

# Only

Bruce Robison

Sometimes I get to thinking about the girls I knew  
Lips all painted & pointy shoes  
And it feels so dang strange  
I can't remember their names  
There was the one with the car  
And the one with the hair  
And the one with the shirts cut clean down to there  
And I feel so dang fortunate if that's the word I'm looking for  
Comb my hair, walking the line  
Doing everything to make you mine all mine  
Nobody does nothing quite the way you do

You're the only lips that I'd ever wanna kiss  
The only kiss that I ever wanna miss  
The only Miss that I'd ever wanna sing this song  
You're the only baby that I ever wanna love  
The only girl I know I'll never get tired of  
I wanna love you every minute 'til they call me home

Sometimes I get to thinking about the night we met  
Though you maintain we ain't met yet  
And you were so cold it about broke my heart  
Well I got real drunk & ended up in jail  
They didn't even tell me who paid my bail  
And it was you there, Darlin', and I'm still so grateful  
I told your Ma, told your Pa  
Told your brother, about broke my jaw  
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I don't blame him  
Cause I'm telling the world...

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Girl, I wanna love ya every minute 'til they call me home

Girl, I wanna love ya every minute 'til they call me home