

# Bacon Brothers, The, Arm Wrestling Woman

Bacon Brothers, The  
Getting There  
Arm Wrestling Woman  
Written by kevin bacon

Sitting in this trailer park tonight  
Still basking in the memory of that glorious fight  
It hit me when she stepped into the ring  
Floating like a butterfly and i still feel the sting

Chorus

I got it bad for an arm wrestling woman  
I'm going mad for an arm wrestling girl  
I gotta steel my courage lay it on the line  
But i got to make her mine  
She gently puts her elbow on the block  
She's ninety per cent joan of arc and ten per cent jock  
She works the crowd she knows new york's her town  
Gets that twinkle in her eye and lays that mother down

Chorus

Lonely nights make fantasies run wild  
She's with me and she's with child  
And i will love her evermore  
And i will rub her when she's sore  
And i will share her with the world  
That's just the way it is with an arm wrestling girl  
Standing in this ice cold parking lot  
To tell her my intentions will take all that i've got  
Maybe she could love me probably not  
But you can't put the points up if you don't take the shot

Chorus