

# 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...