

## Masturbation 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)