

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