

# Buck Owens, One You Slip Around With

I had the key to heaven when we married and for a while I brought you happiness  
But now your love for me is dead and buried  
And every night you share another's kiss  
And I'd rather be the one you slip around with  
And be the one who's dream of love is gone  
I'd rather be the one you spend your time with than be the one at home all alone  
[ steel - fiddle ]

Deep down inside I know that I should leave you  
How many tears was fallen before I learn  
I think of many ways that I could grieve you and yet I'm always here when you return  
And I'd rather be the one...