

# Bruce Springsteen, Roni

She took off her stockings  
I held 'em to my face  
She had your ankles  
I felt filled with grace  
"Two hundred dollars straight in  
Two-fifty up the ass" she smiled and said  
She unbuckled my belt, pulled back her hair  
And sat in front of me on the bed  
She said, "Honey, how's that feel  
Do you want me to go slow?"  
My eyes drifted out the window  
And down to the road below  
I felt my stomach tighten  
As the sun bloodied the sky  
And sliced through hotel blinds  
I closed my eyes  
Sunlight on the Amatitlan  
Sunlight streaming through your hair  
In the Valle de los Rios  
The smell of mock orange filled the air  
We rode with the vaqueros  
Down into cool rivers of green  
I was sure the work and the smile coming out 'neath your hat  
Was all I'll ever need  
Somehow all you ever need's  
Never quite enough you know  
You and I, Maria, we learned it's so  
She slipped me out of her mouth  
"You're ready," she said  
She took off her bra and panties  
Wet her fingers, slipped it inside her  
And crawled over me on the bed  
She bought me another whisky  
Said "here's to the best you ever had"  
We laughed and made a toast  
It wasn't the best I ever had  
Not even close