

# Lucinda Williams, Greenville

Don't wanna see you again or hold your hand  
Cause you don't really love me you're not my man  
You're not my man oh you're not my man  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville  
You scream and shout and you make a scene  
When you open your mouth you never say what you mean  
Say what you mean oh say what you mean  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville  
You drink hard liquor you come on strong

You lose your temper someone looks at you wrong  
Looks at you wrong oh looks at you wrong  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville  
Out all night playin in a band

Looking for a fight with a guitar in your hand  
A guitar in your hand oh a guitar in your hand  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville  
Empty bottles and broken glass

Busted down doors and borrowed cash  
Borrowed cash oh the borrowed cash  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville  
Looking for someone to save you  
Looking for someone to rave about you  
To rave about you oh to rave about you  
Go back to Greenville just go on back to Greenville