

Blistered

Johnny Cash

I've got great big blisters on my bloodshot
Eyes from looking at that long legged woman up ahead
What she does simply walking down the sidewalk of the city
Makes me think about a stray cat getting fed
Hes got a whole lotta motion in her sole, I know
But her sole aint the place she lets it show
She got a body, oh yeah, she got a motion, oh yeah
Lord I'm blistered, oh, oh yeah
She done tore my sole apart, put big blisters on my heart
What a mighty crazy cooking way to go
I've got great big blisters on my fingertips
From reaching in my pocket book and picking out the bills
And I got tiny white blisters in my throat
From trying to ease my nervous tension taking all them pat and pills
And ever since she started running around
from bar to bar
I just cant eat a bite or keep my stomach settled down
She got a body, oh yeah, she got a motion, oh yeah
She done got me, oh yeah
She done tore my sole apart, put big blisters on my heart
What a mighty crazy cooking way to go
She got a body, oh yeah, she got a motion, oh yeah
Oh I'm blistered, oh, oh yeah
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh yeah
Blistered, blistered

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