

Slide off of Your Satin Sheets

Gene Watson

What a beautiful mansion he built you
Splendid, Lord, you've got it wall to wall
And yet with all of that you're still not happy
'Cause every time he's gone I get your call

Slide off of your satin sheets
Slip into your long, soft mink
You know where to find my door
And I know what you're cryin' for

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Baby, you once told me I was good for nothin'

And you couldn't live on dreams and crystal balls
His money buys you everything, but my lovin'
So I guess, I'm good for something after all

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