

Comely Row

Solex

'I'm Popeye the sailorman'
Or whichever old tune he sang
Spiced up with a few hot damns
The sailorman
He made a comely row of trees
On each side of the country road
So that a daily sort of man
Driving beneath them in his lumber wagon
Might fancy himself lord of a private road
Right after the first few notes
All the goats turned their heads
They would get fed
He was a tall lanky guy
With stooped shoulders and a shy seemed studious face
'Popeye the Sailorman'