

Everyone Deserves Music
By
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Tin pans litter the alley, while the West swings.

The deep south black snake moans.

The French quarter pours itself some bourbon street jazz.

Somewhere someone is a little bit country, while others are a little bit rock and roll.

Me? I, well, I'm a joker, a smoker...

I am iron man, sitting on a park bench eating salt peanuts, salt peanuts.

But, somewhere, way over that rainbow, is Lucy in the sky with diamonds.

Why, oh, why can't I?

Remember, when red rain is pouring down, just believe, what a wonderful world it can be.

And you'll feel fine.