

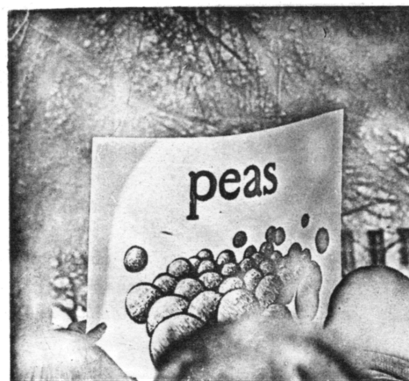
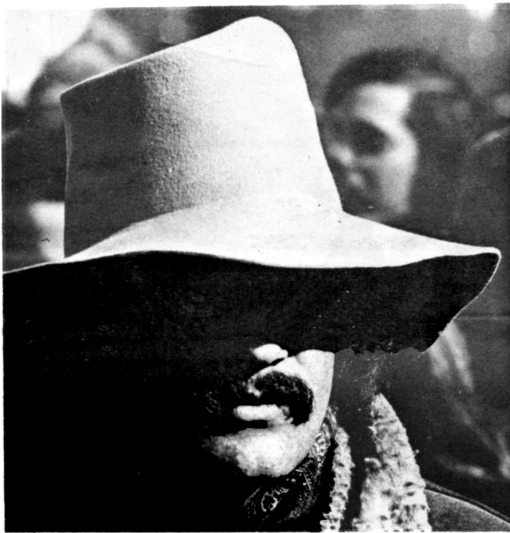


SON OF A DANIEL BOONE

I have come to chase a dog named Pinko
out of his doghouse in the mountains.
I have come with pictures of Raquel Welch
and Robert Kennedy, in my wallet.
I have come to prove the hippies wrong
for God is really on my side.
For I am the Son of a Daniel Boone
and if I blush, it's just the hot sun
upon my face.

And my musket is
cocked
and set to shoot
in the proudest American tradition
I follow daddy's footsteps
with a real Blazing trail
that everyone can see
for at least one second.

I have come to
Remember Saigon
And forget about Watts, Chicago, and Harlem.



--Jeff Holman