

Hillbilly Queen 72

I long to see my hillbilly queen

The barefoot young girl

that cried for James Dean

I yearn to return to those days in the loft

clumsy, embarrassing, tender and lost

Hillbilly queen on the hillside

Hillbilly queen on the hill
where are you now I would like to find out
I will wait till the gasoline is filled

I'd like to see my Succotash Sal

Not very subtle but always a pal
Down by the Bijou we forgot right and wrong
Our teachers and text books and
hydrogen bombs

Hillbilly queen on the hillside

Succotash Sal in the swamp

where are you now I would like to find out

I will wait by the gasoline pump