Joshua the Yazoo Kid

Who meets me daily at the doorway To tell me things that day he did It's either thirty pounds of jabber Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Who won't eat broccoli 'less you tell him They're legs of a green slimey squid It's either pure imagination Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Who's running down the hallway Like lightning that was greased And hits you doing sixty Below the knees

Who wants to stay up and watch TV Who's much more tired than he'll admit It's either perpetual motion Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

> Who's favorite food is bubblegum Who likes to salt the slugs Who curls up for a nap With his favorite potato bug

Who puts his head upon your shoulder So sleepy cause he overdid He's thirty pounds of honest loving He's Joshua, the Yazoo Kid Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Opus 90 (1985)



