

Solex

"Shoot Shoot"

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I'll tell you a better story than
'Little Kay of the skates'
Or 'The Snow Ghost'
He tore off some tender new tips and
Rubbed them on his hands
Until the air was filled with the sharp smell
Just tore off some tender new tips
The afternoon wind struck him and
Blew up his hair and ruffed his shirt
Shoot shoot!
He came in his breeches and his shirt
The tail was flying out behind him
He stood there, looking up at me
Like a wild-eyed cow moose
Surprised in the sheriff's only cornfield
Blew up his hair and ruffed his shirt
Shoot shoot!

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