

# **Beth Jeans Houghton & The Hooves Of Destiny "Franklin Benedict"**

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Roasting peppers in the backyard  
The sun's eclipse begins to lean and mask your unitard  
And all convention lends a hand to understanding  
Why a spade's a spade and I'm the goose  
You cooked until my skin grew hard

You started elongating all your words  
And imitating some intelligent guy you once heard  
Donating knowledge to the bank of what the hell will he  
be doing  
This time next year if his assets don't begin to swell

And you see that I've been falling  
And you see what I've been through  
And you see that I've been calling  
For better or worse, I'm calling for you

I caught you framing Franklin Benedict  
And twice reversing all the first class stamps that we  
once licked  
Of token soldiers holding hands with all the dead  
civilians  
Stop taking chances with the ammunition in your pants

Turn your face as you get in the car  
Embrace the power marching through your vicious  
jugular  
And I'm not saying that I would but I just might become  
The only foreign heart to say 'my dear you are my only  
vice'

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