

Drunken Poet's Dream

Hayes Carll

I got a woman she's wild as Rome
She likes to lay naked and be gazed upon
She crosses a bridge and then sets it on fire
Lands like a bird on a telephone wire

Wine bottles scattered like last nights clothes
Cigarettes, papers, and dominoes
She laughs for a minute about the shape I'm in
Says, "You be the sinner honey, I'll be the sin."

I'm gonna holler and I'm gonna scream
I'm gonna get me some mescaline
She brings me roses and a place to lean
A drunken poet's dream

There's some money on the table and a pistol on the floor
Some old paperback books of Louis L'Amour
She says, "Honey, don't worry 'bout Judgment day."
All these people goin' to heaven, they're just in our way

I'm gonna holler and I'm gonna scream
I'm gonna get me some mescaline
She brings me roses and a place to lean
A drunken poet's dream

And all my life I laid around while the colors all turned blue
Well I closed my eyes and finally found it brought me back to you

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