

Wynonna Judd, Help Me

Help me
I think I'm falling in love again
When I get that crazy feeling
I know I'm in trouble again
I'm in trouble
'cause you're a rambler
And a gambler
And a sweet-talking ladies' man
And you love your lovin'
But not like you love your freedom

Help me
I think I'm falling
In love too fast
It's got me hoping for the future
And worrying about the past
'cause I've seen some
Hot, hot blazes
Come down to smoke and ashes
We love our lovin'

But not like we love our freedom

Oh, didn't it feel good
We were sitting there talking
Or lying there not talking
Didn't it feel good
You dance with the lady
With the hole in her stocking
Didn't it feel good
Didn't it feel good

Help me
I think I'm falling in love with you
Are you going to let me go there by myself
That's such a lonely thing to do
Both of us flirting around
Flirting and flirting
Hurting too
We love our lovin'
But not like we love our freedom