

Foamy

Pond

wanted to become something wanted something for the handlebars
hair like a pumpkin and a kitten home in a jar
Foamy supports us selling beads and oils in the bars
melts men like candles when she climbs into their cars

eyes like pharaohs black and white
Foamy's got a vacation she's waving us goodbye
Foamy's taking the Harley she's kissing us goodbye

everybody got a postcard no one could make out a single word
Foamy addressed them to the girls out driving herd
all the men still come down to rub the mole and kiss her photograph
Foamy's not downtown she's wide open across the plains