Big Wheel

Lonesome Spurs

I've been on the other side
Got my lips smacked now they're dry
Then you call me, call me in
You think I am your possession
You're messing with a southern girl
But my recipe is on with your stale bread
Yeah, it's hot but baby I don't need your cash
So baby, maybe I let your
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinkin' down your pain
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain
Wash it away
Wash it away
Wash it away boy
Let's go
I've been on my knees, but you're so hard, hard to please
Did you take me, take me in
So you are a superstar
Get off the cross we need the wood
Somehow you will rise, but without a tool
I know honey you're a pro
But baby I don't need your cash
Mama got it all in hand now
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinkin' down your pain
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain
Wash it away
Wash it away boy
Wash it away now
Gimme 8, gimme 7, gimme 6
Gimme 5, gimme 4, gimme 3
I I I' am a M I L F don' you forget
M I L F don' you forget
M I L F don' you forget
Baby I don't need your cash
So baby maybe I let your
Big wheel turn my fantasy

Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinkin' down your pain
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinkin' down your pain
Gonna turn that whiskey love into rain
Gonna turn your whiskey boy into rain
Wash it away
Wash you away boy
Wash you down, big wheel

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