

Fit Tuck Ridge

Going up to fit tuck ridge
Gonna have a real fine time
Gonna get some flames and get some fire
In a loved up frying slime

Ain't no sense in counting chickens or
Or torching some ol' bridge
Cause the only thing that's worth a damn
Is up on fit tuck ridge

So you're waiting on a string of pearls
And you're waiting for the rain
Cause once you're up on fit tuck ridge
You won't feel no pain

Now the only thing a rambler needs
Is a valley and a hill
But don't get lost up fit tuck ridge
Without your iron pills

Way down on fit tuck ridge
Over on fit tuck
Up on fit tuck ridge

Some keep their cookies in a cookie jar
And a pizza in the fridge
But ain't no flavour can compare
To the honey on fit tuck ridge



OTIS MACE, Guitar Ace... Just another pop, opera, bossanova, idol, tangled up in a blue tango, and on a tangent. Likes tangelos, and Tangerine Dream.

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Prose and Poetry

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