

Ray Wylie Hubbard **"Coricidin Bottle"**

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Said my prayers to the old black gods
Tied a string around some chicken bones
Set 'em on fire and crossed my heart
Tuned up the Kay and the Silvertone

Rubbed my hands cross the Tolex scars
Took the laces out of my tennis shoes
Oh I can live with a 60 cycle hum
Is anybody here got a 50 watt fuse

Layed down a groove like a monkey gettin off
Stompin on the kick, pounding on the tom
If you ever get to heaven say whew thank you
If you ever get scared say the 23rd psalm

I got a coricidin bottle that I use as slide
And a woman sweet as a tootsie roll
When she kissing and licking and cussing and a
grindin'™
Shakes the mortal coil round my amaranthine soul

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