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