

ZZ Top, I Got The Six

Living room, passing time, talking trash, sipping wine,
I need something more substantial.
New deck of playing cards, I don't like to work this hard,
I think I'll have to cancel.

I'm running out of time,
I'm about to lose my mind.
I got the six,
Gimme your nine.

Slow hand on the clock, I'm sitting here like a rock,
I'm feeling so abnormal.
Pictures in the magazines, all my thoughts are so obscene.
Cover up that centerfold.

I'm running out of time,
I'm about to lose my mind.
I got the six,
Gimme your nine.

Look at this, what a pair, she won't let me touch her there,
She's so discriminating.
This is weird, it's time to blow, I just heard the rooster crow.
I guess I'll have to spank my monkey.

I'm running out of time,
I'm about to lose my mind.
I got the six,
Gimme your nine.