

Flamingo

Fruit Bats

The place where I was born is a vague memory
Like the flakes in the snow of a broke-down TV
It could be in a big city in a beautiful dell
With a red corn silo or a broken church bell
Here we go
The girls would all be pretty and the men quiet and strong
The autumn is beautiful and summer not too long
Rains of May would come pouring like the Genesis flood

Left the old pink flamingo face down in the mud
Here we go
Well, the last thing I'll do before I call it quits
Is probably dream just a little bit
But nothing too hard on my sweet fadin' mind 'cause everything,
everything's gonna be just fine
(Outro)
Everything, everything gonna be just fine (x4)