

Blue Lady in a Red Mercedes

Hank Williams Jr.

There's a blue lady
In a red mercedes
Driving down from her big house on the hill
With her mind on fire
For an old desire
And sweet memories bring on the tears

And that blue lady
Would give that red mercedes
All the money and big house so fine
Just to feel him touch her one more time

She's sewn and reaped
And now she's gotta sleep
In empty arms tonight
All night she's got her little paradise
But she's a lonely wife
If that old flame could burn again
Would it justify the sin
I think it would considering the shape her heart is in

And that blue lady
Would give that red mercedes
All the money and big house so fine
Just to feel him touch her one more time

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