

Loving Her (Will Make You Lose Your Mind)

David Allan Coe

She's everything you look for in that kind of woman
Shell drink whiskey and dance till the champagnes all gone
Shell be right there when the air from the ocean is calling
Telling you, sailor beware! Something is wrong!

But touching her might make you lose your blues tonight
Holding her might stop the pain in time
Kissing her might take away the loneliness you fell
But loving her will make you lose your mind

Just like the moon and the stars shell be gone in the morning
Leaving you empty and drained, like the tide you'll be low
Looking for something to take that will make it all better
You'll try to buy her with presents, but sailor I know.