

Norma Jean, That Song Writin' Man (Has Wrote M

I know your head is hurtin' and you're sleepy
The night was rough and you've had too much beer
Here's an ice cold towel the coffee's perkin'
Prepare yourself for what you're 'bout to hear
Yesterday a DJ played this record
And I went downtown and bought it just for you
Don't smile at me it's not a gift I bought it to save time
That song writin' man has wrote my mind

Did you hear the way that man kept right on ramblin'
Until her patience had to draw a line
Did you hear the way she left him when he stepped across the line
That song writin' man has wrote my mind
(guitar)
Like you he started being late for dinner
Then wound up being late for breakfast call
Confidence will make a gambler reckless
And a crooked stack of chips will always fall
The way that woman's heart got tired of breakin'
The way she said goodbye and never cried
If I could write a song like that I wouldn't change a line
That song writin' man has wrote my mind
Did you hear the way that man kept right on ramblin'...
That song writin' man has wrote my mind