

Sara Evans, Shame About That

I heard the word goin' 'round
Somebody said she's leavin' town
Packed up her bags and left you flat
Shame about that

Somebody said they saw her cryin'
Said she was through with all your lyin'
Said wild horses couldn't drag her back
Shame about that

Well, excuse me for my lack of sympathy
I don't mean to be cruel
But it sounds like the same kind of thing did to me
Back when I played the fool

So, don't bother knockin' on my door
'Cause I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole
You dug your grave, now lay on back
Shame about that

Well, excuse me for my lack of sympathy
I don't mean to be cruel
But it sounds like the same kind of thing you did to me
Back when I played the fool

Oh, so don't bother knockin' on my door
'Cause I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole
You dug your grave, now lay on back
Shame about that
Shame about that
Sure is a shame, such a shame about that