Moccasin

The Bluebells

A night of apologies
Just more said I'm sorrys
Beckoning come to mes
Thoughts whispered sweetlyYou girls make no mistake
He's cold as a snake
He'll put you in your place
Barefoot and lonelyDon't get caught in the grass, don't get
Don't get caught in the grass, don't get
Don't get caught in the grass, don't get caughtHis kiss'll pull your teeth
To see what's underneath
Balanced on fingertips
He'll still take youI'm only flesh and bones
No match for sticks and stones
Look under every home
He might be waiting

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