Bomshel, It Was An Absolutely Finger Lickin', Gri

The day I came to Hollywood,
I got off the bus, just me an' my guitar.
My hair was all jacked-up for Jesus,
It got real quiet when I walked in that bar.
Some mean old guy just walked on by,
With a devil tattoo and an' erring in his nose.
Well, I tried to introduce myself,
But no-one took the time to say hello.

So I pulled out my guitar,
An' I launched into a Dolly Parton song.
An' before I knew it,
Coats of many colors began to sing along.
And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.
It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,
Country music love song.

Now I realised this city life,
Musta taken a toll on all them lonesome souls.
An' I couldn't help wonder what would make a guy,
Wanna wear women's clothes.
When finally, a real man sat next to me,
An' ordered a Tequila.
Well, he turned an' smiled an' shook my hand,
An' said: "Hi there, my name is Sheila."

He said: "I heard you from across the room.
"Is that what they call a mountain music song?"
He said: "I must admit, I laughed at first,
"Then I found myself singin' along."
And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.
It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,
Country music love song.

Well, I had a fall, I liked them all,
But I could never call this place my home.
An' as my bus rode past that bar,
I swore I could hear 'em singin' on.

And it wasn't one of them lyin', cryin', cheatin', dyin',
Somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs.
It was an absolutely finger lickin', grits & chicken,
Country music love song.
It was.