Rugburns "Better Be Careful"

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I better be careful what I ask for
'Cause I been asking for an awful lot, and baby
I better be careful what I look for
'Cause I been looking for an awful lot, and baby
I want to trim your leaves, and baby
I want to prune your bush, and baby
I want to marry you, and baby
I want to carry you

And so I drive all around this city
Trying to find something, but there's nothing on the radio

And so I reach deep inside your garden Wake up and I scream and it must have been a dream But there's no one there to hear me

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Upside-down on a flat horizon
Belly to the sky, got tears in my eye
With a voice like an angel, sweet as maple syrup
You can ride me like a horse, put your foot inside my
stirrup
I'll be there to help you up
And we can ride down a long stretch of highway
Mooning all the truckers 'till we end up on a dirt road
Naked to the gods in the middle of the forest
There'll be no one there to bug us and no one there to
bore us

I'll build us a house and I'll make it out of toothpicks
Plastic wood and anything that I can touch
A white picket fence with a two car garage
Five band radio and toothpick dogs
'Cause you know that I'm allergic

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