

# Lyle Lovett, Flyswatter/Ice Water Blues (Monte T

Honey put down that flyswatter  
And pour me some ice water  
And would you bring me my hammer  
And could you find me some nails  
For soon I'll be going  
To work for this living  
And with you here to guide me  
Then I cannot fail

The morning it stumbles  
Right in through the window  
And this getting up early  
Gets old anyway  
And if you listen close dear  
The crying that you hear  
Is the nighttime lamenting  
The start of the day

And it's hotter than concrete  
In July in Houston  
And it'll get worse here  
Before it turns nice  
But old Tink's in the backyard  
And I swear that boy's so smart  
He's got everything ready  
So we'll be all right

So honey put down that flyswatter  
And pour me some ice water  
And though I'll soon be going  
Well I haven't gone yet  
So come stand here beside me  
And hold my hand gently  
And tell me do you remember  
The first time we met