

# 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