

# Woman I Hate It

Waylon Jennings

Woman, I hate, hate it  
When I wreck your alibi  
Woman, I hate, hate it  
When I catch you telling lies

I used to be your knight in silk pyjamas  
Now you're running back home to your Mama  
I don't even know why  
Woman I hate, hate it

Woman I hate, hate it  
When you brush my moves aside  
Woman I hate, hate it  
When you shoot holes through my pride

I used to be your Latin lover boy  
Now you treat me like a worn-out toy  
Your lovin' brings me no joy  
Woman I hate, hate it

I hate the way you run me round in circles  
I don't know which way to go  
Should I believe or should I believe me  
I guess I'll never know

Woman I hate, hate it  
When you make that step on me  
Woman I hate, hate it  
When you just won't let me be

You used to be a smilin' Mona Lisa  
Take the breath from everyone that meets you  
Now you don't even try  
Women I hate, hate it

I hate the way you run me round in circles  
I don't know which way to turn  
I've made mistakes but I ain't mistaken  
This time I think I've learnt

Women I hate, hate it  
And my whining days are through  
You're gonna hate, hate it  
When the tables turn on you

If I can't be your knight in shining armour  
Ain't don't treat me like no poor darn farmer  
So baby, don't even try  
Women I hate, hate it  
Women I hate, hate it