

No Turning Back

Imelda May

I don't want to know if this novelly
This much of honey, doesn't go with me
I walk alone don't want nobody
And that's the way it's going to be

I was born on a cold December
I was brought up in a shack
I've been mean, mean Johnson,
It's been down a while
Now there ain't no turning back
No, no now there ain't no turning back

I dig the sound of a tranch guitar
You find me where these swindle places are
For all the other cats places are
Are barely near and yet too far

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Just watch me shimmy cause I'm the lead
The boys all heard it but the fun is sweet
This is the month that I stump my feet
Outside on the street again

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