

You Ain't Leavin' (Thank God Are Ya)

Toby Keith

Till death do us part is what she told that preacher man
Now she says this ain't worth dyin' for
She's had all she can't stand
She's boxed up momma's china, it's loaded on the truck
She's just got started packin, and I'm thinkin' this could suck
Now there goes my Lay-Z Boy and my flat top guitar
Here comes her big sister, what's she doin' in my car
As they drive off to the city I just waved
From the top of my lungs I hope she heard me say.

You Ain't Leavin' Thank God Are Ya
You can't be gone fast enough
What seemed to take a lifetime just left in a cloud of dust
This'll make my girlfriend happy she's the one
That never thought you would
You Ain't Leavin' Thank God Are Ya
Let us pray you're gone for good.

She forgot her new laptop, so I know she'll be back
I'll have a hot tub full of hotties, icein' down a 24-pack
She'll cuss me like a sailor, but I don't care
I'll have a few choice words when I come up for air.

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Let us pray you're gone for good.