

Woman I Hate It

Waylon Jennings

Woman, I hate, hate it
When I wreck your alibi
Woman, I hate, hate it
When I catch you telling lies

I used to be your knight in silk pyjamas
Now you're running back home to your Mama
I don't even know why
Woman I hate, hate it

Woman I hate, hate it
When you brush my moves aside
Woman I hate, hate it
When you shoot holes through my pride

I used to be your Latin lover boy
Now you treat me like a worn-out toy
Your lovin' brings me no joy
Woman I hate, hate it

I hate the way you run me round in circles
I don't know which way to go
Should I believe or should I believe me
I guess I'll never know

Woman I hate, hate it
When you make that step on me
Woman I hate, hate it
When you just won't let me be

You used to be a smilin' Mona Lisa
Take the breath from everyone that meets you
Now you don't even try
Women I hate, hate it

I hate the way you run me round in circles
I don't know which way to turn
I've made mistakes but I ain't mistaken
This time I think I've learnt

Women I hate, hate it
And my whining days are through
You're gonna hate, hate it
When the tables turn on you

If I can't be your knight in shining armour
Ain't don't treat me like no poor darn farmer
So baby, don't even try
Women I hate, hate it
Women I hate, hate it