Reno

James Reyne

She took off her stockings
I held 'em to my face
She had your ankles
I felt filled with grace"Two hundred dollars straight in
Two-fifty up the ass" she smiled and said
She unbuckled my belt, pulled back her hair
And sat in front of me on the bedShe said, "Honey, how's that feel
Do you want me to go slow?"
My eyes drifted out the window
And down to the road belowI felt my stomach tighten
As the sun bloodied the sky
And sliced through hotel blinds
I closed my eyesSunlight on the Amatitlan
Sunlight streaming through your hair
In the Valle de dos Rios
The smell of mock orange filled the airWe rode with the vaqueros
Down into cool rivers of green
I was sure the work and the smile coming out 'neath your hat
Was all I'll ever needSomehow all you ever need's
Never quite enough you know
You and I, Maria, we learned it's soShe slipped me out of her mouth
"You're ready," she said
She took off her bra and panties
Wet her fingers, slipped it inside her
And crawled over me on the bedShe bought me another whisky
Said "here's to the best you ever had"
We laughed and made a toast
It wasn't the best I ever had
Not even close

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