

## Robbie Fulks

### "Dirty-mouthed flo"

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Dirty-mouthed Flo, she cusses like a sailor  
And the boys at the RR say she's a flat firebrand  
Yeah but they don't know how the dirty words fair her  
When she's tearin' up the bed with a natural goodtime  
man.

I remember the night I met her  
I was starin' down a G and T  
When a gal let fly with an F-word  
I had to look around and see  
The bartender said "Hey, buddy--  
Don't even let it cross your mind"  
But I took her home, and I'm glad I did  
'Cause I found the heart that the mouth kept hid  
She's a whole different women when the lights get  
low...  
Dirty-mouthed Flo

Well, it sure beats me how a woman  
As filthy as a pig at a trough  
Can turn to a perfect angel  
The second that her clothes come off  
But when Flo gets her love-gears goin'  
Her tongue quits workin' awhile  
And nestled in satin with her legs spread wide  
She looks sweeter than a July bride  
And it won't be long 'til down to the chapel I'll go  
With dirty-mouthed Flo.

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