

Porter Wagoner, Your Kind Of People

Saw the boy in the mansion on the hill has asked you to become his steady jill
There'll be parties by the score the wine will flow
But here's the reason I beg you not to go
Cause they're not your kind of people your kind of friends
They'll turn your laughter to teardrops and in the end
You'll come back to your kind of people torn all apart
So please don't go baby please don't go
[guitar]
I haven't much to offer you it seems a heart of love and a pocketful of dreams
You say I'm only jealous maybe so but here's the reason I beg you not to go
Cause they're not your kind of people...