

# Onomatopoeia

## John Prine

Forty-five minutes, fifty-five cents  
Sixty-five agents sitting on a fence  
Saying, hey little 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 pubescent 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 wanna see ya  
Speaking in a foreign tongue  
Knock, knock, hello, can I come in?  
Gee, it 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  
Well listen little brother, don't you get us wrong  
Why we even know one of the words to your song  
Just say I do and we'll lay it on you  
You, you, and me, 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  
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Lyrics provided by

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