

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

