

# Bobs, Pounded On A Rock

Have you seen my woman walkin'?  
With a basket on her head  
She looks so strong and healthy  
Lord, she's not underfed  
Pounded  
Pounded on a Rock  
She's goin' down to the river  
Gonna dump that laundry in  
Gonna take those soiled and dirty things  
And make 'em white again  
Pounded  
Pounded on a Rock  
Oh, yeah, I love my woman  
With her arms of thunder and steel  
But when she wraps those arms around me  
It's mixed emotions that I feel  
When she comes home at night  
I feel joy, and I feel fright  
I know she means to please me  
But Lord, the way she squeeze me  
Feels like I'm Pounded  
Pounded on a Rock  
Some folks say I'm lazy  
A worthless, shiftless skunk  
They see me in the daytime  
Staggerin' round like I was drunk  
I get up to feed the chickens  
But that's about all I can handle  
I got to rest and save my strength  
'Cause she's burnin' both ends of my candle  
That woman's burnin' all my candle  
Pounded  
Pounded on a Rock (And it hurts!)  
Feels like I'm pounded  
Pounded on a Rock  
Pounded on a Rock