

# Lorrie Morgan, Bombshell

Well, I finally worked my way up the ladder  
Got a whole lot of money but that don't matter  
'Cause spring has sprung and we all know what that means

Yeah, bathing suit season's creepin' up like an assassin  
Can't help but wonder how I'm gonna fit my  
Ask me not what I'm gonna do  
It appears to be goin' downhill  
And that's hard on a bombshell

Yeah, it used to be fun layin' in the sun  
In that little bikini of mine  
But now my idea of letting it all hang out  
Sure has changed with time  
And that's hard on a bombshell

They say real beauty comes from within  
But I'm stuck with no lovers and a whole lot of friends  
Who say my personality is a perfect ten

I used to get up and just wash my face  
But now it's 75 bucks for a dermabrasion  
Oh, woe is me it's hard on a bombshell  
It's hard on a bombshell

I used to look cool perched up on a stool  
With all the boys flockin' around  
But now I'm a sucker for a honk from a trucker  
Lord, I've learned to love that sound  
And that's hard on a bombshell

Hard on a bombshell  
Oooh, it's hard on a bombshell