

Tangerine

Buffalo Tom

Breathless from the coffee I drop my newspaper down
And 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 beating 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
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 the 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
(?) 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