

Blue Tip Match Robert Edgar 2004

Guitar tuning: D A D F# A D

G

Well she was hot as a blue-tip match

And twice as easy to spark.

On sunny days she'd back out her Rambler, top down and four on the floor,
she'd drive to the beach and park.

Csus

F

All the kids with their wax-pocket baggies, wanid'ta scan the skies with her

E

A`

six-button a.m. stare,

But no one's sting-ray's stashed in her back seat, when she went drivin',
she'd go over the bridge, over there.

Got a one-and-a-half bath cinderblock house,
Venetian blinds winkin' at a wave.

St. Augustine grass so mean it ate sandspurs,
boy you drop a skeleton key in there
the next thing that opens is your grave.

Walk inside for an iced tea
and bring Today in with you
and throw it on the card table like a prayer,

But she's up and out early,
bare feet feeling the pedal push back,
she's gone over the bridge,
over there.

Csus

She keeps out the salt with her fiberglass door

F

A

She keeps in the cool with her girlwatchers.

Csus

Well you can dive down deep in her butterfly chair

F

E

But you're the underdog at the overpass

A

'cause before you can come up for air,

G

She'll be drivin', over the bridge, over there.

When you're a twelve-year-old boy you know how far you can throw a rock.

And when you're racing through the scrub brush
you're the day-manager of the entire block.

But when those six cylinders pull into that driveway 'cross the street
you hear the music stop
and that door slam
and the dogs bark all the way 'till the world stops turnin',

She'll leave the front door open
'cause that little breeze
is the only thing that keeps her from burnin',

'Cause she was hot as a blue-tip match and twice as easy to spark.