

Joe Ely, Lipstick In The Night

As I was screaming into New Orleans
I seen a woman on a motorbike
She captivated my imagination
With her LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

Well the look in her eye would make a rhinestone jealous
As she leaned into the exit sign
In her Cajun complexion I could see the reflection
Of her LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT
Red lipstick make a Bulldog bite
LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

She cut her ignition and she paid her admission
To Tippatina's Jump and Jive
I offered her a stroke of my Bacardi and Coke
To wet her LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

I took a chance and I asked her to dance
As the band played with all their might
I looked her in the face but I couldn't erase
Her LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT
Red lipstick make a bulldog bite
LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

She followed me well down to a cheap hotel
There we got into a helluva fight
I could hear her leave as she jingled her keys
Wearin LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT

Well I never expect to ever see her again
Anyway, she wasn't my type
I just over estimated my exaggeration
Of her LIPSTICK IN THE NIGHT