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Moon Martin "Rolene"

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Come on, operator Gimme Rolene on my line She know what I need To ease a cravin in my spine

A cheerleaders smile Tijuana style Your daddy may be judge Sure know how to nudge

All right, Rolene Rolene, Rolene

Well, I've been living So white and clean That uh, Jack It's made me mean

Well, I need Rolene's Smooth, round thigh Like a rush to get me high

I give it my best shot Honey, all I got My name may not be Hud Show you I'm no dud

All right, Rolene Rolene, Rolene

You know my baby's love Just like a sweet velvet glove Honey, crack that whip You make me bite my lip

All right, Rolene Rolene, Rolene

I said R-o-l-e-n-e, Rolene

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