

Hank Snow, My Two Timin' Woman

I woke up this mornin in a terrible mood,
You talk about a woman treatin a good man rude
She left me talkin to myself just a gazin at that mean old wall.
She had another daddy waitin down at the end of the hall.

She changes with the weather like the leaves I recall,
She blossoms in the spring but then shes gone in the fall,
A two timin woman with a heart of solid stone.
She tells me that she loves me but her hearts a little under grown.

She said shed never leave me but she got that urge to roam,
She drifts around the country like a stream-boat on the foam,
Never changes course just travels along that same old way.
I hope she goes a-drift and rolls along back home some day.

Now, if I ever find her, gonna chain her to the floor,
Then tell her: Now sit there woman cause you aint leavin no more,
Im gonna tame you woman till youre eatin from my hand.
It aint that I dont love you, honey its just to make you understand.