

**Hiatt John****"Ethylene"**

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I'm sitting on the toilet  
With my sunglasses on  
Wondering what you are up to  
This hotel's got bathroom telephones  
But I don't want to interrupt you  
You might be painting your nails  
With your hot curlers on  
Each one a different color  
Or listening to that Beach Boys sailing song  
Sloop John B or another

**CHORUS:**

Ethylene, my Ethylene  
My love for you is just obscene  
My deer you dress  
My fish you clean  
But you are nowhere to be seen  
My Ethylene

Well you could bag your limit  
With a bow and arrow  
Yeah you could skin a cougar in the dark  
Well I thought we were walking  
Down the straight and narrow  
How'd we ever drift so far apart

I took my eighteen wheels  
On this road to nowhere  
And you disappeared right up in the hills  
Like smoke up a chimney  
Girl, I go there  
Yeah in my dreams I visit you still

**REPEAT CHORUS**

Now some men will drive  
To the edges of nothing  
So they can take a peak at the great abyss  
Some men avoid love  
Like it was a plague or something  
So they can leave the seat down

When they piss

I miss that crocheted thing  
You kept on the Kleenex box  
I miss my feet  
On your cold linoleum floor  
Sippin hot coffee  
After makin love till daybreak  
Well Ethylene a fool would ask for more

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

My Ethylene, my Ethylene, my Ethylene

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