

Counting Fireflies

Langhorne Slim

She's smooth as velour
Boots are nearly worn
Behind the backdoor
She keeps her Daddy warm
But when she danced
The monkey filled her pants
She sang my song
I swear it was all wrong... yes it was
I've been counting fireflies
She's older than she says
The moon above is weeping
For she ain't in my bed

She paints a soft store
Behind the old woodshed, alright
She called my Papa
And swore that I was dead
So when she lies
My Mother filled her thigh
So I was dead
And this is what I said
Sing it with me!
I've been counting fireflies
She's bolder than she says
The moon above is weeping
For she ain't in my bed
For she ain't in my bed
For she ain't in my bed
For she ain't in my bed