

Get Outta My Yard

Gretchen Wilson

You're wakin' up my neighbors,
Crying, screamin' out my name.
I guess somebody must've let
the dog off of it's chain.
You're tellin' me you love me
through wild turkey, sir...
No, sir.
No, sir!

Get outta my yard!
Get outta my life!
Go back to the bar!
Go back to your wife!

You should've got the message
when I said my first goodbye.
If you think that what we did
means anything, you must be high.
Said you wanted to get married...
Boy, but you already were!
No, sir.
No, sir...

Get outta my yard!
Get outta my head!
Get offfa my street!
Go back to your bed!
Forget where I live!
(You're waking up my neighbors
crying, screaming out my name...)
Forget what we did!
(I guess somebody must've let
the dog off of it's chain.)
This ain't a motel, this ain't a bar.
Get outta my yard.

When she was birthin' babies,
where did she think that you were?
They're the only thing that's keepin'
me from tellin' her.
Yes, sir.
Oh, yes, sir!

Get outta my yard!
Get outta my head!
Get offa my street!
Go back to your bed!
Forget where I live!
(You're waking up my neighbors
crying, screaming out my name...)
Forget what we did!
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