

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,  
I'm begging of you, please don't take my man.  
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,  
Please don't take him even though you can.

Your beauty is beyond compare,  
With flaming locks of auburn hair,  
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green.  
Your smile is like a breath of spring,  
Your voice is soft like summer rain,  
And I cannot compete with you, Jolene.  
He talks about you in his sleep,  
And there's nothing I can do to keep,  
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene.

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Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,  
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Now, I can easily understand,  
How you could easily take my man,  
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene.  
Well, you could have your choice of men,  
But I could never love again,  
He's the only one for me, Jolene.  
I had to have this talk with you,  
My happiness depends on you,  
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene.

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