

Bales Of Cocaine

Reverend Horton Heat

Well, I was workin' on my farm 'bout 1982,
Pullin' up some corn and a little carrot, too
When two low-flying aeroplanes, 'bout a hundred feet high
Dropped a bunch o' bales o' somethin', some hit me in the eye..

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So I cut a bale open, an' man was I surprised
Bunch o' large sized baggies, with big white rocks inside
So I took a little sample to my crazy brother Joe
He sniffed it up and kicked his heels, said, "Horton, that's so
me blow!"

Bales of cocaine, fallin' from low-flyin' plane
I don't know who done dropped 'em, but I thank 'em just the same
Bales of cocaine, fallin' like a foriegn rain
My life changed completely by the low-flyin' planes

So I loaded up them bales in my pick-em-up truck,
Headed west for Dallas, where I would try my luck
I didn't have a notion if I could sell 'em there,
But, thirty minutes later, I was a millionaire...

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And now I am a rich man, but I'm still a farmer, too
But I sold my farm in Texas, bought a farm down in Peru
And when get so homesick, I think I'm goin' insane,
I travel back to Texas in a low-flyin' plane...

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