

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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