

Pick Em Lick Em Stick Em
David Allan Coe

Pick F#m, Lick F#m, Stick F#m
by David Allan Coe
From the album Nothing Sacred

E A E
I was 15 goin on 20 when I met up with this old man
A E B
He was quite a lover of the cards and of the dice
E A E
He had whores and he had ladies, he made love and he made babies
B E
He could tell some damn good stories and give some good advice
A E
(chorus) You gotta learn how to pick em son, learn how to lick em son,
A E F# B
Learn how to stick em son between the thighs.
E A E
You gotta try not to beat em too much, try not to teach em too much,
A E B E
Try not to feed em too much bullshit and lies.

He d sit down and pour some whiskey, then he d mix it up with water.
Here s a picture of my daughter he would say, then he would sigh.
Then he d drink and laugh a little, as he picked up that old fiddle.
That same old riddle, I never did know why.
(repeat chorus)

Now the years have seen him buried, his daughter and me married.
I was sure he raised her right and taught her how to fuck.
When I asked her what he told her, she said he d never scold her.
He would always hold her, but he never told her much.

(2nd chorus) But he told her men were plain and simple. He told her love was
like a pimple.
Once you squeeze the juices out, it just goes away.
He taught her how to hold on tighter, and he taught her not to let men fight
her.
Then there was this poem he taught her on his dying day.

(3rd chorus) You got to learn how to suck em daughter, learn how to fuck em
daughter.
Learn how to take their money, learn how to cry.
You got to try not to hold em too much, try not to scold em too much.
Try not to feed em too much bullshit and lies.

(repeat first chorus)