

Arizona

Pedro the Lion

Arizona curled up with California
Then she tried to hide the whole thing from New Mexico
Who knew before he saw them making out in Yuma
That she was loving someone new
But California not California how could you? The bully loved her cactus, the underdog her pine
But she would only love one at a time
New Mexico had always hated California
And though he knew that Arizona wore the pants He got loaded then he started throwing punches
The poor injun never had a chance
Scissors cut paper, paper covers rock
Rock crushes scissors, scissors fall apart

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