

Reckless Kelly, The Ballad Of Tommy And Marla

Tommy was a hesher from the valley
He was as burned out as a building from the riots
He had a rockin' little girlfriend named Marla
She was a cocktail waitress at The Pit
Sometimes on the weekends they'd ride jetskis
And they'd take a little trailer to the river
They'd bring along a T.V. to watch Rick Dees
They smoked dope and snorted crystal
Meth

Marla was as skinny as a fence post
And the powder in the baggie made her talk
Sometimes she combed her hair like Charlie's Angels
Sometimes she looked as weird as Mr. Spock
Sometimes on the weekends they'd eat fast food
And they'd take his El Camino to the desert
They'd ride his motorcycles in the sand dunes
They smoked dope and snorted crystal
Meth

Tommy had a passion for firearms
His confidence they really seemed to bolster
He bought a ninety dollar pistol for his Mar-Mar
She kept it in her little girlie holster
Sometimes on the weekends they'd be fighting
And Tommy thought his girl was telling lies
He thought that she was thumpin' with the bass player
Smoking all his dope and all his crystal
Meth

Then Tommy started suffering from delusions
After five nights without any sleep
He rammed his fist through Marla's bedroom window
He shoved his car keys through her dirty little teeth
But Marla got her fingers on the trigger
She grabbed her little Tommy by the hair
The pistol was still smoking on the counter
The sirens were screaming through the air
Scream on and on (no-o-o-o)

Tommy was a hesher from the valley
He's just a memory of his burned-out little world
Marla's doing thirty years for murder
She says she knows she's still his rockin' little girl
Someday up in Heaven they'll ride jetskis
They'll scrawl their names upon the Golden Wall
And maybe up in heaven they'll watch Rick Dees
Smoke a little dope and snort some crystal
Meth