

# Coricidin Bottle

## Ray Wylie Hubbard

Said my prayers to the old black gods  
Tied a string around some chicken bones  
Set em on fire and crossed my heart  
Tuned up the Kay and the SilvertoneRubbed my hands cross the Tolex scars  
Took the laces out of my tennis shoes  
Oh I can live with a 60 cycle hum  
Is anybody here got a 50 watt fuseLayed down a groove like a monkey gettin off  
Stompin on the kick, pounding on the tom  
If you ever get to heaven say whew thank you  
If you ever get scared say the 23rd psalmI got a coricidin bottle that I use as slide  
And a woman sweet as a tootsie roll  
When she kissing and licking and cussing and a grindin  
Shakes the mortal coil round my amaranthine soul

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