

The Rustler

Luna

He's a softly spoken tiger
In a sea of pussycats
A softly spoken tiger
Getting on the groove
Betty and veronica
Lord i miss them so
Forgot to mail those postcards
It was a long time ago

In a city of this size
We'll never meet again
No, no. no

Well the mind is a monkey
And honey so am i
Befuddled and befiddled
In the corner of your eye
And the rustler's getting loopy
On xycoline and booze
He's gonna meet you at the airport
There's no way for him to lose