Gluten Free Glutes

By John T. Wurzer

128 bpm

A7 – E7 – A7

A7 – B7 – E7

A7 – D7

A7 – E7 – A7

We boarded the plane in hopes of taking off before the storm blew through

Staring out the window watching luggage handlers and a goddess on the tarmac crew

Thunder started clapping, and lightning started flashing, seemed like an ocean fell out of the skies.

The boys all ran for cover but that sexy ground crew lover; she just started to exercise.

She was working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain

Step back lunges and clothes like sponges soaked to the skin and numb to the pain

Lightning and thunder, and a spell that she’s under somehow forcing her to remain

Standing there working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain

Yeah, she was crunching her abraded abs through the teaming tide

Puffing like a smokestack; standing on the tarmac, she would not be denied

Gusty winds are pelting, her smile but it wasn’t melting at its roots deep down inside

She was just crunching her abraded abs through the teaming tide

Break D7 – A7 – D7 – B7 – E7

Sheets of water so thick that I cannot see

But still I kinda wonder why she’s drawn to me

With her dark chocolate eyes and her hollow face

That’s an image of her that I’ll never erase

She keeps on toning up her triceps and her biceps as the storm blows through

Contorting in a sporting series of moves the likes of which are few

Still she’s wishing she was fishing somewhere in the south of Spain

Instead of working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain