

Wynn Stewart, You Can't Wynn Stewart

She's all mine she don't belong to you
All you country stars I'm warning you
Well when I'm not around leave her alone
And this means you if your name's in this song

She'll break your Hart Freddie and hurt your Pride Charley
Johnny she'll spend all your Cash
Mean as the Dickens Jimmie but don't take her to Austin Bobby
She'll leave you feeling Haggard Merle
You'll have pay the Price Ray all she'll drink is Tom Collins
Anderson wait till you get the Bill
She'll bring you bad luck Buck it's more than I can Bare Bobby
I guess you can't Wynn Stewart
(guitar)

Autographs I guess she's got 'em all
Eight by ten glossys on the wall
When she's gone I know just where she went
Now she's a Country Music Fan Club president

She'll break your Hart Freddie and hurt your Pride Charley
Johnny she will spend all your Cash
She's mean as the Dickens Jimmie but don't take her to Austin Bobby
She'll leave you feeling Haggard Merle
And you'll have pay the Price Ray all she'll drink is Tom Collins
Anderson wait till you get the Bill
She's gonna bring you bad luck Buck it's more than I can Bare Bobby
I'm telling you you can't win Wynn Stewart

Oh don't don't take her from me Jerry Lee
I wonder where she goes out with Nelson Willie