

Your Woman

Little Texas

One suitcase, one old car
How far can she go?
Start now from Kansas City
Might end up in Mexico

She don't need directions
And she don't need a map
No matter where she gets to
She ain't comin' back
Your woman ain't your woman anymore

She could get real down and dirty
Smite your good name in the mud
She could hold you up
But she won't hold you
'Cause your woman ain't your woman anymore

She gonna leave your memory
And the dream when she wakes up
And she'll be free
She ain't mad, she ain't sad
Too damn bad if you're sorry as can be

'Cause your woman ain't your woman anymore

She knows she made a promise
Right there, in front of God
But he ain't spent the last year
Pickin' up your dirty socks
Your woman ain't your woman anymore

She's had enough of re-runs
Same tunes, same old lies
She done turned you off
You don't get to say goodbye
Your woman ain't your woman anymore

She's gonna leave your memory
And the dream when she wakes up
And she'll be free
She ain't mad, she ain't sad
Too damn bad if you're sorry
Askin' me, yeah, now she's free

'Cause your woman ain't your woman anymore
No, your woman ain't your woman anymore
Not anymore