

Stoned

Old 97's

Well I must have been stoned when this whole started
'Cause I just can't seem to think straight anymore

Can't figure out where I'm at
Maybe Memphis, maybe Mexico
I think you're swell but I ain't gonna tell you so
I think you're great but it's late and I'd better go

Hitchhike to Rome
Take the Greyhound to Fredericks burg
Well I'm flat broke, I've been smoking butts for days

You say, "Maybe you can stay with me?"
I say, "Lady, that's a dangerous plan"
You're quite a woman, but I don't wanna be your man
You're quite a kisser, but listen close and understand

Take a letter to God, dear Sir, I'm dissatisfied
Well it ain't Your fault they keep pouring salt on my heart
All I need is a brief reprieve, I keep leaving, I ain't gettin'
nowhere

Won't you linger, let me run my fingers through your hair?
Won't you stay? I can't play like I don't care
I think You're dope, and I hope I'm making myself clear
I think You're fly and that's why I'm getting out of here

Well, I must have been stoned
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Good Lord, I wish I'd been stoned