

Ethylene (John Hiatt)

[John Hiatt](#)

I'm sitting on the toilet with my sunglasses on
Wondering what you are up to
This hotel's got bathroom telephones
But I don't want to interrupt you
You might be painting your nails with your hot curlers on
Each one a different color
Or listening to that Beach Boys sailing song
Sloop John B. or another[Chorus]
Ethylene my Ethelyn
My love for you is just obscene
My deer you dress
My fish you clean
But you are nowhere to be seen
My Ethylene Now you could bag your limit with a bow and arrow
Yeah you could skin a cougar in the dark
Well I thought we were walking down the straight and narrow
How'd we ever drift so far apart
I put eighteen wheels on this road to nowhere
And you disappeared right up in the hills
Like smoke up a chimney girl I go there
Yeah in my dreams I visit you still[Chorus] Now some men will drive to the edges of nothing
So they can take a peek at the great abyss
Some men avoid love like it was a plague or something
So they can leave the seat down when they piss
I miss that crocheted thing you kept on the kleenex box
I miss my feet on your cold linoleum floor
Sipping hot coffee after making love til daybreak
Ethylene a fool would ask for more[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

HIATT, JOHN Published by

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