

Too Many Irons

B.J. Thomas

Johnny he's walking the streets
He might even have to run
He got himself in trouble with the I.O.U
And he don't even own a gun

Janie she's wantin' to make it
And carry herself with style
She's got one man who knows how to do it
But the other one's driving her wild

Ooh baby you treat me so good
But your money's my main desire
Yea yea yea you got

Too many irons
Too many irons
Too many irons
In the fire

Rosie she drove to the harbor
Oh why did I get so strung she said
Runnin' myself down from 8 to 5
Then runnin' it up to 1

Rosie Rosie how you do it
Is it true that you were never tired
Um hum um or was it

Too many irons
Too many irons
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In the fire

People are on the highway
Ridin' the Greyhound too
You know they pay a little money
Just to fly away

I guess to see if the sky is blue
Mama Mama what do I do
Thought your baby could soon retire
Oh no no she said

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