

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers

"Green & Dumb"

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Daisies stand up on their tip-toes
Clouds tumble over themselves in the sky
And all the pretty horses come runnin' to her
And even the dust devils pray
That they'll catch her eye

I haunt her house from the outside
I watch her bake cornbread and talk on the phone
And the wireless on the inside plays a sad sweet song
A mute moonlit statue am I, she waltzes alone

But baby, baby, I could call you baby
If I weren't so empty in the head and tied up in the
tongue
And baby, baby, I could call you baby
If I weren't so green and dumb

The wind ain't stopped blowin' since morning
It's got me froze up on the inside
And I could get warm in the bunk house
And thaw out on coffee and bread

But baby, baby, I could call you baby
If I weren't so empty in the head and tied up in the
tongue
But baby, baby, I could call you baby
If I weren't so green and dumb

I need your government warning
like I need a hole in my head
Well, I won't shoot your coyotes
And I won't burn your weeds
Your paycheck won't fill up this hollow
It won't dull all the aching

But baby, baby, I could call you baby
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