

Dry-Land Fish

The Kentucky Headhunters

Springtime is coming and everything's in bloom
The corn has been planted, so we'll make some moon
Over by the swinging bridge I'll meet my Sarah Jean
And we'll go tippy-toeing through the grass as it turns green

Dry-land fish, so good for the soul
You just reach out and grab 'em and put 'em in a poke
And if a genie gave me a bottle, there'd be three things I'd wish
Corn, greens and taters, and dry-land fish

[Spoken:] Get back, Jojo...

You know, the neighbors they come a-
runnin' when ol' George gives the call
They'll bring those Smith and Hawkins and Duckbill overalls
And we'll dig a little ginseng and pull some yellow root
And I'll make a magic potion with a mushroom or two

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[Spoken:] What's it mean, Mr. Natural?

Hey, incense is a-burnin' and the atmosphere is right
Zeppelin's on the radio, ain't no heartaches here tonight
There's dancing in the kitchen and laughter in the hall
Ain't that why we are here, after all?

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[Spoken:] Everybody now...

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Corn, greens and taters, and dry-land fish

[Spoken:] Ahh... 'twas ever thus. Who!