

Drunken Poet's Dream

Hayes Carll

I got a woman who's wild as Rome
She likes bein' naked and gazed upon
She crosses a bridge, she sets in on fire
She lands like a bird on a telephone wire I'm gonna hollar and I'm gonna scream
I'm gonna get me some mescaline
And then I'm gonna rhyme that with gasoline
It's a drunken poet's dream There's some money on the table and a pistol on the floor
A few paperback books by Louis L'Amour
Whisky bottles are scattered like last night's clothes
With cigarettes and papers and Oreos My harmonica's got a busted reed
My lips are chapped and about to bleed
She says, that's nothing, when she was a kid
She danced with the dead at the pyramids I'm gonna hollar and I'm gonna scream
I'm gonna get me some mescaline
Then I'm gonna rhyme that with gasoline
It's a drunken poet's dream Now I'll never pay back my student loan
Smellin' like Coors and cheap cologne
She tells me not to worry about Judgment Day
She says dyin' to get into heaven's just not our way I'm gonna hollar and I'm gonna scream
I'm gonna get me some mescaline
Then I'm gonna rhyme that with gasoline
It's a drunken poet's dream I got a woman who's wild as Rome
She likes bein' naked and gazed upon

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