

# He Can't Quit Her

Gary Allan

She was cool, she was hot  
She was smokin' a lot at the end of the bar  
She had more than one  
Too many buttons undone on that blouse she wore

Starin' too long at her  
Lost in that Skynyrd song was his first mistake  
And when she shot him that  
'Boy, you don't want none of this' look, it was way too late

She's like a needle to a junky  
She's like whiskey to a drunk  
She's like poker to a gambler  
She's like a bullet in a gun

She's in his blood, he can't explain the rush  
When he gets with her  
Might be the death of him  
But he's addicted, man, he can't quit her

Well, she'd come to his house  
And he'd tell her she belonged just with him  
She'd get up and she'd get dressed,  
Take five hundred, no less and then leave again

He said, "Baby, I'll take care of you  
Can't stand the thought of sharin' you with them other guys"  
She laughed and said, "Well, maybe you shouldn't call me  
No more then, baby" and he didn't, that first night

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She was cool, she was hot  
She was walkin' 'cross the parkin' lot with some other guy  
Well, he was jealous, he was jonsin'  
And he wound up on the wrong end of a forty-five