

Merle Haggard, Ever-Changing Woman

She can sparkle like the moonlight on the river,
At times her words can cut you like a knife,
She's got a way of being tough and tender,
But she'll always be the highlight of my life.

Chorus:

Sometimes she's hotter than the thirty-first of August,
And colder than a February morn,
But Heaven knows I'm always more than willing,
To hold that ever-changing woman in my arms.

There's days she almost loves me down to nothing,
Then turns around and hates my very soul,
So I always wear a T-shirt and a jacket,
Just in case that woman's running hot to cold.

Chorus:

Sometimes she's hotter than the thirty-first of August,
And colder than a February morn,
But Heaven knows I'm always more than willing,
To hold that ever-changing woman in my arms.
I've got that ever-changing woman in my arms.
I love that ever-changing woman in my arms.
I've got that