

## Pick Em, Lick Em, Stick Em

David Allan Coe

I was 15 going on 20 when i met up with the soul man he was quite a lover of the cards and of the dice and he had whores and he had ladies he made love and he made babies he could tell some damn good stories and give some good advise

you gotta learn how ta pick em son learn how ta lick em son learn how to stick em son between the thighs and you got to try not to beat em too much try not to teach em too much try not to feed em too much bull shit and lies

He sat down and poured some whisky and he mixed it up with water heres a picture of my daughter he would say and he would sigh and he would drink and laugh a little as he picked up that old fiddle that same ol riddle i never did know why

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now the years ive seen him buried his daughter and me married i was sure he raised her right and taught her how ta fuck when i asked her what he told her shed said he'd never scold her he would always hold her but he never told her much well he told her men were plain and simple told her love was like a pimple once you squeeze the juices out it just goes away he taught her how ta hold on tighter and he taught her not to let men fight her and then there was this poem he taught her on his dying days

you got to learn how ta suck em daughter learn how ta fuck em daughter learn how ta take their money and learn how ta cry you got to try not to hold em too much try not to scold em too much try not to feed em too much bull shit and lies

you gotta learn how ta pick em son learn how ta lick em son learn how to stick em son between the thighs and you got to try not to beat em too much try not to teach em too much try not to feed em too much bull shit and lies