

Little Ashtray In Sun

Cotton Jones

Mister Paranoid Cocoon
Milky morning not too long for you
You'll only be as big as what you do
Mister in your paranoid womb

The poet caught you setting up his boat
You couldn't move your tongue all on your own
Now the receptionist said, "The deputy's on the phone"

Pretty little ashtray in the sun
Oh, the human kindness has begun
Flowers in your eyes, flowers in your eyes
Flowers in your eyes so big and young
Ah, the pretty little ashtray fell in love

Honey, if you could remember us
Underneath the big wheels of the bus
Ah, the pretty little ashtray in the sun

Homeless traveler singing in a band
Shake it, shake afraid of where you been
Now you're just afraid of where you might land
Imaginary castles in the sand
Oh, the human kindness has begun (Oh, the human kindness)
Oh, the human kindness has begun (Oh, the human kindness)

And that feels, that feels, that feels, that feels
(Oh, the human kindness)
I wonder how it feels, how it feels, how it feels
(Oh, the human kindness)
(Oh, the human kindness)