

Webb Wilder, Short On Love

Short on Love

I got plenty of money
I got my self well-paid
I got money that the government
Don't even know was made
But I'm a little short
Short, short, short, short, short, short
A little short on love
My poor heart

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
She's comin' on home

I was so tall in high school
In sports, I was a crook
I was so hot, I had to squat
To shoot a hook
But I'm a little short
Short, short, short, short, short, short
A little short on love
My poor heart
Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
She's comin' on home

Now I've got wheels a-rollin'
Any kind your heart desires
I got: bicycle, tricycle, motorcycle
Baby buggy, lawn mower, skates
Wheel barrow, boat trailer, tractor, and a scooter
And a brand new Cadillac, with a-white wall tires
Hmm
But I'm a little short
Short, short, short, short, short, short,
A little short on love
My poor heart

Yeah, yeah, yeah
She's comin' on home

Well, she left me on Monday morning
I was a wreck by Monday night
I'm six foot, eleven: that's an inch under seven
But that don't cut no ice
When you're a little short
Short, short, short, short, short, short,
A little short on love
A-now my poor heart
Look out now

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
She's comin' on home
She's comin' on home
She's comin' on home, whoa whoa wah wahhh