

Old Men, Young Women

Lori McKenna

You can have him
I hope you have fun
I guess wife number three
Could be the one
But it won't be long
Till you won't be new
And he'll be at downtown
Trying to find someone
To make the mirror stop tellin' the truth

Old men, young women
Only work in the beginning
She's the past in summer dress
He's a ride in a red corvette
She's a prize, he's winning
She thinks it is what it isn't
And neither one can change what's missing
Old men, young women

Well, you say he's so nice
He treats you so good
Well, he's had enough damn practice
He sure as hell should
He knows what to buy you
And he knows what you say
And maybe it's nobodies business
What you're willing to trade

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You want the lights off
He wants the lights on
So you can pretend
That he can hold on
You want the lights off
So you can pretend
That he can hold on
Hold on, hold on

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