

Lyle Lovett, Don't Touch My Hat

(Lyle Lovett)

Man you better let go
You can't hold on to
What belongs to me
And don't belong to you

I caught you looking
With your roving eye
So Mister you don't have to act
So surprised

If it's her you want
I don't care about that
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat

I grew up lonesome
On the open range
And that cold North wind
Can make a man feel strange

My John B. Stetson
Was my only friend
And we've stuck together
Through many a woman

So if it's her you want
I don't care about that
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat

My mama told me
Son to be polite
Take your hat off
When you walk inside

But the winds of change
They fill the air
And you can't set your hat down
Just anywhere

So if you plead not guilty
I'll be the judge
We don't need no jury
To decide because

I wear a seven
And you're out of order
'Cause I can tell from here
You're a seven and a quarter

But if it's her you want
I don't care about that
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat

If it's her you want
I don't care about that
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat

No it never complains
And it never cries

And it looks so good
And it fits just right

But if it's her you want
I don't care about that
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat

You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat
You can have my girl
But don't touch my hat