

In the Arms of Cocaine

Hank Williams Jr.

Some ladies love diamonds
Fast cars and freedom
Trips to the island
Castles in Spain

Las Vegas card sharks
Blues men that blow French harps
But no strings to her heart
Just the arms of cocaine

Yeah, she likes to run
With us high riding cowboys
She says she feels a whole lot
More at home on the range

She can handle her feelings
In most all situations
But she just cannot handle
The arms of cocaine

Hey, I'm just a rhymer
Writing down new phrases
Looking for ladies
Who know I'm subject to change

Content to believing
The songs I am singing
Help her find her feelings
Help her break the chains of cocaine

Oh, my lady is special
She's into my kind of music
She likes Jim Beam and water
Instead of champagne

I like Levi's and leathers
Making love together
No more stormy weather
Since she broke the chains of cocaine

No more stormy weather
Since she broke the chains of cocaine