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Recording cowbell
by John Johnson

Yesterday I was recording cowbell and dropped it in a sink
One moment it was in my hand then gone in a wink
It's good the recorder was running cause it was cooler than you'd think

It ricocheted around the sink in a circular orb
Shot up into the air and down to the floor
Careened off the tub and the toilet and out through the door

It bounced off the hallway walls again and again
Kind of like one of the bulls in that race in Spain
I was beginning to think that the cowbell would never be the same

It went down the steps and across the basement floor
It jumped the sump and oddly continued to explore
Out the back and up through the tornado doors

It went across the yard and the dog tried to help
If you think the worse, it didn't work out that well
Between barks and dings the whole neighborhood was going to hell

It went out the alley and missed being crushed by a truck
I bounced off the side, in keeping with my luck
Long before then I was pretty sure this day would suck

It crossed the alley and decided to go long
Got caught in my neighbors brand new pink pink thong
This was perfect but also so equally wrong

She threw me my cowbell and demanded that I leave
I apologized with my emotions on my sleeve
And I decided cowbell wasn't really what the song needs