

Kerosene

Joe Purdy

Nashville trucker and the clowns of the summer
Dust on the soles of their feet
The roar of the crowd in the sleepest town
That the circus has ever seen

My baby she feels like the morning
And she's hooked me like heartache like tarn
And she never grows tired of the water
She never grows tired of the wine
She's tough like turpentine

Mad carnie suns mixed with long barrel guns
Hide their coat tails in the hay
Cheap metal markets, top bottles and rockets
And ponies painted grey

My baby is soft like molasses
Like cigarettes corners and thieves
When she's hungry she looks for the garden
When she's scared she looks for me
She's hard like kerosene

My baby she's calm like the lightening
And her fingers are soft to the touch
Just a matchbox quilt and a camera
My baby don't ask for much, no my baby don't ask for much

My baby she shakes when it thunders
And she hides it but not very well
She knows all my carious secrets
My baby will never tell, my baby will never tell

And she dances like fresh Spanish roses
And she loves me like candy, like rain
My baby she don't have to tell me
My baby don't need to explain, my baby don't need to explain

She calls me at midnight on Sundays
When the lights run the big top goes down
I've been known to shoot out the sunrise
When my baby ain't around, when my baby aint around