

The Next Man That I Marry

Jim Croce

The last face that I looked on
Can't recall too much about
The image of it left me
Each time the lights went out
The last mind that I wandered
I remember how I ran
Just to find the road had ended
Just where it began

The next man that I marry
There ain't nothin' he won't do
Most likely love me too much

The next hands that I hide in
Will be warm and dry as smoke
Just as satisfied to hold me
As to dust my winter coat
The next soul that I sleep in
Will be soft as summer rain
And when I need more lovin'
He'll love me once again

The next man that I marry
There ain't nothin' he won't do
Most likely love me too much

The next man that I marry
There ain't nothin' he won't do
Most likely love me too much
Just like you