

Rend - crd

D

She took off her stockings

I held them to my face

She had your ankles

I felt filled with grace

"Two hundred dollars straight in,

Two-fifty up the ass," she smiled and said

She unbuckled my belt, pulled back her hair,

And sat in front of me on the bed

She said, "Honey how's that feel, do you want me to go slow?"

My eyes drifted out the window, down to the road below

I felt my stomach tighten

the sun bloodied the sky

And sliced through the hotel blinds

I closed my eyes

Sunlight on the Amatitlan, sunlight streaming thru your hair

In the Valle de dos Rios, smell of mock orange filled the air

We rode with the vaqueros, down into cool rivers of green

I was sure the work and that smile coming out 'neath your hat

Was all I'd ever need

Somehow all you ever need's, never really quite enough you know

You and I, Maria, we learned it's so

D D/C Bm7 D

She slipped me out of her mouth, "You're ready," she said

She took off her bra and panties, wet her finger, slipped it inside her,

And crawled over me on the bed

She poured me another whisky,

Said, "Here's to the best you ever had."

We laughed and made a toast

It wasn't the best I ever had,

Not even close

Open D-A-D-f#-a-d

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