

# Lyle Lovett, My Baby Don't Tolerate

A friend of mine, he said to me a skinny girl is a misery  
I shook my head because I knew he couldn't be right  
But that's when I thought back to just last night

When I got home, it was maybe a little late.  
There was ne're a crumb or ne're a plate  
There was no martini, no glass of grape.  
But it was there I sought to contemplate.

Some things, my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
from me.

I said hello honey, how have you been.  
She said what could you possibly have been doin' until half past then.  
And not bein completely unsensitive I could tell my ship had run a ground,  
cause when I puckered up you know she, puckered down.

Some things, my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
from me.

Now a small and more ordinary man might not appreciate the guidance of a good woman who truly  
He might drift in despair after the ingnorat dumb doins' of his dirty daily existance

That's not me. No, Yessiree. I'm proof that true love will set you free.  
Some things, my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
my baby don't tolerate  
from me.