

Black Yodel No 7
Woodbox Gang

Band: Woodbox Gang
Album: Wormwood

Black Yodel No. 7

VERSE 1

Eb G# Eb
An angel rode the bus home
B C# Eb
I believed her wings were broken
Eb G# Eb
She asked me the time of day
B C# Eb
I asked if she was joking
Eb G# Eb
She smiled like a woman
B C# Eb
And her tricks were turning
Eb G# Eb
I smiled like a baby
B C# Eb
And felt my body burning

CHORUS

F# Eb
La di di da
F# Eb
Yodelayheehoo
G# Eb
There s people in me head sayin
Bb Eb
Yodelaaaaayheehoo

VERSE 2

She asked how I was doing
Not expecting me to answer
I said fairly well
Doctors say I killed the cancer
Itâ€™s going out of style
She inquired about the flavor
I said it wasnâ€™t mine
It was in my next door neighbor

VERSE 3

I scratched my big red nose
As the wind blew through my beard

If I shave too often
My face looks really weird
She pulled out her bandana
It wasn't dirty or red
Even though inside held
A severed shrunken head

VERSE 4

I stared like a creep
Into those tiny eyes
And then one winked at me
As the other began to cry
She started laughing
And tickling its chin
Like it was a baby
Or newborn kitten

VERSE 5

I pulled out my cell phone
It melted in my hand
She pulled out a bottle
And fed the little man
I dinged the dinger
The bus came to a stop
She said thank you sir
This is where I get off

VERSE 6

I swallowed my vomit
So casual and discreet
But the taste of eggs and mushrooms
Sent it splattered on my feet
I ran for the exit
The driver hit the breaks
I screamed like a woman
I didn't say thanks

VERSE 7

I wanted to sneeze
Then I wanted to shave
I wanted to steal her head
And put him in a grave
I'm glad her wings are broken
I hope they turn to dust
I m gonna learn to drive a car
And never take the bus