

John Denver, Ann

I know I'll never find another hunk of woman like my Ann
She makes me feel like a great big man
I'm gonna go tell her momma what I think about her
Say, "Thank you, ma'am, for giving me your daughter Ann"

She sure is stacked from her toes to the nape of her neck
She's packed like a seed in a grape
She's smooth as marble skin
When I see her I believe I'm a real young guy
And ev'ry time I go to work I think I might die
If I can't hurry home again
If the good Lord worked a hundred years at makin' me a female plan
I'd say, "No, thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann"

How could I ever look at any other woman when I've got Ann
I feel so good when she takes my hand
I'm gonna go tell her daddy what I think about her
Say, "Thank you, man, for giving me your daughter Ann"

When I come home and I feel like I've been run over
By a ten ton truck she can rub my shoulder
And ease my aches and pains
If I lose my job and I'm down to a silver dollar
And I feel like a dried up gourd in a holler
She soothes my brow like summer rain
If the good Lord worked all night at makin' me a female plan
I'd say, "No, thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann"
One more time!

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She makes me feel like a great big man
If the good Lord worked a hundred years at makin' me a female plan
I'd say, "No thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann"
I'd say, "No thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann"
Yeah!