

Burchfield Nines

Michael Franks

Dan expands like Gildersleeve
"You salty dogs, it's New Year's Eve"
The Dali drools, the Hartley shines
But all I see is those Burchfield Nines

The artist weeps, the agent smiles
I'd like to learn to box like Miles
We're all such funny valentines
But all I see is those Burchfield Nines

The women purr like Cheshire cats
And Mr. T. breaks out the V.A.T
And on the box Bird tingles spines
But all I see is those Burchfield Nines