

Residents

"Bossy"

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Sat upon an empty box of
Cheerios and settled
Through the cracks of wooden floors
Forming little cone mountains

Fertile soil on which to rest
My dirty little white stone
With dimples to keep it from
Rolling down the dusty trail

Brought such straight rows
Like corn and peas
And foot caves in cold dirt
And the sore throat that follows

Everyone always knew
It ended this way
But I still don't understand
Why milking the cow didn't work

She was warm and had a rough
Muscular tongue for licking
Salt blocks and brown eyes like a cow
And her name was Bossy
We didn't eat her I don't think

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