

# It Was An Absolutely, Finger Lickin', Grits And Ch

## Bomshel

The day I came to Hollywood,  
I got off the bus, just me an' my guitar.  
My hair was all jacked-up for Jesus,  
It got real quiet when I walked in that bar.  
Some mean old guy just walked on by,  
With a devil tattoo and an' erring in his nose.  
Well, I tried to introduce myself,  
But no-one took the time to say hello.  
So I pulled out my guitar,  
An' I launched into a Dolly Parton song.  
An' before I knew it,  
Coats of many colors began to sing along.  
And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',  
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.  
It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,  
Country music love song.  
Now I realised this city life,  
Musta taken a toll on all them lonesome souls.  
An' I couldn't help wonder what would make a guy,  
Wanna wear women's clothes.  
When finally, a real man sat next to me,  
  
An' ordered a Tequila.  
Well, he turned an' smiled an' shook my hand,  
An' said: "Hi there, my name is Sheila."  
He said: "I heard you from across the room.  
"Is that what they call a mountain music song?"  
He said: "I must admit, I laughed at first,  
"Then I found myself singin' along."  
And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',  
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.  
It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,  
Country music love song.  
Well, I had a fall, I liked them all,  
But I could never call this place my home.  
An' as my bus rode past that bar,  
I swore I could hear 'em singin' on.  
And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',  
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.

It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,  
Country music love song.  
It was.

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