

George Strait, I've Come To Expect It From You

So upset, a nervous wreck, can't believe you said goodbye.
Sit and smoke, cry and joke about these tears in my eyes.
How could you do what you've gone and done to me?
I wouldn't treat a dog the way you treated me,
But that's what I get, I've come to expect it from you.

A million times, a million lines, and I bought 'em, every one.
You don't care, you rip and tear every dream I've counted on.
I guess that I should thank my unlucky stars
That I'm alive and you're the way you are,
But that's what I get, I've come to expect it from you.

How could you do what you've gone and done to me?
I wouldn't treat a dog the way you treated me,
But that's what I get, I've come to expect it from you.

I could raise hell, but what the hell
It wouldn't do a bit of good.
Pack and leave, my heart agrees; it seems to think that I should.
There won't be no more next time doin' me wrong.
You'll come back this time to find out that I'm gone,
But that's what you get, you should expect that from me.

That's what I get, I've come to expect it from you.