

John Travolta, My Gal

The rich gal she ride in an automobile
Poor gal do quite the same
My gal she rides an old ugly hay wagon
But she's getting round just the same
(Chorus:)
Well I'll be there in the morning if I live
(If I live)
I'll be there in the morning if I don't get killed
(If I don't get killed)
If I never, never see you no more
Why don't you please remember me
The rich gal when she's fighting, she'll bop you with a stick
Poor gal do quite the same
My gal get a rusty razor and run you all over town
Because she's raising hell just the same
(Chorus)
The rich gal, she drink that good ol' whiskey
Poor gal she drink quite the same
But my gal she drinks that nasty old Thunderbird wine
And she gets twisted just the same
(Chorus)
A rich gal she'll kiss you nice, she'll kiss you oh so sweet
Poor gal she do quite the same
My gal she'll jump on you, she'll snaggle on your lips
And she will loving you just the same
(Chorus)