

El Cowboy Rojo

Trophy Scars

I left my house at a quarter to four
Saw my boy Sean at the record store
I said "Damn man, it's been way too long"

He said, "Hey brother, how it's nice to see ya,
How's your girl, Anna Lucia?
Four years with one chick's way too long"

"I know this blonde her name's Christina
She's just your type I'm sure she'd love to meet ya"

Haha

Damn, I couldn't believe it
I ran my mouth dry and I tried to feed it
The thought could give me an ulcer
But the truth of the matter is I'd love to meet her

Fuck, I mean I love Anna Lucia
But the touch of another just seems so "whoa whoa"
Maybe I'm better without her
What's the use of a name, without a number?

Yeah

Sean laughed and said "good luck"
Then he jumped into his truck
He yelled, "Your secrets safe man, I don't give a fuck"

"Okay, gimme her number
Thought about it, Yeah I'd love to meet her
I've got the place if she's got the time"

I knew Anna's going out on Sunday
Staying with her mom till late on Monday
I know she won't expect a thing

I met Christina at her work about it
We hit it off and we were both excited
I invited her on Sunday for a drink

Sunday came quick and so did Christina
She shook me harder than Anna Lucia
She yelled, and screamed my name

I couldn't believe, the sin was conceived, the culprit was me
Christina was sweet, but trite and naive, she wasn't for me
No doctors agree, no clean history, no small crooked teeth
My precious baby Anna, if I could only tell ya, tell ya, it was never worth it

After the sex, I cleaned up my mess, then we got dressed
Christina said "please, don't write or call me", I grinned and agreed
Anna arrived on Monday night, with tears in her eyes, she said "I ain't your
fucking baby, tell me I am crazy I know what just happened, I hope you're f
ucking happy"

Get your hands off of my hands, lover

I can smell the blood of another
Get your hands off of my hands
Lover

I didn't need to hear this or that
I got a woman's intuition as a matter of fact
I can still smell the salt and the sex in your breath
Better hit the road Jack before I cut you up dead

So help me god if I catch you alive
You burned me so bad that I can't even cry
Pack up everything that you plan to keep
Cause I'm headed for the bar and I'm having some drink

Get your hands off of my hands, lover