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Mountain Brothers ''Tahitianambrosia Maker''

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We were real hungry and half dead When you broke out half a loaf of sourdough bread. And in the tropical air the scent rose like a spirit. Moments of grace like this being wholly unmerited. ahh.

We were newly alive and I felt your hand on my arm. I was awake to the sensation and immune from all harm.

You pressed your soft cheek up against my gut. Pure gold. nothing but gold,

And I'm gonna bake you a nice coconut cream pie. 'Cause I saw the sky coming down to meet you.

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