

Why Can't I Leave Her Alone

George Strait

I know I don't want her, I swear that's a fact
But the thought of somebody else rubbing her back
Just kills me
Oh, it kills me

I know she don't love me, I know she ain't home
So why in the hell do I pick up this phone
And call her
Why do I call her?

I've dropped by her mama's stoned out of my mind
Just to hear that it's over from her one more time
As if I didn't see that red Chevy not slowing down
Loaded down and rolling down our road
Yeah, she's already left
So why can't I leave her along

I've wrote her letters signed I was a fool
She wrote me back saying go find a stool
And drink one
Like You've always done
So that's what I did cause that's what I do
Backsliding, hiding away from the truth
'Til the tears run
Oh, here comes one

I've dropped by her mama's stoned out of my mind
Just to hear that it's over from her one more time
As if I didn't see that red Chevy not slowing down
Loaded down and rolling down our road
Yeah, she's already left
So why can't I leave her along

I've dropped by her mama's stoned out of my mind
Just to hear that it's over from her one more time
As if I didn't see that red Chevy not slowing down
Or turning 'round, loaded down, heading out of town
Or rolling down our road
She's already left
So why can't I leave her alone

I know I don't want her, I swear that's a fact
But the thought of somebody else rubbing her back
Just kills me