Sidewinder

Ass Ponys

The dirt farmer's wife is hanging her laundry on the line
She's wasting her life but other than that she's doing fineThe gut wagon rolls trailing a cloud of flies along
Holding her nose she's trying to hear the buzzard's songSidewinder spoiled my shot at my precious forget-me-notIt's a red letter day and we've all confessed to petty crimes
What can she say that hasn't been said a hundred times
The dirt farmer swears his fruit is as fresh as the early spring
What does he care that she's finding worms in everythingSidewinder spoiled my shot at my precious forget-me-not
Claimjumper stole my spot next to me precious forget-me-notThe weed garden grows just outside the kitchen door
The dirt farmer knows it won't be in bloom like it was beforeSidewinder spoiled my shot at my precious forget-me-not
Claimjumper stole my spot next to me precious forget-me-not

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