

Westby

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Got your little secret no I will not tell
You're trying to sober up in the highway motel
And my hands are covered with your smell
You begged me to stay and sing you a song
I dance dirty for you 'cause it turns you on
And I'm a little bleeder with white pants on

And if you weren't so old I'd probably keep you
If you weren't so old I'd tell my friends
But I don't think your wife would like my friends

I've got a hit for everyday of the week
I gave you something of mine that was so sweet
That I've been holding on to since I was sixteen
You call me Danny and I call you Mable
You passed out so I flicked through cable
And I stole your gold watch off the bed-side table