

# Reba

## Phish

Reba sink a boulder in the water  
Reba tie a cable to a tree  
Reba stuck in a game of lipstick perfume flypaper  
Reba press a razor to a slide cross a needle with a prune

Knee deep in the motel tub  
Reba dangle ladle form her lip  
Dip  
Sip  
Reba babble to the nag with the lipstick perfume  
Mutter to a farmer in a truck

Take a peek at the cheetah, reba  
Cheetah on the prow in a cage  
Sink a boulder in the water  
Tie a cable to a tree

Mutter nature to the nag  
With the lipstick perfume  
Reba flush a fleshfarm leftover  
Thunder in a circle  
Down the pipes

Bag it  
Tag it  
Sell it to the butcher in the store

Reba put a stopper in the bottom of the tub  
Picked up a jar unscrewed the top  
And watched it drop into the water

A little scoop of plaster mix  
Some coffee grounds and mud  
And then she stirred it with the ladle  
That her grandmother had bought her  
Threw in a pot of melted wax  
A forefoot and a hoof  
Apple core, worms galore  
And a can of some corrosive

Coconuts and chloroform  
Some wicker and some cork  
Toxic waste, some purple paste  
She hoped was not explosive

Reba dip a ladle for a taste of her creation  
And she knew that what she make  
Would be the finest in the nation

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Lyrics submitted by Bobby.

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