

One more!
Well I heard Steve Earle had lots of wives,
About as many as cats have lives.
Met him on his records and we're good friends.
He writes a song for everyone.
They fall in love and before it's done,
He writes an even better one when it ends.
Well I don't have to take your name.
And you won't have to take the blame.

Steve Earle, Steve Earle, please write a song for me.
I promise I won't take a dime when it comes my time to leave.
The others wanted your whole heart, but I just want your sleeve.
Steve Earle, Steve Earle, please write a song for me.

Well I heard he loves each one the same,
As much as Ireland loves the rain.
Steve, it rains at my house everyday.
He met 'em all in every port,
'Cause falling in love is a pilgrim sport.
And as long as I can be the pirate, I'm ok!
You moved to the city. Baby, you had to go.
But I love apples and I could learn to love the snow.

Come on!

I could walk around in your favorite shoes.
Come on, just one line,
What do you got to lose?
And I don't bruise.

Steve Earle, Steve Earle, please write a song for me.
I promise I won't take a dime when it comes my time to leave.
The others wanted your whole heart, but I just want your sleeve.

And the shirt that goes with it 'cause it smells like you, and you know I like to sleep in that in the vacation house at the beach and a really small wedding, only 'bout 300 people.
Did I tell you I have kids?
You're gonna love 'em.
They're gonna need to go to college.
Do you like reggae?
I love reggae.
On Tuesday nights, I like to go to trivia, so that's your night to go out with the boys and then you can...
Is this thing on?

Steve Earle, Steve Earle, please write a song for me.

I do!
Yeah!
Fine!
Cool!
Should we come listen then?