

Joe Ely, Are You Listening Lucky?

There she was, Way down South
She scared me to death
She Knocked me out

Are you listening Lucky?
Are you listening Lucky?
Are you listening Lucky?
She used to be your heart and soul

She had sweet breath.
She liked the blues.
She fit real tight.
Like 50 dollar shoes.

Are you listening Lucky?
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She used to be your heart and soul

She wore cutoff jeans
In the July heat
When the sun went down
She cooked black-eyed peas.

She drove way too close
In her automobile
She said, "Hey, Joe,
Would you take the wheel?"

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