

Billy "Crash" Craddock, You Rubbed It In All Wrong

Honey, I think you lied to me underneath those summer skies.
Rubbing it in with a slight touch of sin to reason my wildest desires.
Now, you can do anything that we did last summer with a different beat and a brand new drummer.
I must have been asleep at the wheel while you were changing your song.
You rubbed it in all wrong.

You rubbed it in all wrong.
Honey I ain't your man you got sand in your hand.
Time for me to move along.
You rubbed it in all wrong.

I don't know who you think you are.
But, I sure know who you ain't.
I've got a notion you've been using bad lotion.
That's starting to peel of my paint.
You've been a making you rounds all over this town.
I hear your getting ready for a new look back.
Time for me to say good-bye.
I hung around too long.
You rubbed it in all wrong

You rubbed it in all wrong.
Honey I ain't your man you got sand in your hand.
Time for me to move along.
You rubbed it in all wrong.

(TALK)
Put a little right there.
ahh Honey you got sand in your hand.
Swich hands for me.
That's much better.
You got it baby keep on rubin'