

Reba McEntire, Take It Back

(Kristy Jackson)

You talked me into moving in and giving you my key
You said you'd be a mess now if it hadn't been for me
You said I stole your heart away by looking in your eyes
I wonder now how many times you sold that pack of lies

If this is how you act when you give your heart away
Well, take it back
Take it back

You told me I was everything you wanted and more
Then tell me what you're doing now sneaking out the back door
You're bringing home flowers and a bottle of Chablis
You forgot I don't drink wine I know that bottle's not for me

If this is how you act when you give your heart away
Well, take it back
Take it back

Oh, you must think I'm blind
And I don't smell your new cologne
You don't think I notice
All the nights I spend alone

Well, I'm not one for sitting 'round in some ole pity pool
You think you got a ticket and I must be some kind of fool
I hate to steal your thunder but your playing days are through
At least they are with me cause babe, I got no use for you

Tonight laying on the street
Babe, your bag is packed
So, take it back