

Stonewall Jackson, Plenty Of Everything But You

I've got plenty of everything but you
Last night the moon was shining made a perfect night for love
And I had love words that I know would make you mine
Well my arms were reaching to hold you tight and my lips were burning too
I've got plenty of everything but you
Got plenty money for a wedding band and a pretty suit of blue
And heaven only knows how many years I could make love to you
And I know the preacher who will do his part while we say I do
I've got plenty of everything but you
[guitar]
I could smell that ham frying hear the cowbell down the lane
And mama would sing some old love songs for me
Everything in the world would be thankful for but still I was sad and blue
I've got plenty of everything but you
Got plenty money...
I've got plenty of everything but you