Melon Blind "Vernie"

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Is it the way you're speakin'

Is it because I'm peakin'

Twistin' your face, thumb in hand, but you

Gotta have your own space to play in

A collection of glass chickens

Oh Vernie, what a garden you have

Maybe its the snuff under your lip

Or maybe caramel cake covered in Christmas

Oh a flower you are to my land, but I

No I cannot deny the beauty

If I had a heart I would want it to be like Vernie's

Oh what a heart that she has

Roaming through the cupboard jar of

pickles never opened since 1983

Peanuts in a pile and Elvis down the aisle

Singing gallantly

I wish I could be

A little more like Vernie

Oh, I wanna be

I wanna be a little more like Vernie

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