

Bales Of Cocaine

Reverend Horton Heat

Well, I was [C]workin' on my farm 'bout [F]Nineteen Eighty [C]Two
[C]Pullin' up some corn and a little [G]carrot, too
When two [C]low-flying airplanes, 'bout a [F]hundred feet [C]high
[C]Dropped a bunch o' bales o' somethin', some [G]hit me in the [C]eye...

So I [C]cut a bale open, an' [F]man was I [C]surprised
[C]Bunch of large sized baggies, with some [G]big white rocks inside
So I [C]took a little sample to [F]my crazy brother [C]Joe
He [C]sniffed it up and kicked his heels, said, [G]"Man, that's some [C]blow!"

[C]Bales of cocaine, fallin' [F]from low-flyin' [C]plane
[C]I don't know who done dropped 'em, but [G]I thank 'em just the same
[C]Bales of cocaine, fallin' [F]like the pourin' [C]rain
My [C]life changed completely by the [G]low-flyin' [C]planes

So I [C]loaded up them bales in my [F]little pickup [C]truck,
[C]Headed down to Dallas, where [G]I would try my luck
I [C]didn't have a notion if [F]I could sell 'em [C]there,
But, [C]thirty minutes later, I [G]was a million[C]aire...

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And [C]now I am a rich man, but I'm [F]still a farmer, [C]too
But [C]I sold my farm in Texas, bought a [G]farm down in Peru
And [C]when get so homesick, I [F]think I'm goin' [C]insane,
I [C]travel back to Texas in a [G]low-flyin' plane...

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