

A Ride and a Smoke

Joni Green

I once was a lit - tle girl in hand-me-downs. Ma-ma drank.

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And Dad-dy nev-er hung a-round. But my luck turned on a dime when you rode in-to

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town. Dir - ty, rot - ten luck, and low down. When you rode in,

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seems like trou-ble be-gins. Ma-ma stood on the porch. "It's a sin." Pa-pa shook his

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head and head-ed out a-gain. But I was mes-mer-ized by the fire in your eyes.

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And you took me on a ride to where I'd nev - er been on that dark, fate-ful night you rode

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in. You rode in - to town like a hot sum - mer wind that scorch - es ev -


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ry liv-in' thing to the ground. "How 'bout a ride and a smoke? Let's go for broke."

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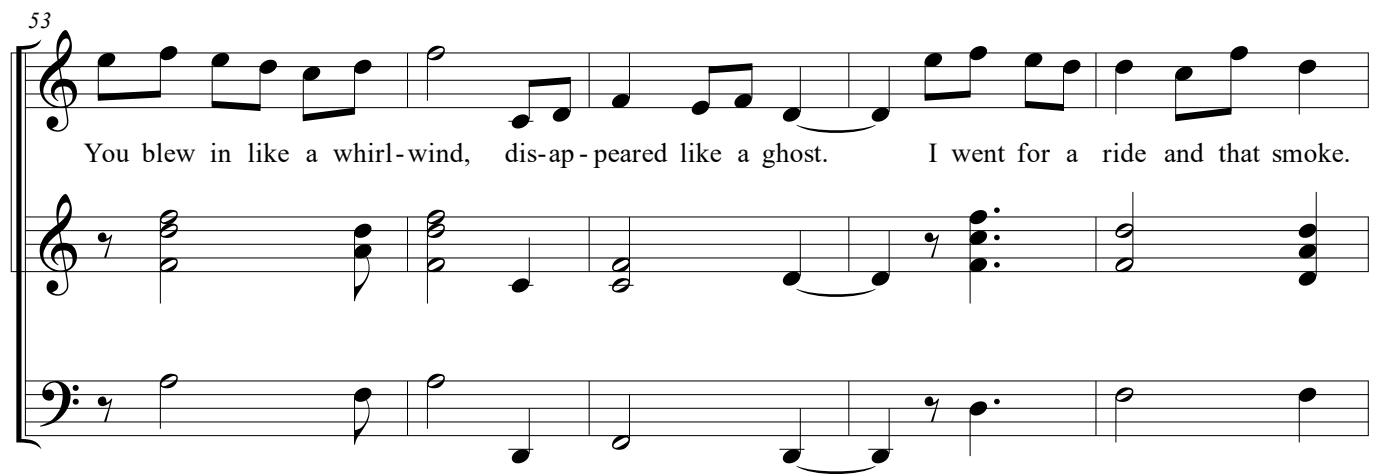
In your car, we head-ed down a dark road. Like a moth to

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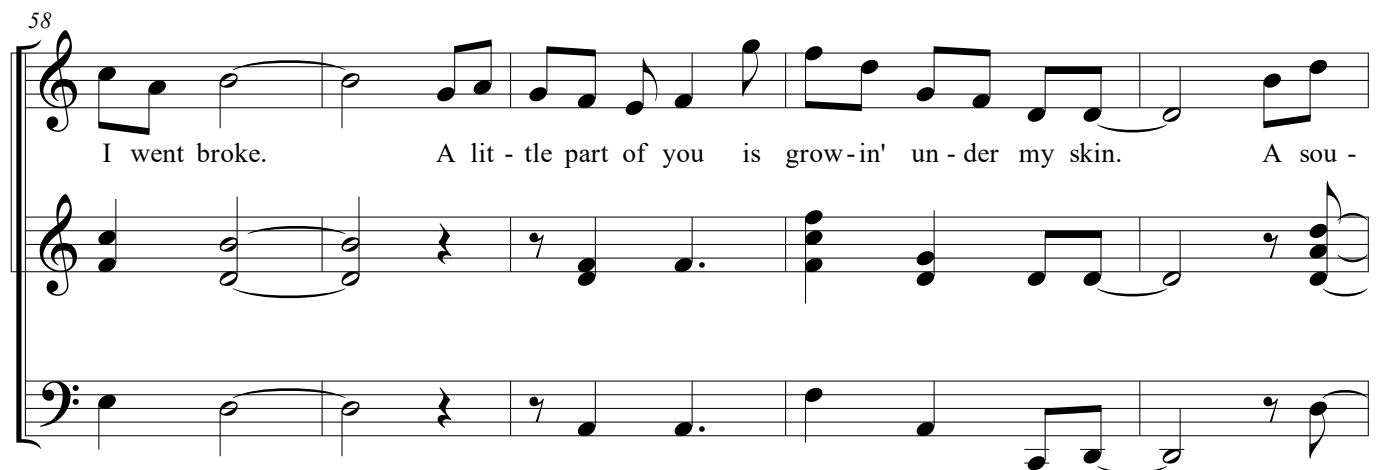
your flame, I flew with - out shame. I'm ton-ic. You're gin. And I will nev-er be the same.

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You blew in like a whirl-wind, dis-ap-peared like a ghost. I went for a ride and that smoke.

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I went broke. A lit - tle part of you is grow-in' un - der my skin. A sou -

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ven - ir that we met, the night that you rode in.