

Slide Off Of Your Satin Sheets

Johnny Paycheck

What a beautiful mansion he built you
Splendor Lord you got it wall to wall
And yet with all of that you're still not happy
Cause every time he's gone I get your call

Slide off of you satin sheets
Slip into your long soft mink
You know where to find my door
And I know what your cryin' for

Baby you once told me I was good for nothin'
And you couldn't live on dreams and crystal balls
His money buys you everything but my lovin'
So I guess I'm good for something after all

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