

Cold Dog Soup

[Guy Clark](#)

William Butler Yeats in jeans
Got up to play guitar and sing
In some join in Mission Beach last night
At the door sat Tom Waits
In a pork pie hat and silver skates
Jugglin' three collection plates
Jesus Christ Townes Van Zandt standin' at the bar
Skinnin' a Hollywood movie star
Can't remember where he parked his car
Or to whom he lost the keys
Full of angst and hillbilly haiku
What's a poor Ft. Worth boy to do
Go on rhyme somethin' for 'em, man
Show him how you really feel
Ain't no money in poetry
That's what sets the poet free
I've had all the freedom I can stand
Cold dog soup and rainbow pie
Is all it takes to get me by
Fool my belly till the day I die
Cold dog soup and rainbow pie
Ginsberg and Kerouac
Shootin' dice and playin' Ramblin' Jack's guitar
With the cowboy paintin' pickguard on it
And they sat in the back and drank for free
And rhymed orange with Rosalie
Now there's a pride of lions to draw to
Ain't no money in poetry
That's what sets the poet free
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