

# Pam Tillis, Please

Babysitter said seven  
She's fifteen minutes late  
Jimmy's still playing in the bath  
Cold macaroni on his plate  
And I still haven't done my hair  
I hate doin' my hair  
It never comes out right

I must have changed my clothes  
A half a dozen times  
Ended up in this little black dress  
I had to mend the hemline  
And now I can't find my shoes  
I can never find my shoes  
God I hate this

Am I nervous?  
Am I scared?  
Is it worth it?  
Should I even care?  
What a time to have these second thoughts  
Man I like this guy  
I really like him a lot

(Please let him be the right one)  
Everything that I've been waiting for  
(Please let him be the right one)  
And all I've been praying for  
(Please, please let him be the right one)  
Let him be the dad, the friend, the man  
(Please let him be the right one)  
Let him cherish me for who I am  
(Please let him be the right one)  
Let him be the right one

Made it through dinner  
Had a little too much wine  
Probably talked too much  
Went on and on about that little boy of mine  
But he smiled, yeah he really smiled  
I can't believe he smiled

Oh what a perfect night this has been  
Should I say good-bye  
Should I let him in  
Calm down girl it's just a kiss  
I know, I know, but it's been so long  
Since I felt like this

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