

Bonnie Owens, Too Used To Being With You

[Both]

Too used to that certain someone to offer my love to anyone new

My excuse for not wanting no one too used to being with you

[Merle]

Some other's arms may hold and caress you some other's lips may burn on my own

[Bonnie]

That's why your eyes are filled with their beauty my heart inside will be crying alone

[Both]

Too used to that certain someone...

[Bonnie]

When you find a true love you treasure other offers are just the past time

[Merle]

You'll find their love just a cheap imitation the love they offer's not real genuine

[Both]

Too used to that certain someone...

Too used to being with you