

Steve Earle, Hard-Core Troubadour

Girl, don't bother to lock your door
He's out there hollering, "Darlin' don't you love me no more?"
You always let him in before now didn't you
He's just singing the some old song
That he always sang before
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours
Girl, better figure out which is which
Wherefore art thou Romeo you son of a bitch
You'd just as soon fight as switch now wouldn't you
He's come to make love on your satin sheets
Wake up on your living room floor
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours
He's the lost of the all-night, do right
Stand beneath your window 'til daylight
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours
Baby, whet you waitin' for

Girl, figure out what you're gonna do
When he moves on again and he leaves you alone and blue
But you knew he is just passin' through now didn't you
And now you can't just say this is the last time baby
Like you always did before
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours