

Terry Allen, Feelin Easy

Well I'm feelin easy baby
Breezin through the blues
Bout half-sleazy baby
But who's to pick-n-choose
I got the tattoos
A pierced ear
A bottle of that rot-gut booze
Yeah I ain't Pat Boone
But I sure just as soon
Have me a pair
Ais white buck dancin shoes
We go dancin into the darkness
With the headlights on the trees
You don't have to be up-town
To get low-down with me
Cause I'm feelin easy baby Ain't got nothin
I ain't proud to show
Hair's a little greasy baby
But it's slick-back ... under control
Out on the boulevards
In the bright lights
In your Coup de Ville
Yeah I ain't no Cadillac buyer
But I sure do admire
Your long lean chrome line
Laid back luxury ... automobile
We go drivin into the darkness
With the headlights on the trees
You don't have to be up-town
to get low-down with me
Repeat