

Dear Abby

John Prine

Dear Abby, Dear Abby
My feet are too long
My hair's falling out and my rights are all wrong
My friends they all tell me that I've no friends at all
Won't you write me a letter, won't you give me a call?
Signed, Bewildered

Bewildered, Bewildered
[Chorus:]
You have no complaint
You are what your are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up Buster, and listen up good
Stop wishing for bad luck and knocking on wood

Dear Abby, Dear Abby
My fountain pen leaks
My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of bed
If it weren't so expensive, I'd wish I were dead
Signed, Unhappy

Unhappy, Unhappy
You have no complaint
You are what your are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up Buster, and listen up good
Stop wishing for bad luck and knocking on wood

Dear Abby, Dear Abby... ha Dear Abby... Dear Abby... Dear Abby...
Dear Abby, Dear Abby,
You won't believe this
But my stomach makes noises whenever I kiss
My girlfriend tells me It's all in my head
But my stomach tells me to write you instead
Signed, Noise-maker

Noise-maker, Noise-maker
You have no complaint
You are what your are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up Buster, and listen up good
Stop wishing for bad luck and knocking on wood

Dear Abby, Dear Abby
Well I never thought
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught
We were sitting in the back seat just shooting the breeze
With her hair up in curlers and her pants to her knees
Signed, Just Married

Just married, Just married
You have no complaint
You are what your are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up Buster, and listen up good
Stop wishing for bad luck and knocking on wood
Signed, Dear Abby

Thank you
Tisťeno z www.txp.cz

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