

# Webb Pierce, You Just Can't Be True (1954)

Now honey you just can't be true nad it seems there's nothing I can do  
My heart tells me that you're a roving kind  
Well your heart starts beatin' more and more  
And every good looking guy you just adore  
Well I love you dear but you just can't be true  
You wanna play the field and lead the happy life  
Well I'd thought I worry and I care inside  
Then settle this thing and say we're through  
Cause honey baby you just can't be true  
( fiddle - steel - guitar )  
Now honey you just can't be true...