

You Can't Read My Mind

Tommy McClennan

Ernestine, my good lookin' woman
Prob'ly she lives upon that hill
'Tutwiler, cheap boozier'
Ernestine, my good lookin' woman
Prob'ly she lives upon that hill
She been tryin' a-quit po' Tommy
Whoa, Lord but I love her still

She walks the street late at night
She won't treat nobody right
She walk the streets ev'ry night
She sure don't treat nobody right
Whoa, she drinks her moonshine whiskey
But me an her make ev'rything alright

Ernestine if you quit Mr. Butler
We will make ev'rything alright
Ernestine, if you quit Mr. Butler
We'll make ev'rthing alright
If I can't see ya today
We may get together tomorrow night

You can read my letter
Oh, but you can't read my mind
Ennestine, you can read my letter, now-now
But I swear you can't read my mind
Sometime you think I'm crazy 'bout ya
I'm liable to be quitin' you all the time

Now that's alright, baby
What you did last Sunday night
I said, it's all right, Ernestine
What you did one Sunday night
If I hadn't a been in my whiskey, too
I had liable to 'cause a fuss an a fight.

'Play the boss now some'

(guitar to end)

Yeah!