

## Robert Earl Keen "Farm Fresh Onions"

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Truth is all I'm looking for  
From town to town  
And door to door  
Happiness is nothing more  
Than Sunday at the zoo  
Ridin' high inside the wires  
Is the sum of all my desires  
Earth and rain  
All I want is love for me and  
you  
Farm fresh onions

Big and round  
Sweet and real  
Good to eat and they  
appeal  
To anyone who wants a meal  
It's sure to fortify  
Kiss the stars and sweat the ears  
It appears that all  
your fears  
Won't bring to you those happy tears  
It feels so good to  
cry  
Farm fresh onions  
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh  
Onions.

People moving everywhere,  
planes are falling from the  
air,  
Take a good look in the mirror,  
the mirror on the wall,  
Overwhelming to the mind,  
too confined, but still  
inclined,  
To stay the course until I find  
the onion in us  
Farm Fresh Onions.  
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh  
Onions.

Thinking straight into the sun  
where, at its core, the  
onion won  
Wants you to know there's  
never none, there's no need  
for alarm.  
Where millions, billions,  
zillions wait; proliferate their  
blissful state  
To welcome your arrival date,  
the day that you buy the  
farm fresh onions.  
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh  
Onions.  
Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh Onions; Farm Fresh  
Onions.

