

Slim Pickings

Great Lake Swimmers

She smelled like roses and whiskey, she looked like she'd ran t
he mile,
she could've been a good lay, back in the 80's one day

Pickings are slim on a dime, and I guess she'll do me fine,
throw back some shots at the bar, she lives around the corner,
not far

I'm pinned against the wall, handcuffed to the bed,
my screams go down the hall, for this six foot blonde with long
legs on

Woke up I was drunk and stoned, hell yeah I'm in the wrong home
,
some guy screaming in my ear, guess I can't stay for another..