

# Harlan Howard, Wishin' She Was Here (Instead C

I've stole that money for my baby I've shot that man who shot at me  
She wasn't even in the courtroom and I'm a wishin' she was here instead of me  
Now Lord you know that I ain't yellow but she's out there running fancy free  
A lovin' up some other fellow and I'm a wishin' she was here instead of me  
[ guitar ]

I've stole that money for my honey I dressed her like a Christmas tree  
Now she won't even write a letter and I'm a wishin' she was here instead of me  
In three more days they're gonna hang me now I've got it coming out at me  
Oh with my last breath they'll hear me holler  
Lord I'm a wishin' she was here instead of me  
Well I'm a wishin' she was here instead of me