Back On The Sauce

Puffball

She was the fastest pussycat left in town.
The clock would stop if she went down.
Spent all my time trying to crack her kink.
But no love, she drove me into the drink.
She was her own boss with the right scars.
My desperation made me hit the bars.
And her drop dead looks could rob a bank.
If beauty was gas she'd have a full tank.

The way she was moving denied all laws.
She drove me right back on the sauce.

If she'd talk to me I'd surely stutter.
She cut thru the crowd like a knife thru butter.
Kinda reminded me of Scat Pack Sue.
Always got me in the mood for a glass or 2.
She got me hooked, planted a need.
If that baby'd been a drug I would have O.D.'d.
I deafened my feelings in bars so cold.
Back in the rut and times of old.

The way she was moving denied all laws.
She drove me right back on the sauce.

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