

Marty Robbins, A Woman Gets Her Way

Woman gets her way most every time.

Man holds his head up high
Builds his castles to the sky
One kiss can bring him down
Make his foolish head go spinning around.

Woman, woman, gets her way
Molding man like a piece of clay
Even makes him like it fine
Woman gets her way most every time.

Man makes the wheels go 'round
Cuts the cane and tills the ground
Then he gets his weekly pay
Woman spends it all in just one day.

Woman, woman, gets her way
Molding man like a piece of clay
Even makes him like it fine
Woman gets her way most every time.

There is no bigger fool
Than the man who thinks he rules
Little does he realize
That he's just a slave to two brown eyes.

Woman, woman, gets her way
Molding man like a piece of clay
Even makes him like it fine
Woman gets her way most every time.

When I settle down some day
And around me children play
I'll be king right from the start
Long as she will let me play the part.

Woman, woman, gets her way
Molding man like a piece of clay
Even makes him like it fine
Woman gets her way most every time
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