Pure Prairie League "I'll Change Your Flat Tire, Merle"

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As I drove down on 65, I was cruisin' down that old Grapevine

Well, I must have been doin' at least about 95 Well out there on the side of the road all broke down And

Who do you think was standin' around But the greatest country singer alive!

I'll fix your flat tire Merle
Don't ya get your sweet country pickin' fingers all
Covered with erl
Cause you're a honky, I know, but Merle you got soul
And I'll fix your flat tire Merle

Well I hear you had an adventurous youth, makin' love In a telephone booth And I even hear you did a little stretch in jail But now you got a big ranch house with a bar And eight, nine, ten of them fancy cars And every other little check comin' in the mail

I'll fix your flat tire Merle Don't ya get your sweet country pickin' fingers all Covered with erl Cause you're a honky, I know, but Merle you got soul And I'll fix your flat tire Merle

Now I heard all them records ya did, makin' fun of us Long haired kids

And now ya know we don't care what ya think... Merle, If you're gonna call the world your home Ya know you're gonna have to get out and get stoned An' it's better with a joint than with a drink, I think

So I'll fix your flat tire Merle
Don't ya get your sweet country pickin' fingers all
Covered with erl
Cause you're a honky, I know, but Merle you got soul
And I'll fix your flat tire Merle
So I'll fix your flat tire Merle

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