

Ethylene

John Hiatt

I'm sitting on the toilet
With my sunglasses on
Wondering what you are up to
This hotel's got bathroom telephones
But I don't want to interrupt you
You might be painting your nails
With your hot curlers on
Each one a different color
Or listening to that Beach Boys sailing song
Sloop John B or another

Ethylene, my Ethylene
My love for you is just obscene
My deer you dress
My fish you clean
But you are nowhere to be seen
My Ethylene

Well you could bag your limit
With a bow and arrow
Yeah you could skin a cougar in the dark
Well I thought we were walking
Down the straight and narrow
How'd we ever drift so far apart

I took my eighteen wheels
On this road to nowhere
And you disappeared right up in the hills
Like smoke up a chimney
Girl, I go there
Yeah in my dreams I visit you still

Now some men will drive
To the edges of nothing
So they can take a peak at the great abyss
Some men avoid love
Like it was a plague or something
So they can leave the seat down
When they piss

I miss that crocheted thing
You kept on the Kleenex box
I miss my feet
On your cold linoleum floor
Sippin hot coffee
After makin love till daybreak
Well Ethylene a fool would ask for more
My Ethylene, my Ethylene, my Ethylene