

# Buck Owens, Playboy

They call me a playboy  
While I'm making my rounds  
Chasing the bright lights  
Of every night spot in town

Though I never show, son,  
My heart's breaking in two  
They may call me a playboy  
But I'm just lonesome for you

I once had a real love  
That was when I had you  
Now, I'll never feel love  
With anyone new

This false front I'm wearing  
Is just to cover my blues  
They may call me a playboy  
But, I'm just lonesome for you

--- Instrumental ---

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