

Lyle Lovett

"Flyswatter/Ice Water Blues (Monte Trenckmann's Blu)"

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(Lovett)

Honey, put down that flyswatter
And pour me some ice water
And would you bring me my hammer
And could you find me some nails
For soon I'll be going
To work for this living
And with you here to guide me
Then I cannot fail.

The morning it stumbles
Right in through the window
And this getting up early
Gets old anyway
And if you listen close dear
The crying that you hear
Is the nighttime lamenting
The start of the day.

And it's hotter than concrete
In July in Houston
And it'll get worse here
Before it turns nice
But old Tink's in the backyard
And I swear that boy's so smart
He's got everything ready
So we'll be all right.

So honey put down that flyswatter
And pour me some ice water
And though I'll soon be going
Well I haven't gone yet
So come stand here beside me
And hold my hand gently
And tell me do you remember
The first time we met...

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