

Tangerine

Buffalo Tom

Breathless from the coffee, I drop my newspaper down
Left my eyeballs to read about some other town
Your blueberry flu and message at breakfast was nice
But when you shoot your mouth off, expect to pay the price
She's a tangerine
Made in California
She's a soul fillet
Just a little haiku
To say how much I like you
And sap your sex away
Your tar paper skin and visible beatin' heart
Your words on the paper sure gave me a start
Your huckleberry flu and one plus one is you
So if I can't be me, well I might as well be with you
She's a tangerine
Made in California
Need a soul fillet
So, baby cry your eyes out
Baby, dry your eyes out
Burn your life away
When the day came to an end, you bounced right back again
Watch an evening news show, L.A. blues again
Your California sunshine sure gives me a sweat
And your tangerine nectar's a taste I won't forget
She's a tangerine
Made in California
She's a soul fillet
I've seen you cry your eyes out
Sister, dry your eyes out
Burn your life away
It's just a little haiku
To say how much I like you
It's just a little haiku
To say how much I like you
It's just a little haiku

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