

## Slobberbone

### "Lumberlung"

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A breath of whiskey on my cotton shirt  
Turn on the fan, take off your skirt  
Lay here beside me on these sheets so stained  
For a little while, but it ain't the same

And she brings me water and it always tastes so good  
She brings me flowers from the woods  
Stays here in this house with me when I know she'd  
rather leave  
Stays with me as I sleep  
And she helps me nurse my lumberlung  
But it's no longer fun  
For her

Once I dreamed we'd took a roadtrip, just me and her  
Through the southern and midwest states  
Turned north just south of Arkansas and we headed up  
Towards the vast Great Lakes  
And I thought I'd sleep through Texas, but I woke up in  
Illinois  
And the car in the lane next to me was driven by a little  
boy  
And he flashed a smile at me then he drove straight off  
the road  
Smacked an overpass, I watched his car explode  
And when she wakes me from my delirium  
I know I'm no longer fun  
For her

And she brings me water and it always tastes so good  
She brings me flowers from the woods  
Stays here in this house with me when I know she'd  
rather leave  
Stays with me constantly  
And she helps me nurse my lumberlung  
But it's no longer fun  
For her

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