

# Bombshell

Lorrie Morgan

Well, I finally worked my way up the ladder  
Got a whole lot of money but that don't matter  
'Cause spring has sprung and we all know what that means Yeah, bathing suit season's creepin' up like an  
assassin  
Can't help but wonder how I'm gonna fit my  
Ask me not what I'm gonna do  
It appears to be goin' downhill  
And that's hard on a bombshell Yeah, it used to be fun layin' in the sun  
In that little bikini of mine  
But now my idea of letting it all hang out  
Sure has changed with time  
And that's hard on a bombshell They say real beauty comes from within  
But I'm stuck with no lovers and a whole lot of friends  
Who say my personality is a perfect ten I used to get up and just wash my face  
But now it's 75 bucks for a dermabrasion  
Oh, woe is me it's hard on a bombshell  
It's hard on a bombshell I used to look cool perched up on a stool  
With all the boys flockin' around  
But now I'm a sucker for a honk from a trucker  
Lord, I've learned to love that sound  
And that's hard on a bombshell Hard on a bombshell  
Ooh, it's hard on a bombshell

Songwriters

Lawson, Buffy (Buf) / Dorsey, Louise Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>