

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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