

Wild Women Don't Get The Blues

Lyle Lovett

Well, you hear about all these women
Raising about their funky, funky, funky, funky men
They've got some trifling husbands
Lord knows, they've got a lot of no good friends

All these fretting women sitting around the house
All day long and they are wondering
When their loving papas are ever coming home
Wild women never worry, wild women never, never, they never worry

I got a sweet disposition, gonna wear my very own
I ain't never gonna spend not one lonely night at home all alone
I can go out , drink all the courvoisier I can find
Walk the streets all night alone

And I can tell any man to go to Hell if that man don't know how
to act right
Wild women, we don't never worry, wild women never, never get the blues

Well, you fellas ain't ever gonna get nothing
If you keep acting like an Angel, child
Give it up tonight's a real, real good night
Y'all gotta learn how to get to together well

'Cuz I'll tell you one more thing, Francine never tells a lie
Wild women will be the first ones, Lord to learn how to fly
Wild women never worry, wild women don't get the blues, yeah, yeah, yeah