

Sycamore Slick

Anne Murray

And here she is, luscious but full of
Singing "Sycamore Slick"
Thick and luscious

He's dripping down the late at sunset
About to knock on my front doorbell
I wish there was a way that I can foretell
What I'm kickin' around

Now he looks up at the trees, stifles a sneeze
The goldenrods filling his nose
Will he kiss me? Heavens knows
When he holds me tight in the middle of the night

Beneath the sycamore tree
Will he have a lot of lovin' for me?
What he does to me, oh great Lordy
In the middle of the night

Well, he knocks up the bell, nervous as hell
My heart is beating the bell
The flowers are wiltin' in his hand
The look in his eyes making me high

What a lovely story
What he does to me, oh great Lordy
Yes, he had a lot of lovin' for me
What a lovely night
What a lovely night
What a lovely night