

Bridgett

The Gourds

It was there that I met her on my way to some crisis
in need of diffusing on some old dirty turnpike
Sayin' hitchhiking is stupid
What's your name?
she said, Bridget, oh yeah
So, where's the revolution?
She had El Che on her t-shirt
Sure, I'll talk Bay of Pigs
Give me a hot beer with an aspirin
So I did
What a windbag
I just don't like rolling alone

Bridget wants to go down Corpus
Cast a registered vote in her county
Hit the gas so she can make a difference
I bid adios to my camouflaged rider
She said thanks for the lift you old geezer
Said Bridget Bridget yeah
Zuniga, Batista, Soviet Hispano
Made a move for my stereo
A naked prey sing-a-long
I could feel her cold stare
Honey, I spy a rest stop
Here's a 10
You'll need a reason to live tonight