

**Rick McKenzie**

## **Don't Blame Me**

The only station I could get, up in West, by God, Virginia,  
Was blasting out the music that I basically can't stand,  
But then the DJ said, "Here is one from Lumey Storch  
And his Stomping Creek Coon Dogs. Hair-raising, paint-peeling  
bluegrass,  
And it's called 'She Got Real Fat.'" A pause, and then the song took  
off

Three hundred miles an hour picking each and every string.  
When the velocity got scary, then they started in to sing  
Like squealing tires up the nose in three-part harmony,  
Wailing that she got real fat right after we got married  
And I found out what she does with that woman from the store.  
Couldn't make out all the words, but there were some about a gun.  
And then the whole thing ended in just about three minutes.  
My hair was raised; my paint was peeled. The DJ said, "There's  
Lumey Storch  
And his Stomping Creek Coon Dogs. Their new CD is *Moonshine  
Seizure.*"  
The car was stopped; my mouth was open. Can't believe I want to  
buy it.