

Onomatopoeia

John Prine

Forty-five minutes
Forty-five cents
Sixty-five agents sitting on a fence
Singing, hey brother Look what we got for you
We're gonna rope off an area
And put on a show
From the Canadian border Down to Mexico
It might be the most
Potentially gross
Thing that we could possibly do Yeah, little buddy gonna get your chance
Make them pubescents all wet their pants
We'll record it live
And that's no jive. Hold it! Stop it! No! No! No! No!
Bang! went the pistol.
Crash! went the window.
Ouch! went the son of a gun. Onomatopoeia
I don't want to see ya
Speaking in a foreign tongue.
Knock! Knock! Hello! Can I come in?
Gee, that was a wonderful show!
Oh, you haven't gone on yet?
Well, how was I supposed to know? Hey! We got a great date
It's really downtown
We're gonna get the Grand Canyon
To do the sound It's a boxing ring
But it might be the thing
To really put you in the dough
Listen little brother, don't ya get us wrong Why we even know the words to your song
Just say I do
And we'll lay it on you
You! You! And me! Me! Me! Bang! went the pistol
Crash! Went the window
Ouch! Went the son of a gun
Onomatopoeia I don't want to see ya
Speaking in a foreign tongue.

Songwriters

PRINE, JOHN Published by

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