

# Stoned

## Old 97's

Well I must have been stoned when this whole started,  
'Cause I just can't seem to think straight anymore. Can't figure out where I'm at, maybe  
Memphis, maybe Mexico.  
I think you're swell but I ain't gonna tell you so.  
I think you're great but it's late and I'd better go. Hitchhike to Rhome. Take the Greyhound to  
Fredericksburg.  
Well I'm flat broke, I've been smoking butts for days. You say, "Maybe you can stay with me." I  
say, "Lady, that's a dangerous plan."  
You're quite a woman, but I don't wanna be your man.  
You're quite a kisser, but listen close and understand. Take a letter to God. "Dear Sir: I'm  
dissatisfied.  
Well it ain't your fault they keep pouring salt on my heart. All I need is a brief reprieve. I keep  
leaving. I ain't gettin' nowhere."  
Won't you linger, let me run my fingers through your hair?  
Won't you stay? I can't play like I don't care.  
I think you're dope, and I hope I'm making myself clear.  
I think you're fly and that's why I'm getting out of here.  
Well, I must have been stoned.  
Good Lord, I wish I'd been stoned.

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