

Masterbation Blues

David Allan Coe

She's alone in the corner, with her panties to her knees, looki
n in the mirror,
she gives her tits a squeeze. Slides her finger thru the wetnes
s, rubbing
gently on her clit. Breathing heavy with each stroke now. She's
not worried
bout me watchin, its too late now to refuse, nightly fever you
can't shake
down, masturbation blues.

He picks up the dirty picture, with his dick hard in his hand,
with a stroke
you see hime moving, with the music of the band, against the wa
ll you see him
jerking, as the cum spills on the floor, as he swells in the mi
rror, he won't
do this anymore, he's not worried bout me watchin, it's too lat
e now to refute,
nightly fever you can't refuse, masturbation blues.

(Every line is sang twice)