

Stuck in Telluride
Ron Lynch Chalice (12 July 1993)

Once on a Saturday night not so long ago,
I was feelin' mighty fine, as those feelin's go.
I saw a little lady, tried my best to impress,
I thought maybe later I could get her undressed.
She looked at my clothes, although I tried to hide em
I said it wasn't really me deep down inside em
I said come on with me girl I'll show you a good time
She said let me see your wallet son, before I cross that line.

CHORUS:

Sittin' on the mountain, cookin' in the sun
Sleepin' in a bag, when the day is done
Haven't got a car, can't afford the fun
I'm stuck in Telluride without a trust fund
Pinchin' pennies, while everyone else is packin' their noses with hundred dollar bills
I'm scrapin' together nickles and dimes, to buy some diet pills.
While they are drinkin' Stoly or Bombay and Roses Lime
I spend a buck and a quarter for some Red Mountain Wine
It's tough to be so broke, while surrounded by the rich
I think I'll puke on the seat of your Porsche, you spoiled son-of-a-bitch

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