

NOBODY KNOWS

Touch down  
Super fine  
Hello Texas  
I've heard a rumor  
That you were expecting me.  
Even so  
I brought along some friends  
Of mine.  
Guns to the right  
Guns to the left  
Armadillo all around  
Nobody knows what to do.  
Simply speaking  
Steven F  
Made his mark  
And simply speaking  
My friends and I  
Take him up on it.  
Ring a ding  
Alamo ring  
Sound a bell  
Of Texas liberty.  
My friends and I  
Take liberty with Texas  
Tex, tax  
Ticky tacky  
Taco well  
Enchilada  
I'm a hog  
The whole herd gathered  
Around a cocoon  
Left empty by the drought  
Of Steven F  
The drought of memory  
The whole herd gathered  
Not to be slaughtered  
Hardly  
But simply to wave a  
Lone star grin  
Of immigrant  
Reluctant maturity.  
Happy couple  
Happy two for three  
Taking on a lone star  
Visionary dream  
Who knows if Steven F  
Is turning over in his grave?  
Who cares!

November 5, 1977  
Austin, Texas: Kerville Camp  
OT:MR/db