Ethylene

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
Ethylene, my Ethylene
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
Ethylene, my Ethylene
My love for you is just obscene
My deer you dress, my fish you clean
But you are nowhere to be seen, my Ethylene
You're a good girl
Oh yeah, I guess
Some men will drive to the edges of nothing
So they can take a peak 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
Sippin' hot coffee after makin' love till daybreak
Well, Ethylene, a fool would ask for more
Ethylene, my Ethylene
My love for you is just obscene
My deer you dress, my fish you clean
But you are nowhere to be seen
My Ethylene, my Ethylene

My love for you is just obscene
My deer you dress, my fish you clean
But you are nowhere to be seen
My Ethylene, my Ethylene, my Ethylene

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