

# 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 snuggle on your lips

And she will loving you just the same

(Chorus)