

Mud, leaves, roofing rot  
Black tar tires are all that I got  
So how can I have made  
This rubber duchess in her rich brocade  
Black dress, seven rips  
Kissing coals, her burnout lips  
Ask old Bruo, who salts the snails  
She's sticky sweet, hard as...  
Asphalt in winter

Tarbaby

His days are plain  
But his dreams are gaudy  
Rhinestone kisses on a  
Backside nagahyde body  
Propped in the rotten weeds  
One whiff of at her and he was incomplete  
She and I we had plans  
Kicking cows and shooting cans  
I know you were with her cause  
I saw her stuck all over your hands

Tarbaby tarbaby

Clouds cry on a roof of tin  
Like an ace high, I brave the din  
I know you were with her  
Cause I saw her stuck all over your chin  
Like I said, we had plans, she and I  
High as a rod on the fourth of July  
She was gaping at me like an earthquake crack  
As you took her away on your dirty old back

"she stuck by my side  
Seemed to enjoy the ride  
I threw her in the bayou  
For she would not be my bride"  
Tarbaby tarbaby born again born again...