

# Tangerine

## Buffalo Tom

Breathless from the coffee, I drop my newspaper down  
Left my eyeballs to read about some other town  
Your blueberry flu and message at breakfast was nice  
But when you shoot your mouth off, expect to pay the price  
She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
She's a soul fillet  
Just a little haiku  
To say how much I like you  
And sap your sex away  
Your tar paper skin and visible beatin' heart  
Your words on the paper sure gave me a start  
Your huckleberry flu and one plus one is you  
So if I can't be me, well I might as well be with you  
She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
Need a soul fillet  
So, baby cry your eyes out  
Baby, dry your eyes out  
Burn your life away  
When the day came to an end, you bounced right back again  
Watch an evening news show, L.A. blues again  
Your California sunshine sure gives me a sweat  
And your tangerine nectar's a taste I won't forget  
She's a tangerine  
Made in California  
She's a soul fillet  
I've seen you cry your eyes out  
Sister, dry your eyes out  
Burn your life away  
It's just a little haiku  
To say how much I like you  
It's just a little haiku  
To say how much I like you  
It's just a little haiku

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>