

## Kerosene

Joe Purdy

Nashville trucker and the clowns of the summer  
Dust on the soles of their feet  
The roar of the crowd in the sleepest town  
That the circus has ever seen

My baby she feels like the morning  
And she's hooked me like heartache like tarn  
And she never grows tired of the water  
She never grows tired of the wine  
She's tough like turpentine

Mad carnie suns mixed with long barrel guns  
Hide their coat tails in the hay  
Cheap metal markets, top bottles and rockets  
And ponies painted grey

My baby is soft like molasses  
Like cigarettes corners and thieves  
When she's hungry she looks for the garden  
When she's scared she looks for me  
She's hard like kerosene

My baby she's calm like the lightening  
And her fingers are soft to the touch  
Just a matchbox quilt and a camera  
My baby don't ask for much, no my baby don't ask for much

My baby she shakes when it thunders  
And she hides it but not very well  
She knows all my carious secrets  
My baby will never tell, my baby will never tell

And she dances like fresh Spanish roses  
And she loves me like candy, like rain  
My baby she don't have to tell me  
My baby don't need to explain, my baby don't need to explain

She calls me at midnight on Sundays  
When the lights run the big top goes down  
I've been known to shoot out the sunrise  
When my baby ain't around, when my baby aint around