

One You Slip Around With

Buck Owens

I had the key to heaven when we married and for a while I brought
you happiness
But now your love for me is dead and buried
And every night you share another's kiss
And I'd rather be the one you slip around with
And be the one whose dream of love is gone
I'd rather be the one you spend your time with than be the one
at home all alone

Deep down inside I know that I should leave you
How many tears have fallen before I learn
I think of many ways that I could grieve you and yet I'm always
here when you return
And I'd rather be the one...