

Blaze Foley's 113th Wet Dream

Blaze Foley

Well I just got back from Mexico
In time to catch her second show
But I got lost and she got through
There was not nothin else to do
'Til I saw her, she took the stage
Read my mind,
didn't miss a page Read my mind and did not miss a page
My temperature was risin' and she looked so good
I ask her please and she said she would
I ask her when and she said now
I knew it was a dream but, anyhow
Then she took me by the hand
Lead me to some promised land
Fenced me in and closed the gate
Gave me good reason to celebrate
She fed me wine in a coffee cup
I could not keep my britches up
She said that's all right just leave em down
I have not had a man around
In quite a while
Don't touch that dial Her face was purdy when she would smile
Her face was real purdy when she would smile
Well her hair was big and her eyes was blue
we made it to her swimmin pool
We made it to it and made it in it
She would not let me rest a minute
Says you can rest some other time
and I was feeling' so sublime
There was no way that I could refuse She found my weakness and she hid my shoes
Thought I couldn't but I somehow did
Thought about hidin' but I couldn't get hid
She got me up and pulled down the cover
and read me a book about some ladies lover
Then she threw down the book and opened up the bottle
took off the brake and put on the throttle
fed me cheese from a pedigreed herd
Took me to Jamaica with the dying bird

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