

Les Claypool "Calling Kyle"

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His momma used to dance at the Broadway shows.
Broadway, where the young men go to drop the coins
in one, two, three.

He remembered walking in, not knowing applesauce
from sin.
And uncles trotted one, two, three.

Calling Kyle

His pop was met at the Ballpark Franks, he used to root
for the radio
Yanks.
They'd sat they'd aerate the greens.

On Coleman he would spot the sheep, on Christmas
he'd kept the keep.
Turkey day saw no greens.

Calling Kyle

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