

Jana Mashonee

"Slinky Parade"

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Jesus Christ, Randolph Scott
Bob Dylan and his mother, Dusty Springfield
Came on the road one day
Marched a slinky parade into my eye
Faster picture lit a match
You're mine forever
Great a bird flew home today
You took him in your wings and said
Little fly on silver dollar
Silver hills and rocket ships
Clean I tied my shoes and ran
Into a forest silver span
A needle dropped in the hay
I pulled a fathom from the sea
Rolled away so fortune free
Punched a finger in the slot
Gimme mine, I'll take it now
Free to be a Christian ram
Flee past the foggy sand
Oh, free to be a Christian ram
Fleeing past the foggy sand

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