

Take Another Swing at Me

Randy Travis

I know I sent you packin'
But now I want you back again
Livin' without you ain't no livin' at all

How I miss your naggin'
And your tongue a-waggin'
And the crash of the coffee cup up against the bedroom wall

In the kitchen early in the mornin'
Midnight walkin' the floor
Without your cryin', cussin' and your moanin'
Home ain't home anymore

So come on, honey
Come home and spend my money
Come back, mama, and take another swing at me

I told my friends how I sent you runnin'
Cause you didn't do me right
But if I looked up and saw you comin'
You could do me wrong all night

So come on, honey
Come home and spend my money
Come back, mama, and take another swing at me