

## Thelma

Reckless Kelly

i'm down to one key in my pocket,  
the bus station locker downtown,  
the soles of my shoes ,  
are as thin as my wallet,  
i been sleeping close to the ground

but buried up here in my memory,  
is a head full of living room hits,  
i wrote about thelma when we were an item,  
and i was worth more than two bits,

so i'll sing you a song about thelma,  
if you have a quarter to spare,  
if you had the time or a bottle of wine,  
that you'd be willing to share,  
and later i'll show you a picture,  
of thelma when she's in her prime,  
if you want to see mr i've got the key,  
and the bus station locker take dimes,

i had me a band in the 60's,  
"ladies texas outlaw,"  
thelma could sing so we moved nashville,  
and in '68, she got hot,  
a high flyin' record producer,  
told thelma he'd make her a star,  
he wined her and dined her and stole her away  
and left me with my old guitar,

she died last year on my birthday,  
the day that i turned 65,  
most have forgotten including her fans,  
but i'm keeping her memory alive,  
cuz i've got this key in my pocket,  
i've had since '72,  
i've built her a shrine in that locker downtown,  
and i think she'd be pleased if she knew

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