

Amanda Ruth

The Everly Brothers

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We read the paper and we pick the show,
I'd meet her there but my watch was slow
She came early and I came late
We never met
It was a hell of a date

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The way we met, she was a friend of a friend,
They needed money and I had it to lend
She had five; she wanted ten.
I gave her all my money
So I got none to spend

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She burns her biscuits and her gravy is strange,
Can't fry a chicken in a microwave range.
Her salt's tasty, her sugar's sweet
No she can't cook
But she's got something to eat

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