

Iowa This Song

I got this gal from Iowa, she feeds me and lets me write my songs

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I don't remember when I met her, but I won't forget her when she's gone

She's my cosmetic baby, she wears all kinds of plastic on her face

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If you don't like the taste of polyethylene, you'll have to kiss her on some other place

She buys me clocks and calendars and follows me wherever I may go

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I don't know why she digs me. She thinks she's Juliet. I guess that makes me Romeo

She's got one right foot on the bottom of her right leg

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She taught me how to play harmonica, monopoly, and mumbly peg

Sometimes she screams and stomps her feet and slams the door, but I just let her go

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Tell me why should I go after her when it looks so good to see her running home