

You Comb Her Hair

George Jones

I know that you wonder who I dream about
And if I met someone who thrills me so
Well, I've finally met a girl who turns me inside out
I'll tell you about her for you ought to know.

You comb her hair every mornin'
And make sure she's dressed just right
You comb her hair every mornin'
And put her to bed everynight.

When she's around me sometimes I can hardly speak
I stammer and I walk right into doors
And just to hold her hand in mine makes me feel weak
Oh, you know her heart is a friend of yours.

You comb her hair every mornin'
And make sure she's dressed just right
You comb her hair every mornin'
And put her to bed everynight...