

Nodes Of Ranvier

"Tarbaby"

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Mud, leaves, roofing rot
Black tar tires are all that I got
So how can I have made
This rubber duchess in her rich brocade
Black dress, seven rips
Kissing coals, her burnout lips
Ask old Bruo, who salts the snails
She's sticky sweet, hard as...
Asphalt in winter

Tarbaby

His days are plain
But his dreams are gaudy
Rhinestone kisses on a
Backside nagahyde body
Propped in the rotten weeds
One whiff of at her and he was incomplete
She and I we had plans
Kicking cows and shooting cans
I know you were with her cause
I saw her stuck all over your hands

Tarbaby tarbaby

Clouds cry on a roof of tin
Like an ace high, I brave the din
I know you were with her
Cause I saw her stuck all over your chin
Like I said, we had plans, she and I
High as a rod on the fourth of July
She was gaping at me like an earthquake crack
As you took her away on your dirty old back

"she stuck by my side
Seemed to enjoy the ride
I threw her in the bayou
For she would not be my bride"
Tarbaby tarbaby born again born again...

