

Blistered

Johnny Cash

I got great big blisters
On my bloodshot eyes
From looking at that
Long legged woman up ahead

What she does simply walking
Down the sidewalks of that city
Makes me think about
A stray cat getting fed

She's got a whole lotta
Motion in her soul, I know
But her soul ain't the
Place she lets it show

She got a body
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)
She got a motion
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)
Lord, I'm blistered
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)

She done tore my soul apart
Put big blisters on my heart
What a mighty crazy
Cooking way to go

I got great big blisters
On my fingertips from reaching
In my pocketbook and
Picking out the bills

And I got tiny white blisters
In my throat from trying
To ease my nervous tension
Taking all them patent pills

And ever since she started
Running round from bar to bar
I just can't eat a bite or
Keep my stomach settled down

She got a body
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)
She got a motion
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)
She done got me
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)

She done tore my soul apart
Put big blisters on my heart
What a mighty crazy
Cooking way to go

She got a body
Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)
She got a motion

Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)

Oh, I'm blistered

Oh, yeah (oh, yeah)

Oh, oh, oh, oh...