

**It**

**moe.**

Let's build a house out of tin cans and car tires Make a plan and see it through Sit on the front porch And carve potato stamps And print the daily news

You can hammer on your stump Try to make a totum pole You can give that stump life You can give it a soul

I have a buffalo nickel Whose lifetime has been long It's passed hands so many times that The buffalo has moved on

Sometimes you'll find you can rhyme anything with anyone Sometimes you'll find you can rhyme anything with anyone

You can put it on the front porch You can leave it out to dry You can put it on the back burner, baby You can leave it to die

There are a million people Who pass through here on their way It will take two centuries to undo what they do here today

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You will turn it over You will wear it through You will put on the front porch It's got a mind of its own

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