

Lyle Lovett, Wild Women Don't Get The Blues

Well, you hear about all these women raising about their funky, funky, funky men

They've got some trifling husbands. Lord knows, they've got a lot of no good friends

All these fretting women sitting around the house all day long, and they are wondering when their love

Wild women never worry. Wiiiild women never never worry

I got a sweet disposition. Gonna wear my very own. I ain't never gonna spend one lonely night at home

I can go out and drink all the courvoisier I can find.

Walk the streets and I can tell any man to go to hell if that man doesn't know how to act right

Wild women we don't every worry. Wiiiild women never never get the blues.

Well, you fellas ain't ever gonna get nothing if you keep acting like an angel, child

Give it up tonight's a real real good night. Y'all gotta learn how to get to together well

Cuz I'll tell one more thing (Francine never tells a lie)

Wild women will be the first ones, Lord to learn how to fly

Wild women never worry. Wiiiild women don't get the blues