

# More Pretty Girls Than One

Lyle Lovett

One, two  
One, two, three, four

Mama talked to me last night  
She gave to me some good advice  
She said, "Son you ought to quit  
This old ramblin' all around  
And marry you a sweet loving wife"

But there's more pretty girls than one  
More pretty girls than one  
Any old town that I ramble all around in  
There's more pretty girls than one

So honey look down that old lonesome road  
Hang down your pretty head and cry  
'Cause I'm thinking all about  
Them pretty little gals and hoping that I never die

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