

Plastic Saddle

Jerry Reed

Well, I've got a long black six passenger limousine
A palace in Dallas, a club in New Orleans
Diamonds on my fingers, silk, imported clothes
And I can tell a fast train by the way she blows

Don't give me no plastic saddle
Just let me feel that leather when I ride
Don't give me no paint and powder, woman
This boy likes to feel the hide

False eyelashes and a false foundation
May build your pride
But don't give me no plastic saddle, gal
Let me feel that leather when I ride

I'm the cream of societies, I'm a man about town
Never looked long for nothin' that I ain't found
I ain't always right but I ain't never wrong
I know the words to the tune before you sang your song

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