

J.J. Cale, My Gal

(J.J. Cale)

Now my gal don't like them red red roses
She don't like perfume
Now my gal ain't got no fancy notions
She just likes to make love all night
And sleep all afternoon
Now my gal don't drive no Cadillac car
She's got no place to go
She's just undecided
Fake it trough the day
The night time is the right time you know
The night time is the right time you know
She can't sing and she can't dance
She can't walk too well
She can't cook and she can't sew
But boy she can sure raise hell
My my my
She sure gets high
My my my my my