

More Pretty Girls Than One

Lyle Lovett

One, two
One, two, three, four

Mama talked to me last night
She gave to me some good advice
She said, "Son you ought to quit
This old ramblin' all around
And marry you a sweet loving wife"

But there's more pretty girls than one
More pretty girls than one
Any old town that I ramble all around in
There's more pretty girls than one

So honey look down that old lonesome road
Hang down your pretty head and cry
'Cause I'm thinking all about
Them pretty little gals and hoping that I never die

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