

# Loose

Ray Wylie Hubbard

I went to see her laid out to meet her saints  
She was dressed in white, low cut silk and lace  
Even her mama said she was always trouble  
Promise a man everything, give him half and charge him double

We all gonna bust loose one of these days  
We all got to stay loose, come what may  
We all wanna cut loose on payday  
We ain't ever gonna break loose of these rock and roll ways

Now the girl walked like she owned Bourbon Street  
And in those days she had grown men kneelin' at her feet  
She took to an old profession as the source of revenue  
Now all she's takin' with her is a dress from Saks 5th Avenue

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She called me up one time and said, "Let's go get tattoos"  
I said, "Well, let me brush my teeth and find my shoes"  
She come down the street in a stolen Volkswagen  
She smiled and said she'd decided on a crimson Chinese dragon

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