

## Wilma Lou

Bobby Bare

I watch you most every night  
See you in the front porch lights  
You and him sittin' in a swing  
Radio playin' through the screen.

Wilma Lou, Wilma Lou  
Don' let that boy put his hands on you  
I can see he ain't your kind  
He loves your body and not your mind.

Every night I watch you hard  
A hidin' here iin the wreckin' yard  
Sittin' in a rusty truck  
Lettin' mosquitoes eat me up.

Wilma Lou, Wilma Lou  
Don' let that boy put his hands on you  
I can see he ain't your kind  
He loves your body and not your mind.

Oh, Wilma Lou, you're too far away  
So I sneak up behind his Chevrolet  
I hunker down here in the weeds  
A little closer so I can see.

I hear the June bugs in the night  
See you in the front porch light  
I'm goin' home, I've had enough  
God sake Wilma Lou get up.

Wilma Lou, Wilma Lou  
Don' let that boy put his hands on you  
I can see he ain't your kind  
He loves your body and not your mind.

Wilma Lou, Wilma Lou  
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