**JAIL QUAIL**

Written and arranged by Andy Barber, 1989

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VERSE 1

A C A G

There is a young lady in my neighborhood,

A C G A

She’s just a sophomore, but she sure looks good.

A C A G

She feeds my dogs when I’m on the road,

A C G A

Cleans and takes care of my humble abode.

A C A G

I’m not that bright, but it’s plain to see,

A C G A A… C G A.

That little honey has a crush on me.

CHORUS 1

G D C A A C G G

The other day I was kicking back; she barges in; hops on my lap, and says,

D C A C D A

“I need an experienced male!” I tell her, “I Ain’t lookin’ for a stretch in jail.”

C F G A A C G A

“Pretty soon you’ll be ready to sail, so be a good girl and hit the trail.”

VERSE 2

She says, “Someday I’m gonna make you mine.” I tell her, “Take it easy, you’ve got plenty of time.”

“All the boys will be waiting in line, but as for me, well I’ve passed my prime.”

CHORUS 2

How could I be such an ignorant fool? She’s craved by all the guys at her school.

She calls me on the telephone. She can’t stand to see me alone. She chills me down to the bone.

INTERLUDE

G A C D

I’d like to take her into my arms; have a taste of her many charms.

A G D E A. C G A… A. C A G. A…

I want her so much that I could scream; but it’s only when I dream.

VERSE 3

Compared to her, I’m just too old. Still, nature takes its toll.

At least I’ve got my soul, and good old rock-and-roll.

CHORUS 3

A young girl’s heart in a woman’s frame, playing this adolescent game.

Who knows, maybe I’m to blame? I think she’d like to share my name. She thrills me all the same.

C G A… A. B C. B A G. A…