

PATSY

Lord's a mercy, I hate to stop. I hate to even go home 'cuz this music's got to stop - that's the bad part. But I ain't doing too bad for a girl who can't even read notes and don't even know what key she sings in. I feel like I've come a long way from working in a drug store during the day to help support my momma and then singing in clubs at night in Winchester Virginia. You know them cowgirl outfits I used to wear? My momma sewed each and every one of them by hand. I look different now, don't I? [She models her cocktail dress: steel guitar plays a "wolf" whistle] Well, thank you Hoss. Next week I go to Trenton, New Jersey, and North Carolina and tomorrow I go on over to Dallas - I think I got enough time in between bookings to change my drawers. [drummer does rim shot.] And next month I go up to Las Vegas. I think I'll take this dress with me. I'll be doing four shows a day seven days a week. And I'll tell ya, this cat's ass will be draggin' the bottom out of that desert. [Patsy and Louise share a laugh] Oh, it's a great life. I don't want to get rich. I just want to live good. Right, Louise?