It's called a crime of passion
It's called a circus tribe
The media teeth are nashing
While wearin' that anchor's smile

I sure can face the ocean
The desert burnt the toast
I wish I had some lotion
I feel like a piece of toast

Nick's goin' to leave
Bells are ringin'
Goin to death and to jump
We're goin' to a hangin'

Oh, honey please, won't you come?
Oh, honey please, won't you come?

Goin to a hangin'

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