

# Jealous Man

Tyrone Wells

I've got two things to tell you 'bout my girl  
Two things to tell you 'bout my girl  
One, leave her alone. Two, leave her alone  
'Cause if you don't, they'll be looking for your bones  
I might be stuck in this cell, but you'll be burning in hell

I'm a jealous man with my jealous plans  
And my jealous hands that bring me down  
I'm a jealous man

I've got two things to tell you 'bout these bars  
Two things to tell you 'bout these bars  
One, they leave me alone  
Two, I'd sure like to go home

I'm a jealous man with my jealous plans  
And my jealous hands that bring me down  
I'm a jealous man

I've got two things to tell you 'bout this rope  
Two things to tell you 'bout this rope  
One, it's gonna help me cope  
Two, ain't got no more hope  
So I'm forming a noose  
Because I got to cut loose

I'm a jealous man with my jealous plans  
And my jealous hands that bring me down  
I'm a jealous, jealous, jealous man

When the guard opened the door  
My feet weren't touching the floor  
And I ain't jealous no more  
Cut me down, bury me in some jealous ground  
Jealous man, jealous man, jealous man