

Farm Fresh Onions Extras

Robert Earl Keen

People say everywhere, planes are falling from the air
Take a good look in the mirror, the mirror on the wall
Overwhelming to the mind, too confined but still inclined
To stay the course until I find the onion in us all

Farm fresh onions
Farm fresh onions
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Farm fresh onions

Kiss the stars and sweat the years and it appears that all your
fears
Won't bring to you those happy tears it feels so good to cry

Red hot onion
Hot red onion
Hot red onion
Hot red onion
Hot red onion

I think we have enough now