

David Allan Coe

"Greener Than the Grass We Laid on"

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By David Allan Coe

I painted quite a picture for the girls in her home town
And she was no exception to the rule
Singing all them songs about the places I've been
Made a body fell just like a fool
She was like the paper bag that once had held the wine
Thrown without no caution to the wind
I left her like the empty bottle lying' on the ground
Swearing' I'd pick her up again

She was greener than the grass we laid on
Underneath that Alabama sun
I guess she should have known
That old' highway was my home
Do-do-do-do-do-do do-do-do

I said she was prettier than Paris in the rain
Lord, I filled her full of gypsy lies
Swearing' I'd be coming back to fetch her in the Spring
Too ashamed to look her in the eye
She looked about as simple as the cotton dress I've
torn
Sneaking' in her house at 3 a.m.
Her Momma liked to question me the day after and I
was sure
Her intuition told her where we'd been

She was greener than the grass we laid on
Underneath that Alabama sun
I guess she should have known
That old' highway was my home
She should have never listened to my songs, to my
songs
She should have never listened to my songs.

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