

Bill Anderson, Poor Sweet Baby

(Bill Anderson)

Bill Anderson & Mary Lou Turner

I knew this morning as soon as the phone rang
That crazy woman had hurt you again
That's why I told you to come on over
The coffee is warm, so are the arms that you fit so nicely in.

Poor sweet baby, poor sweet baby
Did my baby spend another sleepless night
Poor sweet baby, come to mama
Let mama love your pain away and make everything alright.

If she don't love you why don't she
Let a real woman light your fire
Your too big a boy to go to bed hungry
And the way that I need you
I could feed you anything your heart desires.

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Poor sweet baby, come to mama
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Poor sweet baby...