

Bobs

"Pounded On A Rock"

Visit "[Pounded On A Rock](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Have you seen my woman walkin'?
With a basket on her head
She looks so strong and healthy
Lord, she's not underfed
Pounded
Pounded on a Rock
She's goin' down to the river
Gonna dump that laundry in
Gonna take those soiled and dirty things
And make 'em white again
Pounded
Pounded on a Rock
Oh, yeah, I love my woman
With her arms of thunder and steel
But when she wraps those arms around me
It's mixed emotions that I feel
When she comes home at night
I feel joy, and I feel fright
I know she means to please me
But Lord, the way she squeeze me
Feels like I'm Pounded
Pounded on a Rock
Some folks say I'm lazy
A worthless, shiftless skunk
They see me in the daytime
Staggerin' round like I was drunk
I get up to feed the chickens
But that's about all I can handle
I got to rest and save my strength
'Cause she's burnin' both ends of my candle
That woman's burnin' all my candle
Pounded
Pounded on a Rock (And it hurts!)
Feels like I'm pounded
Pounded on a Rock
Pounded on a Rock

Visit [Bobs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.