

# 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!