

Bacon Brothers, 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