

Holopaw

"Teacup Woozy"

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She was feelin' campfire drowsy,
From watchin' footage of Niagra Falls.

He was feelin' teacup woozy,
From the slow spin of this ball.

She said at this pace,
We might just get get one shot,
At the muddy, muddy banks of,
The mighty Mississippi.

There are Chinese lantern-lit gardens.

There are many ways to Ohio.

There are tickets to here and there, I,
Hear that it's pretty this time of year.

From the latches on the lunchpail,
Who shoulder against the glacial drift.

Juice of glass sweatin' on the table,
Ripples set off by a passin' train.

'Where're you headed?' 'Ohio,'
'Baby boy, don't you know,
'That a bullet will get you there quicker.'

There are artichoke fields,
At the edge of the ocean.

There are many ways to Ohio.

There are tickets to here and there. I,
Hear that it's pretty this time of year.

There are piney piney woods,
And there are greyhound stations.
There are many ways to Ohio.

There are trains that lead the banks of,

The mighty Mississippi,

And there are just as many ways to Wyoming...

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