

1/20/79 One of Them Married Girls 27

O he I'd like to take you out a Whitem
Down to where the pebbles look like pearls
We could slip off our clothes
Out there ~~lay~~ ⁱⁿ the caves
But you're one of them married girls

I'd like to take you to a motel
anywhere else in the world
Sprinkle up to me
~~in~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{white} sheets
But you're one of them married girls

Now I do not know your husband
and ~~maybe~~ you don't get along
But your company
~~is~~ seems like trouble to me
and I think we should talk long

Now we could go out to the back seat
of your El Dado parked here by the curbs
I'll up your dress
and go ~~yes~~ ^{yes} ~~yes~~ ^{yes}
But you're one of them married girls

It was back in San Francisco
~~and not~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~city~~ ~~in~~ ~~San~~ ~~Francisco~~
here in the South

It never wrote this song for the world
"Woman" is to long
and they Atiblys there would shut my youth

Now we ain't ~~Polynesians~~ ^{Polynesians} or ~~Shians~~ ^{Shians}
and ~~got~~ ^{got} some skills I learned ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{the} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~more~~ ^{more}
~~like~~ ^{like} our hungry skin in des oh how ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~medic~~ ^{medic}