Liz Taylor's Lipstick Gun

Bobby Bare Jr.

I heard that Opie Taylor was Liz Taylor's son
They lived in Mount Pilot 'til the summer of '71
And they were as close as burger to a bun
I heard they were as close as a burger to a bunAnd one Christmas he spent a month out in the shed
Building a gun that shot out lipstick instead of lead
In every kind of color but never ever red
Aqua Blue, Canary Yellow, Chocolate...
But never ever redShe would use it on Sundays just before dusk
Aiming her cannon at the Carolina sun
She would aim it the neighbors just to see 'em all run...
Aiming at the neighbors just to see 'em all runAnd it made her as happy as a rebel on the run
And it made her as happy as a hag on a hunt
And it made her as happy as a pigskin after the punt
And it made her as happy as a priest on top of a nun
And it made her as happy as preposition in a pun
And it made her as happy...
As lipstick in a gun'Til darkness came and everyone did run...
Home to hide from Liz and her lipstick gun
And there never was a happier red headed son
I heard that Opie Taylor was Liz Taylor's son

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